

ASIATIC DIGEST

September

1943

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ASIATIC DIGEST

SEPTEMBER 1943

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NOVELTY

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Turkey Is Pro-Turkish

ELEANOR BISBEE

TURKEY'S non-belligerence in this war has never put her on the side lines as a spectator. Indeed, she has suffered more privations to prepare for a war, without fighting it, than the United States has suffered in more than a year of active belligerence. When fighters as famous as the Turks pay such a price rather than fight, they must have a reason.

For nearly two years, every one in Turkey has gone without white bread. Rations of dark bread have been as low as half a pound a day, much too little for labourers whose day's food is only bread, olives and cheese, especially when there is a shortage of cheese, too. Many have suffered from cold because deliveries of coal and charcoal from Black Sea ports have not been regular, what with dangers of mines at sea, military demand on shipping and shortages of replacement equipment in the coal mines. While the textile factories concentrate on army clothing, civilians take whatever materials the government can dole out. Only people with abundant cash can buy the foreign materials at skyrocketed prices in privately owned stores. Oculists' prescriptions were scraps of paper, because



Imet Inoon

there was no high grade lens glass. No private cars had been allowed to circulate for more than a year. Benzine for taxis was rationed and tyres were wearing out. No need to expound the consequences of that! As tram traffic increased, the number of trams was reduced for lack of repair parts. Heavier and heavier taxes for defence have accompanied these deprivations. Since I left in June with these things all true then, American lease-lend aid has provided some wheat, and the summer's crop is in, but

life is dropping farther below normal, even to the point of suffering for many people

Turkey does not propose to have peace at any price but she is paying this price for it. She is exhausting her own resources to pay for readiness for a war which she does not intend to fight if she can help it. The price she will not pay is sacrifice of the world's respect for her as a sovereign national state. She will fight to save that.

Since an Axis victory will mean no respect for sovereignty, why then has Turkey not joined the Allies in actually fighting for national security? That is exactly the sort of question that people can ask in a nation far removed from the scene of a war that they can idealistically deliberate on what to do about it. It is, moreover, the kind of question that occurs to minds of people who feel their own nation to be so big and strong that their participation would very probably determine the outcome. Turkey is not such a country. She has been within gun-shot of strafing planes from the first minute of the war, and her decisions have had to be made and remade instantly with bombs practically suspended over her head. She has, moreover, not forgotten that her added strength was insufficient for a victory in World War I.

When this war began, the new Turkish Republic had a

national policy which can be fulfilled only in a world of independent nations respecting one another as equals. That made her sympathetic to the democracies in principle, although she was well aware that, in recent practice, Germany and Russia had approached her more as a political equal than had the Allied powers, which had mostly either treaded her as a pawn in power politics or ignored her. Now the Allies courted her, and Germany and Russia threatened her, Turkey decided to play for time to judge motives and to prepare for the worst.

At the beginning, the Turkish alliance with England and France seemed very feasible, and a good guaranty of Turkish security. As things looked then to the average citizen, the main show would be in the west behind the impregnable Maginot line. (Turkish newspaper editors visited it as guests of the Allies to see how impregnable it was.) Danger to Turkey would presumably become imminent only in case of a stalemate in the west, for then Germany would surely try to reach oil and Suez through Turkey. In this event, England's "vast resources" would be available for a Middle East front. The alternative, involving Turkey, would be an Allied offensive through the Balkans to blockade Germany. This might mean crossing Turkey,

but it also should mean fighting mainly to the north and only incidentally on Turkish soil. People still judged a good deal by past wars.

All in all, the natural assumption of the average person was that the alliance with England, in practice, would mean English aid for Turkey if Turkey was on the defensive, and Turkish aid for England if England was on the offensive. In the first weeks of "phony war" it never occurred to any one that little nations would be needed to take the offensive to help England in her own defence. No, the original idea was that England was to help them to defend themselves.

These illusions were abruptly dispelled. The Maginot line was swallowed. England's "vast resources" lost their vastness at Dunkirk, little countries discovered that, without benefit of support from a greater power, they were wholly expendable in delaying actions against Hitler.

That changed view of things gave the Turks plenty to think about. Committed to a side in which one partner was already knocked out and the other for the time being had its hands full at home, and angrily threatened by the opposing side, what policy could the government make convincing to the Turkish people? Although popularly elected and popularly supported, the govern-

ment of Ismet Inonu, and indeed the republican form of government, was still very new. Doubts, only recently silenced, about the security of a republic could be revived. If the people lost confidence in themselves, and quaked for their own safety as they saw other small nations with older and more experienced governments mowed down, they could split into pro-German and pro-British factions and try to force the nation completely into one camp or the other, with its soul mortgaged to that power for the future. The Turks in this predicament simply did not lose confidence in themselves. They were not ready to sell out to Germany nor to commit suicide in a hopeless, premature because unaided battle for England.

One main thought, perfectly clear to government and people alike, united the Turks solidly. They all knew that they must preserve what they had won at such an awful cost at the end of World War I. Otherwise they would suffer a national relapse and be sicker than the 1918 Sick Man of Europe whom they themselves had decently buried. In their breath-taking changes of the nineteen twenties they had burned all their bridges behind them. They could not and would not go back to the Ottoman way. They had no way left to go but forward.

Few among them may have analyzed their situation explicitly but there is an implicit feeling that the present generation must be saved at all costs. Only the present Turks between sixteen and fifty years of age can carry the nation forward. They alone have personally absorbed the inspiration of Ataturk, and they alone hold in trust the new Republic. If the Turks count this generation expendable on the battlefields or in bombed cities, however noble the cause, who will survive to keep the new ideas of the Republic convincing to the next generation? The elders cannot do it, for all, such as present leaders in the government, who understand the new Turkey have their fate tied to that of the younger people. Other elders are too weary and baffled by it all to rebuild it if it crumbles. Babies cannot grow up to it without their parents generation to train them, for there is no mass of past tradition which future Turks can draw on for guidance. The past is completely dead by the hands of its own people.

On what outside power could Turkey depend for understanding help in recovery? Unlike the small Christian, European countries, her roots of tradition do not tap a reservoir of common interest with the Western World. Western powers, more or less habitually, look on the Low Countries and on the Chris-

tian Balkan states as natural beneficiaries of post-war benevolence. But Turkey can still hear the whirl of wings of western nation circling over her in buzzard flight, ready to pounce on her as carrion at any instant of decay. In today's global crisis, Turkey is in the unique position of a nation with only one generation which can really save her. Sensing this urgency of self-preservation, Turkey decided to pay dearly for peace as long as she could make it last, in the hope that the war need be only an interruption and not an end to her plans. She also decided to strike every possible bargain with either side which might furnish her with the wherewithal to strike back if either side ventured to attack her.

On this basis of preservation of principles, if possible, but of life, certainly, Turkey tried to find out the chance of a real defensive alliance among the Balkan states. There was none. Rumania decided that its bread was buttered on the German side, and then discovered that, with Germany, it really was guns instead of butter. To fathom what might happen in the rest of the Balkans, the Turks watched any straws in the wind. At the Balkan Olympic meet in Turkey in 1940, when the national anthems of Yugoslavia and Greece were played, some

of the visitors stood at the Hitler salute, some did not. How much fifth column strength in the Balkans did this represent? In those days who knew what signs to believe, who dared to trust any other country?

In 1941, when Hitler decided it was Bulgaria's turn to be protected, that was serious for Turkey. By Hitlerian logic, Bulgaria should have been a mere stepping-stone to Turkey and across Turkey to British interests. Italy should have come into the fray by sea, attacking Turkey's exposed west and south coasts. Illogically from Hitler's standpoint, Mussolini had decided on a land grab, and he was having his knuckles knocked raw by the Greeks. Would Hitler stick to his logic with a madman's fixation and drive through Turkey, or would he detour to save Mussolini's big face? Had there been as strong pro-German feeling in Turkey as people persistently suspected, then was the time for it to deliver Turkey to Hitler. Whatever their sympathies, no Turks wanted foreign control in their own country. At this juncture, they resolved to risk no chances of being next in taking orders from Hitler. They signed the non-aggression agreement with Bulgaria, which had been largely negotiated before the Germans moved in.

Cynical foreigners howled that here was the old Turkey on its way back to the German fold, betraying Greece with a *laissez-passer* for Axis armies. For the Turks, it was a move to weaken Hitler's excuse for "protecting" Bulgaria in what they suspected to be a threat directly against themselves, with Greece only a side-show. Diplomatic negotiations with Greece about combined efforts against their common danger went on at the same time, but the Axis blow fell before Greece accepted any proposals.

The Greek defeat shocked the Turks unspeakably. Eyewitness reports had convinced them that, this time, British aid would be neither too late nor too little to offer long, hard resistance to the Axis. British tanks and supplies had been seen accumulating in impressive quantities in the highly advantageous Greek terrain. Down went Greece, and down went Crete. The Germans, unopposed, putt putt out in little motor boats to take possession of Greek islands within shooting distance of Turkey's shore. Not one thing looked good in those days.

England, thus defeated for a while, and also hard pressed in Africa, was all too clearly unable to fulfil promises in the eastern Mediterranean. Turkey had seen all of her Balkan neighbours fall in one way or another, and she was

beginning to feel the war herself, internally. She needed no more object lessons about what happens to countries which oppose the Axis, or co-operate with it. The combination of circumstances spoke for itself. Just as Allied defeats weakened the claims of Turkey's strong pro-Allied majority, Germany herself silenced the pro-German minority by her tactics in Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, which had tried to co-operate with Hitler.

With no good talking points for either side on the basis of events in 1941, and convinced that she was cut off from effective aid for some time to come, and yet still holding out in the hope of a democratic future, Turkey resolved more firmly than ever to guard her neutrality, to secure more armaments and supplies for her own people from whatever country deliveries could be made. She traded anew with Germany. She drove a hard bargain which called for all exchanges to be made on Turkish soil where the Turks could see what they were getting. Shortly after that, some much needed drugs reappeared in the stores, some trams were repaired and returned to service, and essential government projects which had been stalled for lack of supplies were resumed.

The question "Has Turkey's turn come?" was still wide open. The uninvited entry of the English into Iraq and Iran added to the psychological confusion. Into how many countries would the English walk "on suspicion"? Would the Germans use these excuse to enter Turkey first? The Turks refused to get rattle. There was a flurry of attempted black-out and evacuation of Istanbul, but the people were not ready to leave their homes, and nothing could black out the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, which mark the site of Istanbul. The Turks calmly tightened their belts to meet the growing costs for defence and for a large army in constant readiness.

That year it proved to be Russia's turn instead of Turkey's. This relieved the Turks of immediate fear of attack by planes and tanks, but exposed them to more vigorous diplomatic attacks. Russia was now on England's side. Germany's Von Papen did all he could to play on Turkey's traditional fears of Russia and to play up the perfidy of Albion. The Turks preferred, however, to make up their own minds about the United Nations, about what each would expect of Turkey, and about how united they will be after the war when new demands are sure to be made. The immediate fact was

that Russia's needs would divert more of England's supplies from neutral nations like Turkey. The German's first lightning sweeps in Russia were not encouraging to Turkey, for this success, coupled with the vulnerability of Syria, made encirclement by the Axis become a greater threat than invasion, a harder threat to resist. In case encirclement should become a *fait accompli*, if Turkey did not resist that would mean a fate like Sweden's without full occupation but with greater pressure for use of her harbours and bases. If she did resist, her fate would be that of Yugoslavia. The real issue for her had to be whether eventual recovery would be more possible after temporary suppression as in Sweden, or by guerrilla persistence as in Yugoslavia.

That decision was fortunately postponed, first, by the British success in the short Syrian war, and now, again, by Russian success in the Caucasus. Until this latter success, no one in Turkey was able to make a sure prediction whether, in the end, Turkey would have to make a deal with a Nazi-subjugated Russia or a victorious Russia. This uncertainty gave Turkey added reason to persist in neutrality.

When I left Turkey last June, things could hardly have looked worse. The Germans were forcing the Stalingrad campaign and heading for the Trans-

caucasus. Rommel was super-blitzing to Alexandria. There was nothing encouraging in either the Pacific or the Atlantic for a nation which needed to receive supplies. The United States was in the war, but no one knew then how long it would take her to gather effective strength. The Turks, however, observe shrewdly and think ahead. One Turk expressed to me a clear-cut view, representative, I believe, of a general view of thoughtful Turks last spring. He said that if the United Nations could continue to fight until winter without demoralized flight at any point, even if they were forced back while fighting, the odds would, he felt, thereafter be in our favour.

The United Nations met that test. Turkey's hopes have correspondingly risen. While we were on the defensive, she resisted every Axis bid to go over to that side. Considering how few planes it would have taken to smash the cities and transportation of Turkey in those first three years, that took moral courage and a defined purpose. Now Winston Churchill and Ismet Inonu have met to discuss how much more aid in military supplies will be needed to continue to keep Hitler from striking, also, presumably, how much food will be needed to keep the Turkish people's courage up for whatever may be in store.

for them as the United Nations offensives develop

People in the United States persistently ask if Turkey is really pro-British or pro-German. The answer is that she is pro-Turkish. As far as the belligerents are considered as people, Turkey needs the British, the Germans and the Russians all as friends. She knows that, however badly the loser is defeated in this war, none of these peoples will be annihilated. She knows that geographically, economically and politically she can never get out from between them. Even by joining any one against another, hers would still be the buffer position. All great nations would still jockey for power to influence her. While trying to be friends with all, she intends to retain the freedom and the right to determine her own policies. In this, all Turks unite. Turkish aspirations, however, can thrive only in a democratic world, and would be stifled, and postponed by suppression in a totalitarian world. Consequently the Turks are essentially neither pro-nor anti-German and

neither pro-nor anti-British, but they are pro-democratic and anti-totalitarian in world aims.

Whatever the Turks have done in the past in this war has been guided by the aim of selfpreservation in the immediate present, and a determined demand for independence and equality of nations in the future. In their very recent convalescence from such a critical national sickness as they suffered after the previous war, they will not, however, run suicidal risks. There is every reason to believe that they will help the cause that they favour officially and in a strong majority, as much as their strength permits. They alone will measure that strength not only for present war needs, but for post-war adjustments with both the Axis Nations and the United Nations, between whom Turkey must forever dwell. Whatever the Turks do in the future, in war and in peace, will also be guided by the same steady policy as long as the present generation's ideals prevail.

Asia and the Americas

WHAT is your reason for wanting to marry my daughter?"
 'No reason at all, sir. I'm in love.'

Fidgety Witness, during court case. 'I'm sorry, your honour, but I have lost my overcoat.'

'That's no excuse,' said the judge, 'people lose their whole suit here without making all that fuss.'



I have some relatives down for the week-end, Sarge I'll need about five guest towels!"

It's A Long, Long Way To Tokyo

Don't expect the war to end this year or the next—we may need four or five to win

HALLETT ABEND

Expert on Asia whose latest book is 'Pacific Charter'

VICTORIES in North Africa, in the South-west Pacific and in Sicily have combined to develop a widespread spirit of over-optimism. In consequence, many otherwise intelligent people have convinced themselves that the man in our Army and Navy will be coming home, to stay, before next Christmas.

Overconfidence can be as crippling to our war effort as defeatist despair, and it may well be doubly harmful because, when victory is delayed and delayed again, the unduly optimistic are likely to swing over to undue pessimism.

THE GENERAL'S PLAN ON FOUR YEARS MORE

The men at the heads of our fighting forces are under no illusions. They do not deceive themselves that the end of the war is near. It is betraying no military secret to say that before the successes in French North Africa, all plans were based on the belief that the war

would last five years, or well into 1947.

Now this estimate has been revised and shortened to four years, and the struggle's two phases are roughly estimated to require a year and a half for the defeat of the Axis in Europe, after which it will take another two and a half years to effect the thorough defeat of Japan.

This means that if Hitler were to collapse tomorrow (which he will not) the war would still probably drag on until boys now 16 will be trained soldiers fighting in foreign lands.

Japan today controls an empire much larger, much richer, much stronger in manpower than the empire controlled by Hitler. Hitler has virtually all Europe, but Japan has the greatest continuance land-and-water empire in the world. Japan's empire extends from

near the Arctic Circle to many hundreds of miles south of the equator. In it she has everything that grows in every climatic zone. She has more oil, tin and rubber than she can use. And, though she may be somewhat short of copper, she has iron and coal and steel enough to more than fill her needs.

Even more important, Japan now controls more than 400 million human beings—a fifth of the population of the globe. Some of these subject populations afford her important fighting man-power reserves. All afford labour man-power.

Japan now rules and taxes and loots and above all works a population three times as great as the population of the United States. And she does not pay her workmen a dollar or more an hour for a 40-hour week. Japan works her subject peoples, and her own, from 10 to 14 hours a day and all she pays is enough in paper money of dubious values to purchase a few bowls of rice and a few shreds of cabbage a day.

WHY JAPAN DOESN'T ATTACK RUSSIA

Until or unless Soviet Russia joins the rest of the United Nations in war against the Japanese, the heart of the Japanese Empire is one of the most difficult in the world for an enemy to attack with any chance of success.

To be sure, Vladivostok and its airfields are less than 700 miles from Japan's great cities. But, as long as Soviet Russia remains neutral, Japan's northern frontier is as safe as if it were up near the North Pole.

With her northern frontiers secure, Japan can therefore be attacked only from the east, west or south. The generally overlooked factor of incredible distances necessarily impedes any massive counterattack against Japan from any of these directions, and precludes any probability of an early end to the war in the Far East.

The average passenger ship, steaming west from Honolulu, requires 15 days to reach Manila. From Manila to Batavia, on the island of Java, the same ship would plow ahead for four days and five nights before reaching port.

From Batavia to Sydney, Australia, the average ship requires nearly three weeks. From Singapore to Rangoon, Burma, which looks like a mere hop and skip on most maps, an average coastal steamer requires four days and nights.

THE LAND WAY TO TOKYO—VIA AUSTRALIA

Every gallon of fuel oil and gasoline and lubricants needed in the Far East by the United Nations must be sent from the United States. The shortest haul from California is 7,000 miles, and some of the more

distant Australian ports are 11,000 miles from Los Angeles

The task of fighting our way northwards from Australia, driving the Japanese from island to island, will require an incredibly long time, and a staggering number of men, planes and ships. The area of the Solomons which we have retaken during a colossal effort begun early last August, and the bitter fighting on New Guinea are proof of the difficulty of this task unless Japan's navy and air force can first be more than half destroyed.

Whether we like to admit it or not, it will have to be American men and boys, American ships and planes and tanks and artillery, that must do most of the fighting against the Japanese in all approaches from the east and south.

Australia and New Zealand can put few more men into the fighting. Those valiant dominions have been at war since September, 1939. We hope to have $7\frac{1}{2}$ million men in our Army by the end of 1943. But we shall have to put $10\frac{1}{2}$ million men into the Army alone before we have made a manpower sacrifice proportionately equal to what Australia had made before Pearl Harbour.

CHINA'S ARMY IS OUR HELP

Until we can make land contact on the continent of Asia with our allies, the Chinese, we

shall have no important manpower assistance. But once we make contact, we shall have the support of an unlimited reservoir of fighting men.

China today has nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ million men in uniform, though only about $3\frac{1}{2}$ million of them are properly equipped for front-line combat duty. The others are trained, and are ready to seize the rifles of those who are slain.

China now manufactures her own rifles, pistols, bayonets, hand grenades, light machine guns, and trench mortars that shoot about five miles. She also makes small-arms, munitions and shells for the mortars. But China has never made and is not equipped to make, an airplane, a tank, a truck, or a heavy gun.

The equipped Chinese Army of $3\frac{1}{2}$ million men today holds along various fronts about 7,50,000 Japanese soldiers. But the Chinese cannot push the Japanese back, because Japan still controls the air in China and because Japan's material and equipment are vastly superior to China's. Where China's trench mortars shoot five miles, for instance, Japan's artillery shoots twelve.

Even if General Wavell's army should quickly retake all of Burma, and reopen the Burma Road into China, this would not mean the possibility of an early defeat of Japan.

The Burma road always had more of a sentimental than military value to China. The maximum shipments of war supplies over it never totalled more than 18,000 tons a month and nearly half of that total was oil and gasoline, so that the trucks could turn around and come back.

Not only the re-conquest of Burma will be necessary before the Burma Road can become important to China. In addition, Japan will have to be driven out of the air over Malaya, Thailand and Indo-China before traffic can be conducted without frequent crippling bombing raids.

The super-optimists are now prophesying that "when we have beaten Hitler" we shall send 10,000 planes to China, and quickly bomb Japan into submission from airfields in China.

That sounds simple. But how can we get the planes to China? At present, such cargo planes as get there from India have to fly through perilous mountain passes, the lowest of which is 17,000 feet. And how are we going to send in the

essential gasoline and lubricants? How are we to send the bombs? And how are we going to establish bases for those 10,000 planes, until we have driven Japan from the air over China?

YOU CAN'T SIMPLY LAUGH OFF ZEROS

We know that when the Japanese attack was launched, Japan had at least 6,800 army and navy planes, and that she was making at least 600 new planes a month. That means she produces 7,200 planes in the first year, after Pearl Harbour.

Even our most optimistic claims do not envision destruction of half those 7,200 additional Japanese bombers, fighters and scouting planes.

There is no short and easy road to victory in the Far East. Until we have steeled our hearts and minds to the necessity for all those sacrifices which a long war will demand, we shall not be appreciably hastening the longed-for triumph and eventual return to the ways of peace.

Look

BY MISTAKE

A BALD man bought some hair-restorer and applied it to his scalp. Next morning he was astonished to find himself with two bumps—one on each side of the head.

Indignantly he took the bottle back to the shop. The manager examined it, and apologized.

"We are deeply sorry, sir. We gave you bust developer by mistake!"



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"Lieutenant Wilson reporting. There are no eligible men in Company C, but Company F has infinite possibilities!"

Nothing Scares the Swedes



ALBIN JOHNSON

SWEDEN has become a tight little isle, completely surrounded by a "friendly enemy" she doesn't like. The war, though not actually present, is evident everywhere. War-planes zoom over Stockholm's buildings, gigantic piles of cordwood make ugly the beautiful boulevards, air raid shelters like huge anthills disfigure her pleasant parks. The windows of south seacoast towns rattle from the air raids over Denmark, and cannonading off Norway re-echoes in valleys along mid-Sweden's frontier.

Officially the government goes on the theory that war will be avoided, but all preparations have been made to wage it successfully if it comes. The people are intensely patriotic. Every Swede feels that he has a country worthy of cherishing and defending. It is his personal homeland, for many centuries the present frontiers

have been fixed, for perhaps 2000 years his ancestors lived where dwell Swedes today.

Sweden's policy of neutrality is nothing new. Friends with all countries, large and small, has been her creed for more than 125 years. Today she is prepared to defend that neutrality with all her armed might. Her leaders have repeatedly made it clear that she will fight any aggressor who jeopardizes her independence or democratic way of life.

And Sweden can fight. Military secrets of course cannot be revealed, but a few weeks of personal observation convince me that Sweden is prepared to give any aggressor a first-class battle.

Every able-bodied man between 20 and 47 is ready for active military service. Statistics show that 95 per cent. of the boys conscripted for training

are physically fit. This remarkably high figure reflects a heritage of clean, vigorous living. From early childhood, practically all Swedes go in for skiing, swimming, distance running and other outdoor athletics. To get a "fitness badge" for skiing, one must cover an 18 mile cross-country course in three hours and a quarter, and tens of thousands of civilians can perform that feat. That the Swedish army is tough is illustrated by the record of the "winter army" which spent months in the north woods, manœuvring in weather mostly below zero. Not a single case of frostbite was reported.

The troops have been carefully trained in the kind of fighting the terrain of Sweden demands. Taking advantage of the myriads of lakes, hills and dense forests, the Swedes have developed tactics which should more than double their strength against an enemy not intimately familiar with the country.

The army is well equipped. Sweden now produces sufficient war material of all kinds for its forces. It is turning out airplanes, tanks, cannon, submarines and other warships. Defence expenditures this year will come to about \$200,000,000, which is 16 times as much as was spent in 1939.

Back of the army stand the home guards, well armed and trained. The state-aided rifle

clubs, whose aim is to teach sharpshooting, have more than 300,000 members, and their practice isn't restricted to rifles.

Sweden's cities are as well prepared for a blitz as most of England's. Some 100,000 men are trained air wardens, 500,000 women have taken ambulance, nursing, first-aid and other courses. Anti aircraft gunners have brought down more than 100 transgressing belligerent airplanes which violated Sweden's neutrality.

The nation is grimly determined never to capitulate. Premier Per Albin Hansson startled the world when he told the Swedish parliament about the irrevocable standing orders that had been given the army officers and men have been told that if the country is invaded they are to fight and continue fighting no matter what happens. They are to ignore orders to cease firing, from whatever source, as long as an enemy remains on Swedish soil. Any instructions to surrender will be false. Thus Hansson guards against fifth columnists who might seize communications, and also against his own death or capture and the subsequent use of a Quisling by the invader.

Since international trade except with Axis-dominated countries, is practically at a standstill, the country has been deprived of many products, including coal and gasoline.

The Swedes have turned to their forests for relief. Wood is heating the cities—well enough, too. Producer gas units, which burn charcoal or even raw wood, have been built into motor vehicles. It takes barely a minute to kindle the furnace and start going, and cars can make 40 miles an hour on this fuel. Producer gas costs less than peacetime gasoline, and many vehicles, especially farm trucks, won't return to gasoline after the war is over.

Sweden's national drink, aquavit, now is made from cellulose sugar instead of grain and potatoes. Cattle, horses, sheep and goats appear to thrive on shredded cellulose, although the milk of cellulose-fed cows is nothing to brag about.

Lack of imports has meant rising prices, and wages have not kept pace with living costs. The public is co-operating well with the government's efforts to prevent inflation. It is paying very heavy taxes and has accepted freezing decrees uncomplainingly. Even the farmers are not protesting the considerable cuts ordered in the prices paid them for potatoes, grain and other products, as their "contribution toward common weal." The government has limited dividends and instituted sharp price control as the *quid pro quo* for the farmer's sacrifices.

Although 70 per cent of the food is rationed, the people still eat enough to obtain more calories than the standard requirement. The *piece de resistance* of all meals is the potato. Potatoes are used as an integral part of bread flour. By law they cannot be peeled before cooking. The staid serious parliament spends hours debating the spud and controlling its price, distribution, and so on.

Tobacco is scarce, but Sweden recently had a windfall when a large stock of cigarettes was obtained from Germany. The Germans had optimistically packed them under the label "Cairo," but Rommel failed to occupy Egypt and so the supply was dumped in Sweden. To sell "Cairo" cigarettes in Berlin would have been too embarrassing.

While Sweden has been striving to maintain a high standard of national well-being in an abnormal world, she has also done her best to help her unfortunate neighbours. She has opened her frontiers, heart and homes to 30,000 sickly and underfed Finnish children, and nursed them back to health. The number of Norwegian refugees is undivulged but it is probably about 10,000. The Swedish Red Cross offered to find homes for unlimited numbers of Norwegian children, but the Germans refused.

to permit this Sweden has provided a haven for many Lithuanians, Latvians, Estonians, Danes and Hollanders, who managed to escape Russian or German invaders

Sweden's head, as represented by the government, is neutral, but her heart belongs to the people, and if the people's collective heartbeats were stethoscoped it would be found that at least 95 per cent of them—most Swedes say 99 per cent—thump faster with every victory of the United Nations. Many feel that liberty, even for others, is worth fighting for

The immediate objective of the government is to spare the homeland from the horrors of German invasion. It is absolutely frank, however, in its attitude toward its big belligerent neighbours, Germany and Russia. Both have hurled threats because of Sweden's allegedly unfriendly viewpoint. The psychology of belligerents is the same: those not for them are against them.

Yes Sweden stands firm in its sympathy for Finland and Norway, and in its admiration for the democracies. Of Finland, Foreign Minister Gunther has bluntly said, "Sweden has an incontestable interest in a free Finland linked with other northern countries." Concerning Norway, Gunther is even more explicit, "The entire Swedish nation has been deeply

shaken by measures taken there which are contrary to northern ideas of right and justice, even though Germany has attributed them to hard realities of war."

Hardly a day passes when the Foreign Office doesn't receive complaints from the German Minister that such-and-such actions were unfriendly. Even publication of the Reader's Digest in Swedish brought howls from Berlin newspapers. But the Swedes pay no attention. The press tries to be fair and impartial, though its honest editorial viewpoint often sends Goebbels' propaganda bureau into tantrums. There is no censorship even for foreign correspondents, who find Stockholm the best listening post in Europe.

Even in the midst of the present grave crisis, Sweden's attitude embodies a long-cherished political axiom: "A country is good where people are allowed to say government is bad." That right still exists in Sweden today. So also does the right and the unanimous courage of newspapers and statesmen to say that Nazism, Fascism and Communism, and all the things those ideologies stand for, are not in accordance with their conception of justice and decency.

The New Republic



Why the Japs Hate the Nazis

The Nazis consider themselves to be supermen, the Japanese have been brought up in the belief that they are the "Sons of Heaven." Both nations are obsessed with the idea of world domination. When partners possess these ideas, the world is too small a place to contain them; and their union is bound to be temporary and unbody.

ROBERT BELLAIRE

ONE drizzling morning last spring in Kyoto, Japan, a stoutish little German in the uniform of a Nazi general knelt before a shrine to worship Japan's war dead. He was the German ambassador, General Eugen Ott, humiliating himself as part of a "good-will tour" ordered by Berlin in an effort to stem growing anti-Nazism in Japan. This was his 20th such performance in two weeks. He had also made more than 50 speeches urging the Japanese to trust Hitler and accept his leadership. But few Japanese had come to hear him, and the government-controlled press had not published one of his speeches.

For some months Ott had been losing ground in his fight to get the Japs to follow his Fuhrer's orders. Tokyo had never placed its world-conquering programme on Berlin war

time, and now that Hitler was demanding a second front against Russia the Japs had become more insolent than ever. Tokyo gave no publicity to her independence, for that would have comforted Japan's enemies as well as Germany's. But the harder Ott and his Nazi agents tried to rivet the yoke on Japan, as it had been riveted on Italy, the more the Japs hated the Nazis for trying to dictate to them. The Nazis might be supermen, but the Japanese were gods—the Sons of Heaven.

Some of Japan's reasons for hating the Nazis are Hitler's own fault, others the outgrowth of a fanatical belief that it is the holy mission of the Japanese to dominate the entire world.

"If Japan goes to war with America and Britain," a ranking member of the German embassy staff in Tokyo told me a few

weeks before Pearl Harbour, "our days will be numbered here too" Several days earlier a Japanese cabinet member had told him "Because you Germans are our allies, we give you the honour of being the last white men we will drive out of the Orient"

Since a Japanese is expected to be pro-Japanese, and pro-nothing else, the government has tried to suppress everything which might make popular sentiment friendly towards Germany. On each anniversary of Japan's adherence to the Axis, Nazi propaganda agents have sought to organize mass meetings throughout the country. But police officials issue just one permit—to the government itself. The meeting is held indoors, so that attendance will be limited to a few hundred. Speakers must not create sympathy or friendship for Germany or Italy. Newspapers are instructed to give the celebration little publicity.

Two years ago the Germans managed to have the streets of Tokyo decked with Nazi flags the morning of the anniversary, but by noon most of them had disappeared. "Police orders," the editor of one of Japan's largest newspapers told me.

The Nazis were even less successful in their attempts to bring Berlin propaganda broadcasts to the Japanese people.

The Tokyo government took the position that Berlin short-wave stations were so powerful that long-wave rebroadcasts would be unnecessary. Technically this was true. But possession of a short-wave radio receiver in Japan is punishable by imprisonment or death.

The popular Japanese nickname for Germans is "the vultures." Japanese cartoonists use the vulture to impersonate Germany. "Every time our embassy protests," an exasperated German correspondent told me, "the Japanese claim that the vultures are really eagles."

The Nazis won this nickname by making the Japanese feel that Hitler was attempting to reconstruct Germany's old empire in the Orient at the cost of Japanese blood. On the grounds of "Axis partnership" the Germans demanded the use of former German islands in the South Pacific as "bases from which to attack the United States", a major share of the fabulously rich Netherlands East Indies, which the Nazis claim because of their occupation of Holland, and economic concessions in Japanese occupied areas of China.

Japan's reply has been a polite but firm "Very sorry No!"

Ken Tsurumi, Japanese army agent in charge of espionage in Singapore prior to Pearl Harbour, was quite frank about the Nazis. "Japan really has

no allies," he told me early in 1940 "She can have none. In the first World War we ousted Germany from the Pacific. It would be folly for us to permit her to return."

When Hitler invaded Russia the Nazi menace suddenly loomed larger. As the Nazi legions swept eastward toward Moscow, the Japanese realized that this ambitious partner they hated and feared might soon be their neighbour in Siberia—within bombing distance of Tokyo. American-educated Yosuke Matsuoka, then Japan's foreign minister, said "Hitler is the greatest threat to our holy mission." He had reason to be bitter. Just returned from a "triumphant" visit to Berlin, where "Hitler promised me that Britain would be conquered in three months," he had negotiated a non-aggression pact with Stalin at Hitler's suggestion. "Hitler made a fool of me," he confessed privately. "He was using me as a shield for his plans to attack Russia. But we will not forget this lesson."

When the Nazis bogged down for their first terrible winter in Russia, Tokyo awakened as if from a nightmare. Japan's newspapers carried headlines jubilantly announcing the Nazi defeat. Her diplomats in Berlin were ordered to aid Japanese newspaper correspondents in evading Nazi censorship so that details of the disaster

could be enjoyed by the Japanese public. The longer Russia and Germany fought, the easier would be Japan's path to world conquest.

Italy is a pitiful object lesson to all Japanese, a warning against too close relations with Hitler. They know that Hitler sent his agents pouring into Japan just as he sent them into Italy. But the Japs are determined that these Nazis shall wield no real influence. More than 2000 Tokyo police are assigned to shadow the 300-odd members of the German embassy staff.

"The Germans taught us the art of blitz warfare and gave us the blueprints for the Messerschmitt planes," Japan's foreign minister, Masayuki Tani, once told me. "But where and when we use them is something Japan will decide for herself. We will tolerate no interference with the administration of our government, which has the wisdom of the gods to guide it."

Germans with whom I was able to establish contact after Pearl Harbour complained bitterly against new curbs on their freedom in Japan. They were frequently confined to their homes for hours during army manoeuvres. They no longer were permitted inside Japanese factories where formerly they had acted as advisers. They were not permitted to travel between Japanese cities without

specific permits. German homes were being raided by Japanese police, and many Jap shopkeepers refused to sell food to them.

In addition, Japan recently announced her policy toward non-Japanese, including German, in newly occupied areas of the Pacific as follows: "Business interests of non-Japanese ownership may operate freely, provided they accept complete Japanese direction as to policy. Any interests which

refuse will be regarded as enemy property and confiscated. Persons responsible will be regarded as enemies and punished accordingly."

Much of Japan's hatred has come from Hitler's efforts to control Japan, but most basic is Japan's contempt and hatred for all the white race and for all of what Japan considers the human race. For theirs is the race, and the wrath, of the gods.

Collier's

"HAND ME MY STANCE"

HE was a self-made man, who couldn't bear to be considered a novice at anything. He wished to take up golf, but never having played in his life thought that perhaps, a few lessons might be advisable. So he got a caddy, engaged the club professional, and called out for a little tuition.

"Let me see, sir, have you played before?" the professional inquired. "Oh yes, often," announced Simon Posh, but I'm very much out of practice, y'know."

"I see, sir. Then will you please take your stance?"

'Simon Posh cast an imperious eye at his caddy. "Boy, he commanded, "just hand me my stance, will ye?"

ASKED to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman at a public dinner the proposer made the following speech:

Gentlemen, there is an old Eastern legend which says that those whom the gods love they kiss at birth. If they kiss a baby on the lips it becomes a great singer, if they kiss it on the ears it becomes a famous musician, if on the eyes, a great artist. I won't tell you where I think they kissed Sir Charles, but I'm sure you will all agree with me that he's a marvellous chairman!"

A man was told to walk up the steps of St. Peter's on his knees by way of penance. Half way up he met a woman carrying out a similar penance but on account of her dress she found it extremely difficult. Eventually her dress got caught in her heel so she asked the man to raise her dress. He very curtly declined and said that was what he was doing penance for.



'Of course, I'm sending it back! Imagine me, trying to do war work in a dress THIS long!"

Wendell Willkie Calls On Madame Chiang Kai-Shek



And suggests that she go to America to educate the Americans about Asia

EVERYBODY has heard of the Soongs—that remarkable Chinese family of three brothers and three sisters, all important personages in Chinese life or government

One Soong sister is the wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the ruler of China. Another is the wife of Dr H H Kung, Minister of Finance, who directs China's fight against inflation—as

serious a threat to China's survival as the Japanese army. The third is the widow of Dr Sun Yat sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, whose memory is as revived by Chinese patriots as Washington's is by us.

WENDELL WILLKIE

This is the story about one of these women. While I was in China, Dr Kung gave a lawn dinner party for me. I was placed at the head table between

Madame Sun and Madame Chiang. The conversation was lively and I had a great time. Both ladies speak excellent English and are full of information and wit.

When the dinner was over, Madame Chiang took me by the sleeve. "I want you to meet my other sister. She has neuralgia in her arm and couldn't come outdoors for the party." Indoors we found Madame Kung with her arm in a sling, eager to hear about America, where she lived as a girl. The three of us talked and had such a good time that we forgot about the hour and the people outdoors.

About 11 o'clock Dr. Kung came in and gently scolded Madame and me for our failure to return to the party—which by then had broken up. Then he sat down and the four of us set out to "save the world."

We talked about the revolution of ideas that is sweeping the East—of India and Nehru—of China and Chiang—of the overpowering surge toward freedom of Asia's hundreds of millions—of their demands for education and better living and, above all, for the right to governments, independent of the West.

To me, it was fascinating. All three of them knew their facts. All three held strong opinions and each contributed

much to the conversation—especially Madame Chiang.

Finally, just before we were to leave, Madame Chiang said to Dr. and Mme. Kung, "Last night at dinner Mr. Willkie suggested that I should go to America on a good-will tour." The Kungs looked at me as if questioning. I said, "That is correct, and I know I am right in asking her."

Dr. Kung spoke then, seriously, "Mr. Willkie, do you really mean that and, if so, why?" I told him if Madame Chiang would leave the room for 10 minutes, I would tell him.

After Madame had gone I said, "Dr. Kung, you know from our conversation how strongly I believe that it is vital for my countrymen to understand the problems of Asia and the viewpoint of its people—how sure I am that the future peace of the world probably lies in just solution of the problems of Orient after the war."

"Someone from this section with brains and persuasiveness and moral force must help educate us about China and India and their peoples. Madame would be the perfect ambassador. Her great ability, her great devotion to China, are well known in the United States. She would find herself not only beloved but immensely effective. We would listen to her as to no one else."

"With wit and charm, a generous and understanding heart, a gracious and beautiful manner and appearance, and a burning conviction, she is just what we need as a visitor."

The next morning I had breakfast with the Generalissimo. The Madame joined us and in that ultimate test of charm—the breakfast table—she still measured up.

A few days later I visited a group of American soldiers and was chatting informally with the boys. A private from Iowa spoke up

A I U S Soldier Says it

"Mr Willkie, I see that you spoke the other afternoon on the same programme with Madame Chiang Kai-shek. I also saw her and heard her talk a few weeks ago. And all I want to say that is, she's a darling in any language."

And so she is. But she is much more than an attractive person. She is a very able woman, with brains and energy and a purpose.

Fool

THE newly wed was regretting marriage. Oh,' sighed Cynthia. 'if only I'd taken mother's advice and never married you.'
Did she say that?' asked the husband.
Cynthia nodded.
Lord, replied the man, 'to think how I have wronged that woman.'

I HAD my first cycling lesson yesterday, Auntie.
'Oh, did you? How exciting. Sit down and tell me all about it.'
No, I can't, Auntie.'
Why not? I should like to hear.
Oh, I'll tell you, Auntie, but I can't sit down.'

Inspector: "Ticket please."
Old Gentleman: "I'm sorry. I don't know where it's gone."
Conductor: "It's all right, sir. It doesn't matter. I know you've paid."
Old Gentleman: "But it does matter, if I haven't got my ticket. I don't know where I am going to."

A Jew fell overboard and was eaten by a shark.
In an endeavour to beat the shark off while the man was rescued, the frantic passengers had pelted it with oranges, boxes, anything they could lay hands on.
The cook, in the galley almost at the water's edge, waited until it was quite near, and hurled a table at it.
The shark was stunned and was eventually killed and drawn aboard. There was an instant clamour for souvenirs, so the shark was cut open.
Inside was discovered the Jew, who had set up shop on the kitchen table and was offering oranges at 'Cut Price.'



"Serve In Silence"

"He'll probably be sore at us. He hasn't got a very good sense of humor"

What the Future Holds for Us

*Condensed from a chapter of "The Men Who Make the Future" **

BRUCE BLIVEN

FOR about a year, I have spent much of my time talking with leading American scientists—chemists, physicists, physiologists, botanists, engineers and others

They think that through the work of science, mankind is on the threshold of a new and better existence than ever before. They feel, for example, that most wars heretofore were fought (if statesmen are to be believed) for reasons that are already partly obsolete and will soon be almost entirely so. One important basis for international conflict is the struggle for raw materials and natural resources, many of which we are already able to reproduce artificially in the laboratory.

On the subject of conservation of natural resources, the scientists have an interesting attitude. They are firmly opposed to waste but they also have an abiding faith in the ability of mankind to create new materials to take the place of those that may disappear. They recognize moreover that some of

Raw materials are a fundamental problem for every nation both during war and in peacetime. The scientist not only shows a way to conserve natural resources but creates substitutes when natural resources are exhausted.

the past fears about dwindling supplies have proved unnecessary.

Not long ago, for example, people were worried lest our oil resources should last only a few years longer and it is a fact that at the present rate of consumption, oil for gasoline within the United States would be exhausted in about thirty years. But there is enough oil in shale rock (at a somewhat higher cost of extraction) to last three or four thousand years and there is coal enough for two thousand.

Nowadays gasoline can be made from shale rock or coal. Tomorrow its sources may be almost anything containing carbon. In the laboratory of Dr. Ernst Berl of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh I held in my hand a test-tube full of high-grade motor

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fuel It had been made from molasses

Dr Berl—formerly a chemist in the Austrian government and now a Hitler refugee—can produce the same result from corn, wood, seaweed or leaves We can also run automobiles on alcohol, and alcohol can be made from corn, molasses, beets, Jerusalem artichokes, sweet potatoes—or for that matter, from petroleum, wood or coal

Some few metals are still indispensable, but broadly speaking, science is now prepared to make an amazing list of things out of something else, and to guarantee that they will be just as good or better than the things they replace

Already a beginning has been made at the production of artificial foods, in Germany in particular, sugars have been produced from wood and edible fats from coal, though so far as is known, they have not yet been fed to human beings except in limited laboratory experiments

This does not mean we are approaching the time so often predicted by newspaper humourists when your dinner would consist of one pink pill and one blue one, the human body is designed to consume its food in bulk and must continue to do so It does mean that we have only reached the shore of what is probably a vast sea of knowledge regarding foods

What interests the scientists today? What are the most exciting new prospects on the horizon? At the moment there are at least five One is the electron microscope, which raises the limits of magnification almost unbelievably At present, with ordinary light, objects can be increased in apparent size 2,500 times with ultraviolet, a little more

The electron microscope magnifies 10,000 to 30,000 times and, with photographic enlargement, 100,000 to 200,000 times It is quite possible that within a space of a few months or years, a whole series of epochal discoveries may be made in regard to the structure of matter and that important new weapons will be found in man's ceaseless fight against disease in all its forms

A second subject of close attention is the 'physics of the nucleus,' and especially the cyclotron, the machine for smashing atoms. A giant example of this machine is under construction at the University of California at Berkeley

It is costing a million and a half dollars, will weigh when completed 4,000 tons, is taking three years to build When it is finished it will direct against the atom an energy of many hundreds of millions of electron volts. Vast possibilities are envisioned as rising from these experiments in our knowledge

of the structure of matter, in the treatment of disease and in many other fields. We are on the threshold of new worlds here.

A third question of the greatest potential importance is the possible release of the titanic energy locked within the infinitesimally small compass of the atom. The most exciting work is being done in regard to the atoms of the very heavy metal, uranium.

The scientists deprecate the rash of publicity that has spread over the newspapers on this subject, feeling that the public has received an exaggerated idea of the progress that has already been made. Nevertheless, they take this progress with deadly seriousness.

The amounts of energy-producing substance thus far extracted are still extremely small, but the process has been greatly speeded within the last year or two. No scientist of the group I consulted is prepared to say that atomic energy will be ours in one generation, two generations, or ever. They are equally unwilling to say that we shall not have it in six months or six years.

One does not need to be a scientist to speculate on the future that such release of atomic energy might bring. Limitless quantities of power would be available at a cost so low that for all practical purposes it would be free. Every

need of humanity could be supplied, with the use of only a tiny fraction of the human labour that is now employed to satisfy those needs inadequately.

A fourth matter to which the scientists are paying close attention is the new developments in chemical treatment of illness. Within the past year or two, the magical effects of sulfanilamide in curing a whole series of diseases have been supplemented by the equally astonishing results of sulfapyridine, sulfathiazole and the other "sulfa drugs."

The fifth subject of tremendous immediate interest is the use of colchicine in artificially creating new varieties of plants. Colchicine, a poisonous drug extracted from the roots of the ordinary autumn crocus, can be used on many sorts of vegetation to speed up enormously—perhaps a thousand times—the process of producing "sports"—accidental variations, some of which can be perpetuated. The potential results are almost beyond imagination.

Has science run away with us, producing technological advance faster than we can absorb it? And should we therefore have a "moratorium" on new invention and discovery for a few years? To this the scientists replied with a unanimous and violent No. They were quick to point out that such a moratorium in the United

States would be a disaster unless it were carried out simultaneously in all other countries. Even in peacetime such promises wouldn't be made, if they were made, they would be secretly broken as other international treaties have been.

Moreover, the "cultural lag," affects this question. The inventions of importance today were made years ago, those being made now will not greatly influence us for a long time to come.

I was interested to discover these top-rank scientists deeply concerned about one peacetime problem which seems to have little to do with the world in which they live. It is the problem of "technological unemployment," the loss of jobs that takes place when a new machine is introduced as a substitute for many pairs of hands. The point is of course that the scientists have been much criticized for inventing the machines that create technological unemployment, and they resent it.

In general, they vigorously denied that the total number of jobs available is reduced when new machines are put to work, or at least, they said this need not be true with intelligent planning. One man mentioned as an example the fact that what might be called the "horse-and-buggy business" used to employ about a million men forty years ago. The automo-

bile came along and destroyed the greater part of those million jobs, but by 1937 it was giving work to six million men, plus another million in the accompanying oil industry.

There are two kinds of inventions, each with a different effect on unemployment. Revolutionary ideas like the telephone, the automobile or television may create whole new industries. Others merely improve existing processes or products, and in some cases, and at least temporarily, they may cause deep distress over wide areas.

In steel, the "continuous automatic strip mill" has resulted in an enormous reduction of the amount of labour needed. A witness before the Temporary National Economic Committee said that with the mill 126 men can do the work previously performed by 4,512.

In a short time, more than 58,000 workers were dismissed because of this fact. In one town in Pennsylvania, the dismissals numbered 5,700 and at the time of the testimony there were 7,000 families on relief, 64 per cent of the total population.

The scientists, on the whole, feel that unemployment of this sort is a matter that should not be left for the individual worker to solve as best he can. The responsibility lies, first, with the employer who puts in the new method. He should make every

possible effort to retain as many of his former workers as he conscientiously can

Where necessary, the federal, state and local government units must lend a hand, to try to find some other work for these displaced employees to do to train them for it and to help them get into it. The morale and the trained abilities of our citizens are among our precious national assets, not to be tossed lightly aside.

Those research experts who have studied this question deeply believe that the problem of technological unemployment is bound up with that of the distribution of goods. When the machine takes the place of a large number of men, the result is usually a tremendous decrease in the cost of production per unit.

The business firm can then do one of two things with the money it can pass the saving along to its customers in the form of lower prices, or it can keep prices where they were and make very much larger profits. If the saving is passed on to the customer, on the "Ford principle," business is expanded, general prosperity is aided and thus, indirectly, jobs are created for the displaced workers.

If the money is piled up in the form of larger profits, the total volume of business is not so likely to be increased, the

circulation of goods and money is not speeded up, and the additional jobs are not created. What the experts call "sticky prices"—in this case, prices that do not come down as fast as they should—gum up the wheels of industry.

Laymen like myself worry a great deal about the technological lag in preparations for national defence. We remember the hair-raising stories from the last war telling how the British army refused for years to adopt tanks, steel helmets and other devices. We recall the Wright brothers' long effort to get the war departments of various countries even to look at their airplanes, still less to adopt them. Colt had a dreary struggle before he got anyone interested in his repeating revolver, and there are scores of similar incidents.

The scientists make no flat promises in this regard: there is always a human factor to be considered. Let me quote a research expert of the automobile industry:

"The layman doesn't understand that there is a tremendous time lag with every invention between the brain of the inventor and the widescale use of the device. It is highly probable that no important new inventions of any kind will be developed during the war. Thus far, Hitler has shown none, all his devices are old and familiar

ones, though perhaps used in new ways or on a larger scale

"In civilian life, the average lag between the beginning of a new idea and its general acceptance is great. The shortest term I have heard mentioned by any competent expert is ten years, and I myself think it is nearer to twenty-five. Much of

this time is often used up while the inventor and his associates are trying to find out what the new device or product is really good for. For example the Diesel engine has found wide acceptance in America only in the last few years, yet the invention itself is more than forty years old

I CAN PUT IT OFF

AN elderly man and younger one had a game of golf together for the first time, which proved both close and exciting. So enthusiastic had they become that the older man asked the younger if he could play again next morning.

'Well,' said the other, 'I was going to get married, but I guess I can put it off.'

A Gravely Wounded Soldier in a small ward asked, as a last request whether he might have his bagpipes. Reluctantly the matron gave the nurse permission to allow the favour. They thought it might be the last pleasure he would have.

The next morning the matron inquired of the nurse as to the effect of the pipes on the patient. 'Did he live through the night?' she asked.

'Yes,' said nurse, 'he's fine this morning but all the others are gone.'

A WAITER served dinner to two Scots. Neither took any notice of the bill. They went on smoking stolidly. After some hours there was still no movement. The waiter rang up his wife. 'Dinna wait up for me, he said it looks like a deadlock.'

WAITER, to couple who seemed unused to surroundings

Dinner here, sir, is *a la carte*.'

Husband irritably 'Well wheel it along and let's have a look at it!'

Husband But surely you know better than to feed tramps, my dear. You get them back again and again.'

Wife And why not? It's quite a joy to have a man eating a meal without criticizing my cooking.'

A Man lying to a woman reminds one of an amateur teaching a professional his job.



We Are Super Colossal

The Super Nazi.

A DEGREE of vanity is undoubtedly essential to the welfare of nations and individuals. It is only when the vanity is puffed up into delusions of grandeur that it becomes a menace. In Germany it has grown into a pathological head swelling, an obsession, even a philosophy of arrogance.

The captions give some outstanding examples. Egomania it seems, can rationalize any defect. Prince August Wilhelm declared, for instance, "The German soldier never has been vanquished in war. In the last twenty years the memory of the victory of German heroes has been plainly boycotted. We have not lost the last war."

And the Fuehrer has proclaimed "The Nordic race has a right to dominate the world, and we make this right

the guiding point of our foreign policy." Nazi editors write "Germany is of higher rank than any other reality in the universe."

Let world thought depend on Germany. Germany does not need world thought. This is the firm belief of pious Hitlerites. That is why Germany could make a pyre of the world's great literature. That is why Germany could exile Professor Einstein and numerous other leaders of world thought and still retain its sense of intellectual superiority.

Dr. Friedrich Furing, member of the Nazi Reichstag, is certain that "the newest scientific research establishes that we Germans are the nation of oldest existent culture. After the first successes of the Nazi war machine, Dr. Goebbels ordered editorials which insisted that "It was the secret task of Hitler to bring culture to a long waiting world, because before Hitler's ascend to power there was no universal culture. "Only evil civilization existed."

"Race and the women" declares a Nazi magazine, "cannot be left to themselves

The pure Aryan woman must be protected by the heroic Aryan man "

German children are also taught to drink deeply of the fountain of arrogance C H Tietjen advises that they must learn to strike first in the inevitable struggle for German world superiority, for "God has created the German nation to build the universal dome of the Nordic soul, so that it shall shed light far over other people "

Joseph Manges Wehner in his book "The Immortal Reich" tell us "The man of Reich believes with a religious fervour that there will come a time when the Reich of the Teutons will be realized again in its purest and most perfect form Then we German will be able to give the world once more the standards and stature other nations have always learned from us

One might imagine the more or less Teutonic Englishman might fare well in respect to his racial characteristics But the Britain is pictured as a coward and the British soldier as an inferior fighting machine

National Socialism in its educational courses before the war ranked the races as follows —

Germans	Poles
Scandinavians	Russians
North Americans	Hindus
Englishmen	
Irishmen	Japanese
Italians	Chinese
Frenchmen	Arabs
Spaniards	Jews
South Americans	Negroes

Finally, the "Voelkischer Beobachter," rhapsodizes "The cultural nature of the mass proclamations is embodied in the German broadcasting stations We have created a big, unseen, acoustical dome over the universe

Pu.

CHIVALRY UNRECOGNISED

A young officer returning from leave abroad was about to take his place in an air-liner when a girl ran up and asked the passengers if any of them would be kind enough to sell her his seat as her mother was dangerously ill and the liner was full up

The officer gave up his seat and wired his C O "Given berth to girl Returning by next 'plane "

The reply he received ran "Congratulations Your next confinement will be in barracks "

GROCER'S ASSISTANT 'Mr Brown, Smith's cow has broken into the yard again What shall I do with her?'
'Milk her and put her out, of course '

He's Different—How About You?

War changes many things. It particularly changes people. One of the sterner facts of war is the need to adjust ourselves, not only to differences of environment, but to fundamental changes in those we love.

TO women who have been left at home it may come as a surprise and a shock, unless they are prepared for it, to discover that the men who come back from war are not the men who went away.

On the face of it this is alarming. Underneath it is a challenge to our understanding and a call to faith and friendship.

What are these changes? How can we prepare to meet them and to rebuild our joint lives upon a basis of mutual understanding?

For a start, the man who has been up to the chin in war comes back mellowed by experience and aged in spirit by a sterner and wider knowledge of the world. In some cases he is hardened by suffering and toil against great odds. In all cases these men have broken with the habits of years. Some of them have lived a thousand years in a few months. How can they be the same?

These are not the men of the past but men of the future and as the women who are waiting for them it is our responsibility and our duty to adjust ourselves in sympathy and co operation, and to do it in time.

Freedom from the little intimate restrictions of home life is something else that men have gained by separation from home and family. Whether or not they want they like this new detachment from the wife. Ly apron strings is neither here nor there. The fact is that it has been forced upon them and in time forms a habit which they may be reasonably expected to cling to.

It will be part of our task (and a part calling for special efforts of self-discipline) to remember that re-attachment to the apron strings is a delicate business calling for tact and tolerance. In fact, it might be as well to decide, once and for all, whether apron strings are

an incentive to happiness or a deterrent

Adjustment must be physical and mental. We must be ready for new outlooks, new friends, new standards of health and occupation.

Warriors are tough people. Our first and foremost charge is to guard the new physical health and vitality of our men as if it were a jewel and to see to it, by every means, that the solace of home life is equitably tempered in the future with the means of sustaining the health and the vitality which a soldier's life confers.

Physical toughness is one of the rewards of war which can be seen and measured and, if we will it, preserved for the future. This state of fitness is due to a life of physical activity, to constant and even uncomfortable familiarity with the fresh air, to simple food, eaten with the kind of appetite that is only stimulated by manual work and also to a mental vitality bred of all these things, for which, in turn, reflects itself in stronger physical reactions.

Another factor, perhaps less easy to adjust to, is "restlessness."

Simple reasoning shows that you cannot take a human being straight out of a life of stern discipline and sustain excitement and plant him, suddenly, back into the easy, monotonous, go-as-you-please environment

of a civilian life, without some very strong reactions.

It is vital that women should be ready to interpret these reactions in the proper way. They must be prepared not to panic and misunderstand causes and motives, but to steer the boat calmly, with knowledge and, when conditions call for it, with humour.

Face the fact bravely that what was once most pleasing to the man you share your life with may no longer have the same power to charm.

Above all be impartial, broad-minded and sensible enough to reject the fear that because he has changed about some things he has also changed about you. He Hasn't.

Your man should be no less dear to you because his experience has given him a new angle of life. You will be no less dear to him because his contacts have widened and his horizons deepened. You will certainly be more dear if you can travel in step with him along the road of experience.

After all, you have been living in different worlds lately. His is the world of men and travel and hard realities. Yours, perhaps, is still a world of home and children. It may be of the factory or the office. In any case your worlds are widely separated. You have few points of contact but your love

Once you shared the same friends, the same roof, the same interest and the same trivial repetition of daily events. Now all is different and the difference varies only in ratio to the time and distance which separates you.

Don't overlook the fact either, that you, too, perhaps have changed. You may not be aware of it but the things you do, the friends you have, the places you go to are different from what they were. Then the chances are that you yourself are different too. That is something for him to think about and adjust himself to when the time comes.

You may be feeling the effects of this already. When he comes home on leave you find him talking over much about his life. He catches you talking rather too freely about yours. Again, perhaps you find him, after a few days, missing the clock work routine that has become the core and centre of his existence. You in your turn, may seem to him a little too pre-occupied with the soft trivialities of civilian life.

But the joys and interests of a short leave overcome these diffi-

culties. You are together. Later, when he is home for good they may prove a little more insistent, a little harder to dispose of.

This shows the need to be ready. Take the issue deliberately aside now and try thus analysing it. Prepare so well that when the time comes you will be ready for the new life.

On his leave, if he is still in this country, practise the sort of life you intend to build when he is back for good. Make yourself familiar with his new interest. Use your brain and your goodwill to keep him fit. Put his mind and his heart at peace by your assurances that his interests are yours and yours his.

It won't always be easy. It calls for some sacrifice of personal pre-occupations and for a steady faithful attachment to proved assets and a common-sense detachment from dazzling but unproved new ones. War and separation are dangerous things, but they have the advantage, too, of showing the true metal of your love.

W L

Britannia & Eve

OUR TRUE SHORT STORY

A HEN was laying eggs for Easter, and to celebrate decided she would lay several and colour them. So she laid a fair number and coloured them green, blue, red, etc.

When she had finished, the rooster came along, took one look, and flew over the fence and killed the peacock next door.



'Edith is beginning her fall offensive!'

WAR TAKES UP Housewife

Esther Lampel as told to Gerel Rubien

ALl my life I wanted to make money. I kept thinking about it for years, just as when I was a young girl I used to dream about the man I would marry, what he would look like and what my children would look like and what pretty things I would dress them in. Now I have the answer to all those things. I'm proud of my children. And my husband's the finest person I've ever known.

But I've never made any money. I probably never will. Now it doesn't seem important. I've got something better than money. I've got me.

I'm glad I've got me. Especially when I look back and realize what the "me" once was.

Now, when I stand up in front of the 50 people I teach

gratis each week, I feel like Cinderella—dressed in the uniform of the Women's Defence Cadets of America.

You see, it wasn't so long ago that I was different. I was a housewife. I still am, but now I'm something more besides. I think most women will know what I mean when I say that I consider me, Esther Lampel, worth more than money. Because I think lots of women need to wake up to themselves the way I did.

Marriage is mostly giving, but some women give too much away. They give all of themselves to their families, and that's a mistake. I did for years and found I hadn't any left for me. I kept on giving so much of myself to my family that giving lost its novelty. I began to get

awfully sick of family life and very much fed up with myself. That's changed now.

Last Tuesday night, for instance, I started for the front door about 7.30. I had on my uniform and carried my notes and books.

The children yelled, "Don't forget your lesson, mother!" They all laughed.

One of the girls said, "Have you got your Red Cross pin on straight?" They all laughed again.

Then my husband shouted, "Wait a minute Esther. He came and looked down into my eyes. He took me in his arms and gave me a hard hug. I saw the children standing around. They had come to the door, too.

My husband turned to them. "Doesn't she look like a million in her uniform?" he asked.

"Snappy!"

"Don't let them kid you, Esther," he said. "You're the best-looking woman on the block, and the smartest too. We're all proud of you. The dinner dishes'll be done long before you get back. Forget them."

Then all the children said, "Good luck, mother."

I couldn't speak. My heart was too full and I felt my eyes begin to sting. I just gave them a smile—big enough for all of them—closed the door and started down the steps. I cried a little on the way to the

bus. But I started studying when I got there and when I got to my Red Cross class I was myself again.

Sometimes it sweeps over me like that. The children's being proud of me does something to me. It's a new experience because just a few years ago I don't think they were so proud. I think they just took me for granted. That's what I mean when I say I've got me now—that is, I've got a part of me, the part that even a mother's children shouldn't take from her.

Self-respect is a strange thing. You can lose it without half trying if you don't have anything to live for except things. Having things doesn't really change your life. New ideas do.

I was emptying the garbage pail the other morning when a neighbour saw me. I couldn't help noticing the difference between us. I had on my old housecoat and she had on a new spring suit.

"Hello, Esther," she said. "What do you find so much to sing about? I hear you inside and out."

"You're right," I said, "I am singing, inside and out! My, you look nice. Where are you going all dressed up?"

"I don't know. My work is all finished and I'm bored. Maybe I'll go window shopping. You're always busy,

Esther, what do you do with your day?"

"Well, in the morning I get up at 6-45 because Mr Lampel starts early to work. When I've got everything on but the coffee I sit down with my Red Cross book and study a few minutes, unless I have one of the girls' dresses to iron.

"When I hear Rosalind in the bathroom I know it's time to put the coffee on. Then I give the oatmeal a stir or two, and if it's not too near 8-45 I begin dusting the living room.

"By 9-00 the four children are off for school. If it's the beginning of the week, I get my washing started, then I go to the market. The two youngest children and Mr Lampel come home for lunch. After the luncheon dishes are done."

About this time my neighbour began to laugh, "Go on," she said. "Then what do you do?"

"Well, now I don't have so many classes to attend as I did before. I used to have first-aid, then motor repair, then nutrition—it crowded my day, all right. Now I have a night class to teach, meetings to attend, preparation of my course to do—then dinner to fix, and the dishes—"

"Esther, you haven't much time for yourself."

"I've got it all for myself."

She looked a little puzzled. "Perhaps I don't understand," she said. "I don't know. I

envy you." She fixed the veil on her hat, and said goodbye.

I wonder if she did understand. I really do have a busy day. It seems inconsistent, yet it all belongs to me. It didn't use to. I'm taking care of my home, I'm studying, I'm teaching, I'm doing something for my country, I'm important to myself every minute of the day.

It never used to be like this until one morning I was listening to the radio while I was getting lunch ready, and something which was said made me prick up my ears. I can't remember now what it was—just a phrase—but I stopped everything and listened.

When I went back to the kitchen a minute later, I began to look in a different way at the food I was preparing. Up to that time it was just a meal that had to be prepared. Just a task that had to be done.

Suddenly I saw that it was important. Important to me and my family. Important to our lives, our futures.

Then I thought, "I get cross now and then. Maybe I'm not feeding myself right. Maybe I'm feeding nobody right, I've got to think this over."

It was too late to do anything about lunch, but I began to change my plans for dinner. I struck a stone wall though. I didn't know enough. I needed books, I needed more listening to the radio.

That's when it really started. That afternoon I began to study nutrition and at night, when I went to bed, I looked in the glass and told the "me" I saw there, "From now on, Esther Lampel, you're going to like yourself. You're going to do something about Esther Lampel's life."

The things which happened after that all came so quickly that I hardly know how to explain them. Some friends asked me to join the Women's Defence Cadets. I decided to take the first-aid course.

The children began to help me more at home, yet they really didn't have to do a great deal because I discovered I had loads of time that used to be filled with just brooding.

After I finished the first-aid course, I took the advanced course. Then one day an official came to me and asked if I'd like to be an instructor. I nearly fell over. I was so surprised.

I went home and asked my husband about it. I thought he'd complain that I was spending too much time away from home. He told me to go ahead and be an instructor.

You see, I've really got the finest, most co-operative family in the world, and I realized then that they were ambitious for me to have some interest in life outside my home. They wanted me to stop turning into a dissatisfied woman who never

had time to spare at home because she did everything aimlessly.

The day finally came when I had to appear before the Red Cross examining board to make a speech and demonstration in connection with my examination to see if I was fit to teach.

I had never before in my life made a speech, and when I stood up there facing all those people I was so nervous I could hardly hold the few notes I'd prepared. I started out by saying exactly what I hadn't intended to say.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began, "I'm really frightened to death. I've worked hard at my lessons. You know so much. I know very little. I'm a housewife. But I can do things."

Well, it was pretty bad. Some people began to laugh and I thought I heard two or three clap their hands. I felt I was being laughed at.

That made me angry, so I pulled myself together and went through the examination in a kind of daze, saying things mechanically. When I finished I sat down. Everything was quiet.

A doctor came over and started to talk to me. He told me he enjoyed my speech and I knew he was trying to smooth things over. Then he said, "Mrs. Lampel, that was one of the finest speeches I have ever heard. In a place like this

where there is a good deal of 'stuffed shirtism' the simple truth is irresistible."

I guess I started to cry a little then—from nerves I began to realize I'd been a fool, but not the way I'd thought

Somebody said something about being patriotic

I said, "I'm not patriotic I'm really selfish I've been having a wonderful time for months" Then everybody laughed and began to shake hands with me

Journal of Living

ALARMING

A YOUNG married man speaking to two friends said "I believe there is something in suggestion My wife was reading *The Heavenly Twins* and she has had twins"

The second agreed, and related that his wife had unfortunately been reading *The Three Musketeers* and had triplets

The third man fainted His wife was reading 'The Birth of a Nation'

TEN Commandments for churchgoers not without their humour

- 1 Don't come
- 2 If you come be late
- 3 When you come look for a grouse
- 4 Never on any account accept office, stand aside and criticize
- 5 During the service ask yourself 'What am I getting out of this?'
- 6 Never pay in advance especially for religion Wait until you get your money's worth, then wait a bit longer and pay a bit less
- 7 Never encourage the preacher If you like a sermon, say nothing about it Many a preacher has been ruined by flattery Don't let yours run that risk or else his blood may be on your head
- 8 Always tell the minister's failings to all strangers who happen to drop in It makes them feel at home In any case they might be some time in finding them out
- 9 If your church happens to be harmonious, call it apathy or indifference or lack of zeal anything under the sun as long as you don't tell the truth
- 10 If there are a few zealous workers in the church make violent and insistent protest against the church being run by a clique

"I want a pencil please"

Yes, miss, hard or soft?"

"Oh, soft, please, it's for writing to my boy friend"

THE Secret of good health, madam, is onion eating.

"So I've heard, doctor, but the trouble is how to keep onion eating a secret"



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"I've broken off with Jane Walsh. Now if I could only find another girl with the same initials!"

When the Mountain Spoke



Condensed from a chapter of The Days of Creation

WILLY LEY

ON May 20, 1883, it was suddenly reported that there was volcanic activity on the island of Krakatoa. Nobody felt alarmed because Krakatoa, one of a group of three islands in the Sunda Straits, was fairly isolated and uninhabited.

An enterprising gentleman from Batavia even organized a sightseeing expedition to Krakatoa. The party found a large troughlike crater, something over half a mile in diameter and about 50 yards deep in the mountain known as *Rakata*. At the bottom was an aperture some 160 feet in diameter from which issued a great column of steam so noisy that it was impossible to hear another person shout. The party went back to Batavia where the natives said "The Silent Mountain is clearing his

throat. He may be about to speak."

On August 26, 1883 the Silent Mountain spoke. There were loud detonations.

At 2-00 p.m. the crew of a ship, 76 miles from Krakatoa, perceived a smoke column rising vertically into the air. They measured its height and found it to be 17 miles.

At 3-00 p.m. the thunder of the outbreak was heard 150 miles from its source, and at 5-00 p.m. it was described as "most unusually loud" from all over Java. A British ship happened to be only ten miles south of Krakatoa. It was so dark that they had to shorten sail. A thick rain of pumice fell in large rather hot pieces.

Two hours later the smoke column had assumed the shape of a pine tree and stood brilliantly illuminated by elec-

tric flashes in the darkness it had created. Another vessel, making for the next port, cautiously dropped a lead to ascertain the depth had not changed. The lead came up so hot that the surprised sailors could not touch it.

The noise continued all night and was so violent that nobody in Batavia could sleep. It is not quite certain which of the three volcanoes on the island produced these preliminary explosions. The main catastrophe, however, is ascribed to Mt Rakata.

During the night of August 26, when the populations of Batavia, Buitenzorg, and half a hundred other towns and villages were unable to sleep for the noise, the catastrophe was still in its preliminary stage. On Monday morning there came four explosions, so unimaginably loud that they even penetrated the already incredible din. The third of these literally blew the island to pieces and shook the entire world.

It has been estimated that all shells fired and all explosives used during the four years of the first World War, if exploded simultaneously, would produce only half the effect of that volcanic explosion. One must not rely too much on estimates of that kind, but it conveys some idea of the powers involved.

The thunder was deafening in Java, Sumatra and Borneo. In Carimon, Java, it was thought to be signals from vessels in distress, and boats were sent out for rescue work. Naturally, they returned empty handed, because the source of the noise was 355 miles away.

From Macassar in the Celebes islands, 969 miles from Krakatoa, two ships were sent reconnoitering. In Lucia Bay, Borneo, 1116 miles away, natives guilty of murder but not convicted fled from their village, believing that the sound signified approaching supernatural vengeance. On the island of Timor people also thought that there were vessels in distress off shore although Krakatoa was 1351 miles distant!

In Victoria Plains in West Australia people were surprised to hear what they thought was artillery fire, since no one knew of any troops stationed in the neighbourhood. In Daly Waters in Australia, 2023 miles away, the population was awakened by what sounded like blasting.

In Diego Garcia, 2267 miles distant, the noise was again mistaken for distress signals, and on the island of Rodriguez, no less than 2968 miles from Krakatoa, Mr James Wallis, Chief of Police of Rodriguez, put the "distant roar of heavy guns, coming from the eastward" on official record.

Travelling at the rate of about a thousand feet per second, it took the sound four hours to reach Mr Wallis' office!

Applying these distances to a more familiar geography, if Mt Rakata had been located at Chicago, the thunder would have been heard all over the United States, Canada, Mexico and Central America. Panama's defences would have been mobilized. The noise would have reached as far north as Alaska and southern Greenland, and as far south as Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, large portions of Brazil and the Galápagos Islands. It would have aroused the population of the Azores and might even have reached as far as Pearl Harbour.

The explosion created a tidal wave 50 feet high. The wave submerged Verlaten and Long Islands, razed the island of Sebesie and thundered against the shores of Java and Sumatra, wiping out 163 villages, destroying 5,000 ships of all kinds and sizes and killing 36,380 people. The Dutch man-of-war *Berouw*, anchored off Sumatra, was caught by the wave and carried 3¼ miles inland, where the wreckage lay 30 feet above sea level.

The wave was measured and recorded all around the globe. It was detectable in California and on the north French coast, and was a full 18 inches at Table Bay, South

Africa, 5,100 miles from Krakatoa.

Ten hours after the explosion the barometers in Central Europe registered the concussion. This was the first air wave, arriving via India and Asia. Sixteen hours later the instruments trembled again to the air wave arriving via the Pacific Ocean, the American continent and the Atlantic Ocean.

Thirty-four and thirty-six hours later the needles fluctuated again—the concussion waves had each circled the earth once. They continued to race around the globe the last recording was on September 4—nine days after the explosion.

In the Sunda Sea the catastrophe was all the more terrifying in that it took place in Stygian darkness.

For the next few years sunrise and sunset became extraordinary spectacles. Large quantities of dust were floating high in the air and imparted glowing tints to dawn and dusk. Suddenly it was evident what old Danish chroniclers had meant when they talked about many weeks of blood-red sky in 1680, following an earlier eruption of Mt Rakata. Dust clouds so high that they still reflected sunlight after darkness had enveloped the earth became an especially interesting phenomenon.

Krakatoa Island itself was split open, only half of it was

left Had it not been for new deposits from the outbreak itself, still less of it would have remained Long Island, and Verlaten Island, the other two of the group, scorched under an unbroken layer of red-hot pumice some sixty yards in thickness, had gained in size Two new islands, each more than a mile long, had been formed but they disappeared soon after

After the catastrophe, Krakatoa Archipelago was as sterile as an operating room Sterilized with superheated steam, blasted and electrocuted by continuous lightning, suffocated under hot carbon dioxide and, finally, covered with layers of many yards of red-hot ash and pumice, the islands bore nothing living, from invisible virus upwards This, at least, is the almost unanimous consensus among scientists After the catastrophe Krakatoa Archipelago was dead, as dead as were the continents of earth 550 million years ago

Professor Cotteau, a French botanist, was the first who dared to climb the still hot ruins of Krakatoa in May, 1884 He found no sign of life, except for one little spider probably carried to the island on one of its own threads by the wind The spider was busily spinning threads for a net which, Cotteau knew was utterly futile There was no

food around and none to be expected

Three years after the catastrophe, in June, 1886, a small vessel landed on the coast of Krakatoa The ship bore a party of scientists who expected to see life in the process of reconquering the land They were not disappointed The process of reconquest was going on, having progressed to a considerable extent since Cotteau's visit

The island was covered spottily with colonies of algae, like thin blobs of greenish-black jelly, about as large as a silver dollar These algae are very small individually, in fact, microscopic As dry spores they travel through the air, undamaged by dryness, heat or cold But they do not remain dry and inactive if they happen to settle down in a moist and fairly warm spot

Six different varieties of algae were found on Krakatoa during this expedition They were evidently the first arrivals that could endure, preparing the "soil" for other higher and less adaptable plants

But the algae were not alone any more, other plants had arrived during those three years and had succeeded in finding spots where they could take root Eleven varieties of ferns were found Their spores had doubtlessly travelled by air, carried by the wind And as heralds of still higher

plants to come, four varieties of flowers with seeds equipped with parachutes, like dandelions, were found in the interior of the island. Also found were two varieties of grass and, growing near the seashore, nine varieties of plants common to the beaches of the Malay Archipelago.

Another expedition followed in March, 1897. The botanists found themselves greeted by pandanus and euphorbia, by various kinds of grasses. A variety of morning-glory was everywhere. These were plants that had already settled firmly and reached maturity. Many others, evidently recent arrivals, were there too, and had begun to thrive. The list reads like a description of the more conspicuous trees of any tropical isle. Coconut was there as a matter of course, then mangoes, two varieties of oak trees, two caesalpinias, the sugar plum and a few others.

A few years ago a Dutch scientific institution published extensive statistics, which revealed that several hundred varieties of plants were growing on Krakatoa and on the other islands, almost all of which would have been present had there been no catastrophe at all.

In addition to plants, four hundred varieties of animals have been collected on the islands. About eight out of

every ten of these are winged, which explains how they got there. Of the rest about half are small and light enough to have been carried by the wind, as happened with that first lonely spider of Cotteau's.

Three of the animal swam to the islands on their own accord and under their own power: the crocodiles, abundant especially on Long Island, the python snakes and the large monitor lizards. Other varieties of lizards present had probably travelled by means of drift wood.

The original conquest of the continents must have taken place very much along these lines, beginning with primitive algae. It is possible that certain algae could live in fresh water as well as in the sea, and that they entered the rivers and wandered upstream. Or perhaps they were carried aloft by the wind with salty spray and dropped in lakes or in puddles of rain water.

At any rate, a few plants did succeed in climbing ashore. It goes without saying that they were not highly specialized plants, else they would never have made the adjustment. The more specialized plants came later.

When Krakatoa exploded, there were densely vegetated islands all around it, some so close that ocean currents would need hardly more than a day

to carry seeds to this sterile miniature continent. It was different with the lifeless continents of earth's youth. They could not get the higher plants

from the sea, all they got was the start, the first primitive arrivals, which paved the way for the higher forms which were to come.



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The Society of Timid Souls



J P McEVOY

A QUAIN'T little purgatory is operating every Sunday night on West 73rd Street in New York City. Presided over by a satanic young pianist, ironically named Gabriel, a group of self-condemned who call themselves the Society of Timid Souls huddle together in a large room and pay 50 cents apiece for the privilege of putting themselves to the most exquisite torture. They are pianists, vocalists, actors, public speakers and parlour entertainers, and they suffer that most painful of all occupational diseases—stage fright. For three hours they play, sing, dance and orate for each other, publicly exhibit their individual stigmata, castigate themselves with specially contrived agonies, and stagger home, proudly baring old scars or hopefully licking new wounds.

For years people have been asking: What is stage-fright?

And why? And how can it be cured? Veterans of the theatre will tell you proudly that their particular brand of stage fright is incurable. When Cornelia Otis Skinner asked her famous father how long one must suffer this malady before it wears off, Otis Skinner replied, "I don't know. I've had it for only 50 years." Helen Hayes, who started acting at four, suffers such first-night agonies that she quits the stage regularly every year. Al Jolson, conceded to be one of the theatre's greatest individual entertainers, suffers so intensely every night before he goes on stage that he is forced finally to close the show—no matter how successful it is.

Despite such eminent case histories of stage-fright, Bernard Gabriel thought something could be done. He began by asking his fellow pianists to describe just what kind of fright each of them suffered, and later

queried singers and actors. Then he started the first stage-fright clinic.

He gathered together as many unhappy examples as he could in his studio, and said "I want each of you to get up and tell the rest of us what kind of stage-fright you have—what causes your own personal brand. After that we're going to take you, one after another, and try to do something for you."

Then he pointed to a sufferer in the front row. "Who are you and why are you here?"

"I am a pianist," she replied. "I can play if nobody is listening. But as soon as anybody comes into the room I get nervous. If I had to play for a group I'd be so frightened I couldn't even run a scale."

The next one said, "I'm a singer. Give me a large auditorium, and an orchestra between me and the people, and I have no trouble at all. But if I have to sing for a small gathering, where people are sitting close to me, I just can't do it."

Another was a pianist, a young girl who had made a brilliant start in concert and then had gone to pieces. "I'm afraid of forgetting," she confessed. "I start off all right, but soon I begin to worry whether I'll remember the last part of the piece or how the next number begins. I just can't take the agony of worrying."

"I don't mind small audiences," said a singer with years of experience. "But when I see a big audience, all waiting for me to sing, the responsibility overpowers me. I think, 'My God! I've got all these people to come here and now they expect me to do something sensational.' I'm not going to be able to come up to their expectations—I know it. When I open my mouth, I wouldn't be surprised if nothing at all came out." And on several occasions *nothing did*."

There were more confessions, and less individual shyness as the speakers began to realize that they were not alone and that their brand of stage-fright was not exclusive. The confessions over, all waited expectantly. What would young Mr. Gabriel do—if anything? Well, Gabriel had a theory that might be summed up in that gem of morning-after folklore: "There's nothing like the hair of the dog that bit you."

"You," he said to a pianist who had reported that she suffered when stared at. "Sit here and play. While you're playing, we're all going to stare at you." Trembling with fright, she took her place at the piano. "Is there any special kind of staring that annoys you most?"

"Yes," she whispered. "If I feel anyone is looking at my hands—especially if I think the person is a pianist and is criticizing me."

"Good," said Mr Gabriel "I want you to meet So-and-So, who teaches the piano. He's going to stand right in front of you and stare at your hands while you play. And just to be sure you know you're being stared at, I'm going to turn off the lights and put this spotlight on your hands."

The pianist broke down after the first few bars. "Start again," said Gabriel, "at the beginning." This time she got along much farther. The process was repeated, and she played through the entire piece. "Now," said Gabriel, "do you think you'll ever be stared at as much as this?" The lady confessed that she hardly thought so. "Then you need never worry any more about that particular trouble."

"Next week," said Gabriel, "we'll think up new ways of staring at you." The lady thanked her tormentor for this promise of pain to come.

This public dissection encouraged the other patients to clamour for individual attention. The pianist who was afraid of forgetting was stopped every few bars, until she could carry on from wherever she was stopped. The performer who complained about being frightened by small groups was compelled to perform with all the people in the room huddled around her. For the benefit of those who said that coughing disturbed them, the audience enthusiastically barked, hacked

and wheezed as Gabriel directed them.

This was in February of 1942. Since then the group, averaging some 40 men and women, has been getting together weekly. Some visitors have come to scoff and remained to play. Charles Cooke, accomplished pianist and author of *Playing the Piano for Pleasure*, was sent by *The New Yorker* to scout Mr Gabriel's clinic and wittily flay the Society of Timid Souls. But, alas, it seemed that Mr Cooke also suffered stage-fright. He became so fascinated with the clinic that he stayed to play for his prospective victims, and he has been returning to continue his own treatment.

Bernard Gabriel, who hails from Colorado and is just 30, has rolled up an impressive list of unusual piano concerts without any trouble with stage fright. He is proud of his ingenious programme arrangements and treasures critical praise for his all-Bach recital, which lined up compositions by seven of the fabulous Bachs, covering 150 years and including Papa Bach, four sons, an uncle and a nephew. But he is even more proud of his hobby, the Society of Timid Souls.

Are his methods scientific? Gabriel doesn't pretend to know, but he says they seem to work. An experienced New York psychiatrist, Dr Samuel

A Tannenbaum, endorses Gabriel's idea "Undoubtedly," he says, "this method teaches people to forget the audience, ignore noises, interruptions, diversions, and concentrate on the job to be done"

One timid soul protested that the cure was worse than the disease "After all, there are limits"

"There are no limits to what can happen to a professional while performing," said Gabriel firmly "Cats walk across the stage, scenery falls, piano stools collapse, violin strings snap, clothes fall off, and customers throw epileptic fits in the aisles"

The lady pianist had reason to remember Gabriel's warning when some weeks later she was playing for a small audience in a private home on Long Island Suddenly the door opened and a stolid little boy came in with a bow and arrow, and started shooting arrows right and left The pianist, though plenty frightened, finished her piece without missing

a semi-quaver but the audience, who had not been conditioned by the Society of Timid Souls, was a juttering shambles

Gabriel sees no reason why the shy and timid in any community couldn't get together and help each other They wouldn't have to be professional performers Many people are self-conscious when entering crowded rooms, walking into restaurants, going down the aisles of theatres The curative trick is to isolate the one specific thing that makes you uncomfortable—and then condition yourself by submitting to repetitions of your pet agony, preferably before a group that is sympathetic but critical

Each group must depend on its own ingenuity to devise appropriate tests, but essentially these tests need not be any more elaborate than that of the man who loved to hit himself on the head with a hammer because it felt so good when he stopped

Your Life

THE corpulent man had been recommended to take up golf to improve his figure and to aid his health He took to the idea with enthusiasm, but after a week he was back in the doctor's consulting room

"Doesn't it work?" asked the doctor "You haven't given it a fair chance yet"

"I can't give it any chance, doctor," said the burly gentleman "When I put the ball where I can see it, I can't hit it, and when I put it where I can hit it, I can't see it."

If the Zoo had a Brains Trust ...

L R BRIGHTWELL

IF the Zoo could take a hand in our latest plaything the so-called "Brains Trust", there is little doubt as to how most of us would place the star performers. The dog would be an easy first, the horse a good second and the chimpanzee and elephant could toss for third. An oriental might incline to give the horse or elephant priority, but the westerners preference none will question.

But science questions every thing. When the wonder-beast has died, science likes to remove its brains, to measure them, map them, weigh them and how often find them wanting! Many a public favourite's intellectual reputation crashes in the Zoo prosectorium.

It is generally held that the mysterious something we call "mind" resides in a thin coating of grey matter enveloping the cortex of the brain proper. It follows that the bigger the brain and the deeper its convolutions the greater the acreage of thinking material. This, balanced against the owner's weight, is a fair index to the creature's intellectual status. Keeping this in mind, how stand our

Who has not Met the dog owner so utterly under the spell of his pet as to be a menace in any club or smoking compartment (That dog, sir knows every word I say to him knows 'em before I've said 'em') and how many an equestrian is equally under the hoof of the very animal he professes to dominate. As for that appalling parrot with its miraculously apposite utterances but we have all met these dread highlights of the Bore's Own Zoo, and doubtless shall do till the end of time.

—L R Brightwell

Zoo and household favourites compared with man and his two and a half to three-pound brain in an eleven stone body. With all our shortcomings we are still one part in sixty brain, a world's record for any animal to date.

The gorilla, despite appearances, is man's runner-up in the high-brow stakes, with less than a pound of brain in a carcass about twice the weight of an average man's. The chimpanzee, with just over half a pound of brain to about man's body-weight, comes next. The orang-outang—third—has

under half a pound of brain to a hundred and sixty pounds of brown

A dog tipping the beam at forty pounds has only two ounces of brain, about one-eleventh of the horse's, brain ratio—which often has to control nearly a ton of bone and muscle. The ox closely follows the horse, whilst the pig has about twice the dog's brain capacity against over two hundred pounds of pork. Both the elephant and whale have enormous, and richly convoluted, brains. The elephant's weighs fifteen pounds, but the brain to body ratio is only one in six hundred. The hundred foot long blue whale's must be infinitely less.

These iconoclast figures may perhaps seem to show our old favourites in a disappointing light. On the contrary, mammalian intelligence generally was never better. There is a boom in brains so far as the beasts are concerned. Since the dawn of the mammals, far back in the twilight of the dinosaurs, over a hundred million years ago, the brain has been steadily in the ascendant. Bulk and armaments have waxed and waned, but mentality has gone marching on. Life has been more and more a war of wits. The modern horse, dog, elephant and a hundred other familiar forms are served far better mentally in proportion to their bulk than were their

predecessors, or the many once-abundant monsters, that have left no living representatives. Yet the poor brains of the giant sloth and rhino-like titanotheres were outstanding advancements on those of the largest reptiles of Jurassic days—the dinosaurs.

The famous diplodocus, for example, had only about two pounds of brain to forty tons of beef, whilst the stegosaur, twelve feet high at the hips, with a yard high crest of spines had such a feeble brain (two and a half ounces) that it relied on an enormously larger auxiliary nerve centre in its hip region to ensure correct steering for its after-carriage and the enforcement of orders from the head office, so to speak.

The mere shape of a brain seems to affect its intrinsic value little. In the unhappily obliterated College of Surgeons' museum was a wonderful series of human skulls, distorted to the fashionable dictates of various tribes, yet in no way impaired apparently as thinking machines. With them were shown the brains of the mathematician, Professor Charles Babbage, and a cast of the brain case of Dean Swift, concerning which last the guide book had a significant passage, disposing incidentally of the notorious crank, Franz Joseph Gall, father of phrenology. Of this brain the remark was made that it was —

" of mediocre size and common shape, quite unlike the products of the brain which the cast represents. Many more brains of men with specially developed faculties must be preserved for investigation before any definite statement can be made as to relationships between a particular part of the brain and the manifestation of a particular faculty."

The truth is, at least concerning the lower animals, that in assessing intelligence the ordinary man is too easily influenced by first appearances. That immense facade of the elephantine forehead, the lofty nobility of the leonine brow, is in the one case largely due to a series of empty cavities, in the other a mass of fur, fat, and jaw muscles.

The often elaborate avian courtship no less intricate

home making and amazing migratory feats have given many birds reputations for intelligence wholly belied by their almost reptilian brains. Viewed dispassionately, many of their activities are to be classed as little superior to the automatic behaviour of insects. As for the invertebrates generally, the more one inquires into their cerebral development the more one realises the quite unjustifiable degree to which we too often humanise them. Many people still put a smashed fly on the same plane as a crippled dog. Dickens long ago debunked the bee as a model of intelligently applied industry. But how, for instance, can one speak of a crab's "intelligence" when its chief nerve centre merely controls its many legs?

The Field

THE city man was somewhat depressed by the fact that he had been blackballed when his proposal for membership to a certain club had been balloted on. The one blackball had been sufficient to disqualify him. 'Never mind' said his more philosophical acquaintance, 'my name once got fifteen blackballs when there were only fourteen members. Apparently even the waiter didn't like the sound of me!'

IN a country church an absent-minded vergier was showing two late strangers into a pew, when the preacher announced his text 'Paul we know and Apollos we know, but who are these?'

'Just two commercials from the Red Lion, sir,' answered the vergier.

A golfer, looking rather distraught, asked permission to drive through. "I hope you don't mind," he said, "I am in rather a hurry, my wife is dangerously ill."

Slap In The Face

There is to me always something fascinating about a well-timed slap in the face—provided, of course, that the face is not my own. I am told that as a youngman—a very young man, I used to lean well out of the pram so as not to miss a passing baby, and was for some time the terror of our suburban locality and a young fiend in the eyes of all local mothers and nurses save my own. Parental persuasion must effectively have checked this infantile sadism for today I am the mildest of men. Yet the face-slap still fascinates. It either starts or ends something—a challenge to mortal combat, an admonition to the amorous by outraged womanhood. Often it is the latter.

FRIEDL BARAS

I remember in Belgrade one evening after dinner dangling my legs from a high stool in the bar of the *Srpski Kralj*. An English acquaintance suggested going somewhere. "It's a bit of a dive," he said.

The dive proved to be a basement cabaret. It was full of over-painted girls, and slender Balkan *beaux* whose job was to entertain lone ladies. There were tables round the dance-floor, and behind the band a bar where we were joined by two Hungarian girls. I bought them a drink, and one of them told us she was an acrobatic dancer.

"You may *spik* to me in English please," she said to my companion.

This drew the caustic retort that he had no desire to speak to her in any language.

She turned away flushed with anger, but suddenly swung round again.

"You are very rude to say like that! I think maybe you like to speak your language. Now I will not *spik* with you."

He sipped his drink in an uncomfortable silence. Conversation with girls of this type is usually what you care to make it, but it can be interesting since all of them live on the ground floor of life. Some are out-and-out prostitutes, others the mistresses of Serbs who don't object to them working in these places where they receive a percentage on all drinks.

served to themselves and their Gentlemen-friends As the profit on whisky, gin, liqueurs, Balkan champagne, etc., is not inconsiderable, most of the girls concentrate on that side of the business It is seldom long before they suggest the 'private room' where no one intrudes save a waiter who serves champagne only That kind of an evening is liable to be expensive—even in Belgrade

The acrobatic dancer finished her drink in silent fury 'Then I will go,' she announced, "since you are so rude"

"My dear girl, I just don't want to talk I'm not even beginning to be rude"

"You are"

"I'm not"

The matter might have ended there if a passing Serb had not chosen that moment to pinch the girl where she was resting The result was a face-smack that rang through the room like a pistol-shot

My friend's taciturnity left him

"Oh wonderful!" he exclaimed, as the Serb recoiled rubbing his cheek "My aunt, what a beauty! That girl's got spirit"

I thought there would be trouble, but the Serb retired after threatening to have the girl sent out of the country

"Can he do that?" I asked her

She tossed her head "Maybe, if he is rich and has friends in the government I do not know *heem* and I do not care We never stay long and I go soon to Budapest"

"Have a drink?" said my friend

"No, for your rudeness I will not drink with you"

"Oh rot Here, waiter! some more whisky"

A pale dawn was stealing through the deserted streets as I returned to the hotel From my window I watched the sun battling with a pink haze that obscured the big steel barges on the Sava, and the smoke of paddle-steamers weaving black patterns on the thick white blanket that was spread over the whole of the plain beyond the Danube In Belgrade life was slowly awakening Those Gipsy shoe-blacks by the railway station would soon be tapping on the pavement with their brushes Peasants, who came in convoys with grapes and farm produce, would have paid their tolls outside the capital and be busy arranging their stalls in the market place It was a pleasant life that I knew well in those happy days before the Nazi terror swept the Balkans and incidentally deposited me one evening far

far away in the comfort of the Harbour Bar in Bombay

I didn't recognise her at first, and probably would not have done at all but for a resounding face-smack delivered effectively to some tipsy bystander. When the hubbub had subsided I asked a friend who she was.

"She's married to _____," he replied, and mentioned the name of a *very* prominent Indian

personage. "Bit of a tartar I should say."

On my way out I paused beside her. "You haven't changed much," I murmured.

"I do not understand," she replied coldly, and without recognition.

I did not press the point. When face-slapping is in fashion I am ever mindful of my own.

A LIAR HUSBAND

ZOBEIDE, a beautiful Arab woman, had a very jealous husband. He hated to tear himself away from her to make his pilgrimage to Mecca, but it was necessary.

When bidding her farewell he said: "Think of me all the time, my dove, light of my life, and don't be unfaithful to me. If you are, I shall know right away, because a hump will grow on my back."

Zobeide promised everything. When her husband returned, she greeted him most affectionately. In the embrace she felt his back and then cried out laughingly: "Oh, darling, what a liar you are!"

SHE was a wise old French mother, somewhere in France, and her ears caught the excited cries of her lively and pretty daughter, saying: "The Boches are between, here come the brave Australians!"

Promptly mamma ordered: "You lock up all the poultry, and go and hide in the cellar!"

THE midnight wind whistled sadly down the street, but the belated reveller took no heed of that. With his hat off, he stood with his eyes fixed on an advertisement hoarding, and lustily sang the National Anthem.

"Not so much of it," said the immediate rozzler. "We don't mind you being loyal, but don't make such a noise about it at this time of night."

The loyal one pointed to the well known poster of a beautiful lady seated in her bath.

"See her?" he whispered, confidentially. "Well, I'm singing National Anthem—make her stand up!"

Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

Entertainment or Headache!

IT is unfortunate that an extraordinary 'film dictionary' has not yet been written to reveal the glaring inconsistencies that exist between the meaning and significance of certain terms as they are generally reckoned and the meaning and significance of the same when related to Indian films. In any case it is quite time some consideration is given in this direction so as to avoid unnecessary (') confusion in the minds of many. For, it will have to be admitted that our films have precisely set up a theory—all their own—according to which things assume quite the opposite meaning. A striking—and typical too—evidence is that of the word "entertainment". What tomes have been written on this word! Nay, it has been discussed threadbare. But the fact is indisputable that this "entertainment" which is supposed to be the primary function of every motion picture but is actually distorted beyond comprehension in its present-

ation on the Indian screen, has so often been a headache to us that today one is not surprised if it is looked upon with a natural feeling of disgust by more and more of those whom it has been deceiving under a sham and unworthy claim that has been limitless. And the 'film dictionary,' I suggest, will—most appropriately, I



Kishore Bahu, director and star of Purnima Productions' "Raja"

should say—have to define the word entertainment as an headache!

Possibly a film producer—as is said of a government in India—ceases to be one if he does a sensible thing. Some time back one of our very prominent producers—as he had nothing else to do—came out with a blatant article conclusively asserting that the “mission of the movies was to educate” and had to be confronted with not less than a dozen rejoinders crying cynically, “No sir, no sir, it is to entertain.” Imagine how paradoxical it appears when on the one hand you propagate the wondrous achievements of the Soviet and even the Nazis in the direction of “education through the film” and, at the same time, on the other hand, you are not prepared to let those who aim at revolutionizing your primitive pattern of “Sajan-Sajni” entertainment

do it—far from encouraging them. Surely one cannot profit anywhere without having to sacrifice something or other. And it is only in the sense that this worn-out, purposeless, silly and nauseating character of the stuff doled out to us in the form of “entertainment” should be substituted by a healthy, progressive and educative trend that efforts need to be welcomed and mobilized so as to get rid of the present day vogue of demoralizing, degenerating “entertainment.”

Educative Entertainment

A country like India with its cursed and hereditary multiplicity of ignorance, superstition, orthodoxy, illiteracy and what not calls for even more resourceful, persistent and widespread concentration on the issue of educative entertainment than any other country. Actually



“ISHARA” TRINITY

Mr D R D Wadia, producer, Mr Maneklal Chundlal, distributor and Mr Vasant Marathe, publicist of ‘Ishara’ The last (sitting) is Mrs. Wadia

Unprecedented, Memorable, New Novel

TREBLE WORLD RECORD

Made by a MOTION PICTURE'

98 SPEAKERS! 5 LANGUAGES!! 7 HOURS!!!

At the 'Public Debate' and 'Elocution Competition' on the much-talked of picture 'Ishara' on August 15 at the 'Deccan' Talkies in Poona (where the picture is now running into 11th Week) as many as 98 speakers of both sexes and of varied ages and professions took part. They spoke in English, Gujarathi, Marathi, Urdu and Hindi. The Debate lasted for well nigh 7 hours from 7 in the morning to 4 in the evening.

Never before was such enthusiasm and admiration was evoked by any other picture! Miss **SNEHPRABHA PRADHAN**, the well-known star, who acted as the **CHIEF JUDGE**,



could not help expressing her admiration for the high standard of the debate and for the intelligence, earnestness and eloquence of the debaters. The sittings only of the

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100 "AH!"S
100 "OOH!"S
*as an entranced world saw
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"KHANDAN"*

NURJEHAN
in

INDIA F C RELEASE
with
MASOOD—MAYADEVI,
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its just the reverse The unstinted achievements of the Indian film in popularizing our "lingua-franca" not only speaks volumes for its power, potentiality and prospects but is a proof-positive that it can fulfil other important duties as well if only allowed to do so. When, for instance, a producer like Mr Winayak is not only content with expressing his convictions that "comedy and music and devotion are not the only sort of entertainment the public like and that human dramas of the Earth, problems of society and tragedies of life



Ashok Kumar and Sitara in
Mehboob's "Najma"

can also be relished," but displays the daring spirit and courage behind those convictions by giving us a film like "My Child," we have at least the consolation of not being alone in our struggle for educative entertainment. Let there be others, more progressive and less self-interested, to follow his example leaving the traditional "hit-makers" to stew in their own juice.

Civilian Morale

One really noteworthy aspect of the ever-increasing popularity of our films does not seem to have been given adequate attention. While

everyday sees more and more of our masses flocked at the theatres which pride themselves for "House Full" boards, what is one's reaction to the spectacle? Well, it is nothing but the rude, barbarous, demented and almost shameless behaviour of specially the juvenile folks of the so-called lower-class community which is painfully conspicuous and totally dominates the entire atmosphere and surroundings. Why, oh why, can't we do something to make them understand civilian morale and that how utterly essential it is for every individual to follow certain rules and regulations that contribute



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the Zone for Indian Films—*

ANKH-KI-SHARM

The Chosen Picture
is the first of their
Series under Greater
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Starring

GREAT PRITHVIRAJ,
TRILOKE KAPUR,
KAUSHALYA MOTI,
AGHA & MEERA

Director BALWANT BHATT

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to decency, discipline and good-breeding? Why can't our films teach them the worth of their existence as human beings, which is no less significant than that of any of the higher gentry?

It is not unknown how an average fan belonging to the masses will manage—at all costs and under whatever circumstances—to collect a certain amount to buy a ticket for the premiere show of a new film, although he and his family may have to go without food for a couple of days. And as he comes out of the theatre, what benefit has he derived from the entertainment he strove bitterly to procure at such a heavy price?

Let the film teach the masses their own lessons of LIFE instead of further enhancing their weaknesses. Let us help them to use their hard-earned money for something invaluable that they badly need and

deserve and will stand them in good stead in future. Yes, let's first begin doing it if not through instructive and educational films, then at least by means of healthy and wholesome entertainment.

By 'FILMAN'

"RAJA"

RUNNING at the local Novelty is "Raja," Kishore Sahu's latest remarkable venture for the Purnima Productions, after his success in "Kunwara Bap," a film which is at once radical in its outlook and daring in its conception. In "Raja" Kishore Sahu has given us an entirely different - from - the - ordinary - rut story and also vindicated, through its presentation, his claim as an intellectual artiste. The film has been released through New India Pictures Corporation.

"Raja"—unlike what the name suggests—is the story of



*

Noorjehan of "Khandan" fame returns with a greater glory in A. B. Productions' "Nadma" released through India Film Circuit

*

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TOP ENTERTAINMENT**



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★ VEENA ★ SITARA
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a "rebel" who defied everything that was against the interests of the poor and the suffering. As such the hero of the picture who makes himself famous and endearing by his rare qualities of kindness, sympathy and feeling of fellowship, is almost adored by many whose companionship he sought in the slums. His characterization as a cynical writer who had the strange conviction that he should write not for the world but for himself and his whims, is an excellent portrayal of an individual who reckoned art above all considerations and whose constant quest for a better and nobler life—life where not money alone but love and humanity would reign supreme—became the keynote of his greatness which ultimately won him the Noble prize as the author of an epoch-making book, and together with it his beloved Bela Rani who had shared both his miseries and happiness.

In the leading roles, both Kishore Sahu and Protima DasGupta have done immense justice to their respective roles and their performances are sure to be popular with the masses. There are numerous interesting situations to maintain the suspense and consistency of the plot and the picture provides a good deal of entertainment. The dances and music, in particular, contri-

buted by Protima are an important highlight of the film

"ANKH-KI-SHARM"

UNDER the new arrangement agreed upon between Dawlat Corporation, Ltd., and the Globe Theatres, Ltd., the Capitol Theatre near Borj Bunder, Fort will shortly begin its programme of showing Indian Films, with Wadia Movietone's "Ankh-ki-Sharm" starring Prithviraj, Kaushalya, Trilok Kapoor, Nayampally, comedian Agha, Nalini Gupte and an all-star cast. The Dawlats have also arranged additional simultaneous releases of the picture at Poona, Sholapur and Surat.

"Ankh-ki-Sharm" is a highly entertaining domestic story with amusing turns and twists

that moves with lightning speed, combining thought-gripping narration, healthy wit and humour skilfully with melodious duets, happy songs and tappy dances. It is J. B. H. Wadia's special social hit which is bound to entertain masses and the classes alike to their utmost depth of human interest.

"NADAN"

BRINGING back to the screen Nurjehan, the popular star, for the first time after her sensational debut in "Khandan," A. B. Productions' "Nadan," released at the Imperial, tells the simple story of two youths who preferred going their own way rather than succumbing to the desire of their parents. "Nadan" has



A spectacular scene from Prakash Pictures' "Ram Raja" with Shobhana Samarth as the Queen Sita

plenty of exciting situations, gags and laughter, besides The entertainment appeal of the film has been all the more enhanced, by the six popular songs sung by Nurjehan which are sure to be a rage with music fans "Nadan" has been ably directed by Zia Sarhadi, who made himself popular in his very first attempt at direction in Sagar's "Bhole Bhale" The supporting cast includes Masood, Mayadevi, Zilloo and Jamshetji, all of whom acquit themselves creditably

"RAM RAJYA"

RIGHTLY dedicated to the memory of the late Mr Aundhkar, whose services to the Prakash are so well-known and who had adapted the story of "Ram Rajya" from the original Ramayana, "Ram Rajya" which was recently released at the Super Cinema is definitely a sure-fire box-office hit, as much, if not more, remarkable and appealing as their "Bharat Milap"

It is abundantly replete with the many essential ingredients that go to the making of mythologicals whose success becomes a foregone conclusion even before its going on the sets! "Ram Rajya" creates and maintains all along intense interest owing to its manifold and abounding appeal and truly gorgeous presentation

"NAMASTE"

A MAN'S intellect is supposed to be judged by his ability to disagree without being disagreeable! Probably that must have been the main idea of the author as well as the directors in developing the characterization of Wasti in Kardar Productions scrumptuous marital comedy "Namaste, now in full swing at the local West End in its second month For, all his pursuits, as one sees them, in winning over his lady-love (played by Protima Das Gupta) without in the least allowing her to be conscious of the same, are nothing if not revealing a genuine sense of humour that eventually overcomes the latter's ever-bursting temperament



Biman Banerji as Ramanna, in the Devaki Bose film

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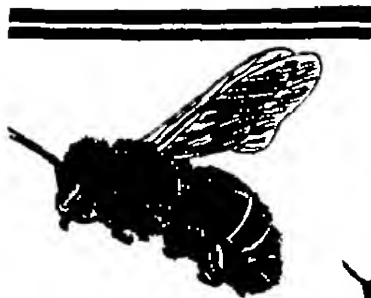
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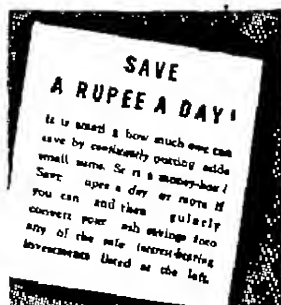
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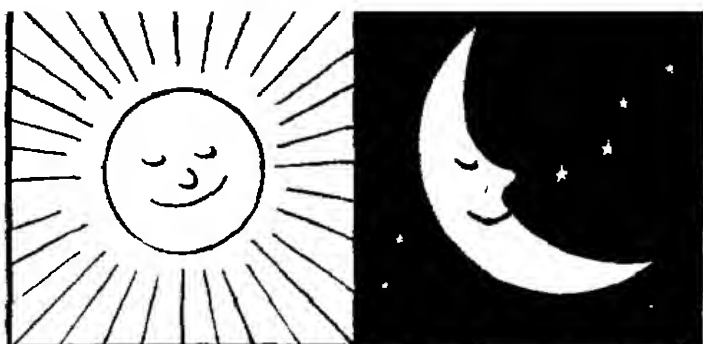
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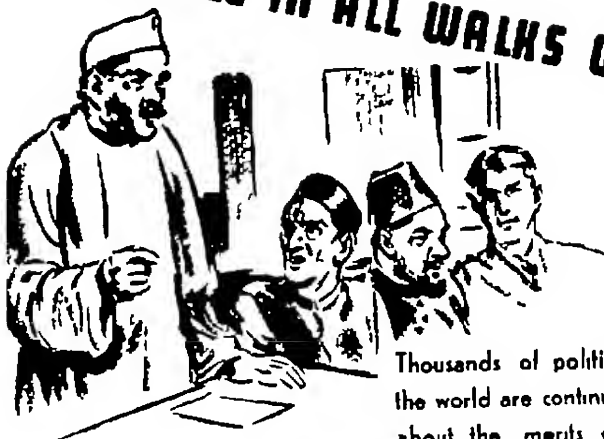
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India Can Beat Japan

Mr SINGH was for many years associated with Mahatma Gandhi and Mr Nehru in their efforts to obtain for India complete freedom from Britain. For the past few years Mr Singh has carried on the fight in America. This article represents his personal views on a controversial subject

SIRDAR J J SINGH

INDIA occupies the most strategic position on the continent of Asia in our war against Japan. On its eastern border lies Burma and next to Burma is China. And from the Chinese coast, at many points, Japan lies at easy bombing distance. In short, if we could occupy this Chinese coast line, then bombers could shuttle to and fro and blast the islands of Japan into smithereens.

It is being generally conceded that it would be very costly in time and in money and in the lives of American boys if we were to try and reach Japan by jumping from island to island. To witness—we occupied Guadalcanal more than seven months ago, and yet Guadalcanal is a far cry from the main islands of Japan.

Therefore, it is being realized that probably the best way to reach the heart of Japan will be to get close to it by

land. Excepting Russia, the only other adjacent territory is the Chinese coast line. And the only way to reach that Chinese coast line near Japan would be to launch an offensive from India into Burma, and after driving the Japanese out of Burma, to go into eastern China and join hands with the forces of General Chiang Kai-Shek. In short, the only possible and feasible way to reach and attack the very heart of Japan is to use this contiguous territory—India—Burma—China.

And it is at this point that the importance of India in this war begins to look large. Of course, India has been at war with the Axis since September, 1939. Indian troops have been fighting and are fighting on all fronts. Their military prowess has been recognized by Marshall Wavell downwards. Indian industries are working day and night turning

our war materials and are supplying the needs of the United Nations in the Middle East and other fronts. But India's heart is not in the war. India's popular leaders are in jails. Indians feel resentful and distrustful. They cannot figure out this paradox that on one hand they are asked to sacrifice their all for the cause of freedom and on the other hand they are denied that very freedom.

India hates Japan. When Japan attacked China, India, under the leadership of the most powerful and popular party, the Indian National Congress, was the first and only country that launched a nationwide boycott of Japanese goods. India wants to take the lead in the fight against Japan. If only her millions could be given the necessary incentive, if only they could believe that they were really fighting for the cause of freedom, including their own. Then, overnight, a new spirit would prevail in this sub-continent. Four hundred million enthusiastic allies would be found to work in the fields and to work in the factories and to fight on the battlefronts. An army of ten million strong, healthy Indians could be raised without any difficulty. But you cannot expect the Indian to put their heart and soul into this war to free Poland and Luxemburg and

others when they themselves are kept in subjugation.

When, early in 1942, bombs fell in Rangoon, 600,000 workers in Calcutta and its industrial environs left their tools and ran away into the interior of the country. Can you blame them? Why should they stay and be bombed? For the sake of a measly job? No, that would be unfair to expect. But one could create a spirit of martyrdom in these very workers by telling them that they were free people fighting for their country and for their homes and for their mother and sister. With that kind of ideological outlook, bombs could fall and the Indian worker would not leave his post.

Just as the bombs fell and the Chinese worker, the Russian worker, and the English worker did not leave his post. But you must give the people of India an idea to fight and die for.

In my humble judgment, one of the reasons that the United Nations are not launching an all-out offensive against Burma is due to the political deadlock in India. How can we attack Burma or expect co-operation from the Burmese? When Japan attacked Burma, the Burmese sided with the Japanese against the British and fifth columnists were

rampant all over Burma Food-stocks were stolen or removed, wells were poisoned so that British troops might not get food or water The debacle in Burma and the "hell of a beating" that allied troops got was due more to help rendered by Burmese to Japanese than to any Japanese superior military qualities or achievements

Tojo of Japan has just announced that they are going to give complete freedom to Burma and that Burma will be a free country However, information that has leaked out of Burma would indicate that many Burmese are not satisfied with the *bona fides* of the Japanese, or the treatment accorded to them by the Japanese But what have we offered the Burmese? Isn't the choice before the Burmese the same, to be ruled by either the British or the Japanese?

Now, if Britain could proclaim that India will be a completely free country after the war to form her own constitution and to be the master of her destiny, and the popular Indian leaders are immediately released and a coalition government of all parties and persons who command the love, affection and respect of the Indian people is formed then the present deadlock would be broken Then let the Indian troops form the spearhead of

the attack on Burma and let the Indians tell the Burmese "Look! We are free people now, and we have come to help you to attain your freedom Britain has given us our freedom, so you can trust British promises now" I would wager anything that under these conditions the Burmese would turn against the Japanese and would join the Allies in driving out the Japanese from Burma

Such a step would have moral ramifications not only in Burma, but throughout Asia It would galvanize the people of Asia, more than a billion of them It would create faith in the hearts of the people of Iraq, Iran, Malaya, Siam, Java and give renewed strength to our brave allies, the Chinese

Will Britain perform this belated act of justice to Indian in the name of freedom? If she does, her leaders will go down in history as great men who raised England's moral stature in the eyes of the whole world Such a step will destroy the effects of the Japanese slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics," which truly means "Asia for the Japanese" By this one stroke, Japan's fate can be sealed and quick victory assured for the United Nations and a free India

Will Wavell Take the Initiative?

THE reported possibility of an early offensive against Japan on the Burma front and the impending change of tenure at the Viceregal Lodge in Delhi have served to bring India once again into the focus of world attention. And in certain quarters there is a keen expectancy too that big developments are in the offing and that the face of unfortunate India might change in the near future.

These optimists argue in the first place that a new offensive against the Japanese hordes from the Indian side would pre-suppose the creation of conditions favourable for the success of such a venture and the prevention of another fiasco such as we had last year. And one of the conditions which they have persuaded themselves to be of paramount importance is the conciliation of India. The other argument which these optimists use is that a new Viceroy might very likely begin his career with a gesture such as will win over the Indian people.

Let us now examine the first argument. It is undeniable that a contented and co-opera-

tive India would mean a great asset to the Allied forces when they undertake their Burma campaign. But if Churchill and Roosevelt should think that they can do without Indian support and still make a success of their campaign, there is no reason beyond the purely moral and altruistic, why they should be in a hurry to settle the Indian question. As for altruistic motives in world affairs, the less said the better. Moreover, it is possible that both Churchill and Roosevelt have argued themselves into the belief that to rake up the troublesome Indian question at this stage might mean a definite disadvantage to the Allied forces, poised for a fresh offensive in Burma. To both these statesmen, the opening of the Indian problem might appear like the beginning of a long series of communal wranglings in this country, recriminations and even open hostilities, which could scarcely be helpful to their cause.

BRENDAN BRACKEN'S STATEMENT

Anyway, this is the impression that one gets from that

much-publicised statement made by Brendan Bracken in America soon after the Quebec Conference. The hopes of many a politician in India were centred on the Quebec Conference. When it became known that the Conference was concentrating its attention on the problem of dealing with Japan as early as possible, the hopes rose higher. And then when it was announced that not only the military aspects of the problem, but the political ones as well had been considered, the hopes rose highest. What could the term 'political aspects,' though vague, signify but India, the most important and most urgent of those aspects?

Then came the disillusionment when quite a crowd in this country expecting Churchill to make the most magnanimous gesture of his life-time to subject India, butted in Brendan Bracken with a statement which, though apparently backed only by the authority that the Information Minister of Britain can command, has clarified the policy of the British Government to India as no other recent statement has done. Mr Brendan Bracken said with an astonishing bluntness that the Indian problem had been safely cold-stored for the duration of the war. And his reason for this cold-storing was that the

British Government was unwilling to make India a scene of controversy and altercation when Allied operations against Japan were impending.

BRITISH REFRIGERATOR

If it is remembered that Mr Brendan Bracken has been so closely associated with Churchill as to be almost his mouthpiece and that he was throughout present at the Quebec Conference, one does not have to look long for the source and authority of his statement.

So India has been put in the British refrigerator, and authoritatively too. But it did not come as a surprise to many thinking men in this country. A state of refrigeration had existed for long here. The policy adopted by the Indian Government, the utterances of many British politicians and the general atmosphere prevailing in this country were all such as induce the feeling that the solution of the Indian deadlock was something that was too remote, if not too problematic, to be thought of before the war. The Indian problem had been allowed to stagnate. And official pronouncements on the subject betrayed a casualness of thought and leisureliness of pace that could not have left any deductive mind in doubt. What Mr Brendan Bracken did by his statement was to

remove even the slightest doubt on the subject and put the whole position in the clearest language possible

WAVELL'S SYMPATHY

But India's optimists are really invincible. They slur over Brendan Bracken's frank words and rely on their other argument that a new Viceroy, especially a man like Field-Marshal Wavell, is bound to initiate a new policy.

It has to be admitted that Wavell has so far been careful to speak sympathetically about India in his public speeches. He has not only spoken of his love for our country and people and his deep debt of gratitude to the land where he spent some of the most eventful years of his life, but has also said that he has the fullest sympathy for Indian aspirations and that he is aware of the public feeling that those aspirations should be realised at the earliest possible date. Some time back, he even remarked that the solution of the Indian problem need not await the end of the war. These are certainly hope-inspiring words from the Viceroy-to-be.

And it may be also true as some British journals have been insisting that Wavell is not the man to be bound by routine or traditions, that he has the courage and imagination necessary for undertaking bold experiments. Moreover,

an impatient, fresh and venturesome military mind may be, in certain respects, better fitted to cut across the perplexing entanglements of the Indian problem and go to the heart of the matter than a cool, calculating and argumentative political mind. I am also prepared to imagine that Wavell is so greatly inspired by the life of Lord Allenby whom he served long that he may even be dreaming of following his master's generous Egyptian example in this country.

IMPORTANT FACTORS

But against this optimistic background must be examined some important factors which carry a different meaning. The most striking of them we have already examined—the inspired statement of Brendan Bracken. There have been other statements too which point to the same conclusion that the Indian problem is as good as cold-storaged for the period of the war. Mr Attlee, Mr Amery, Lord Cranborne and a host of other British public men have expressed themselves in terms which convey the same idea, that the Indian problem is no longer being treated as urgent. The British Government and the British people are too pre-occupied with their recent victories, said an M.P. the other day, to think of India. They will now go-

on winning more and more victories and getting more and more preoccupied with them, probably at the same time thinking less and less of India

OUTLOOK IS DIFFERENT

The world situation has changed. Things are not as black as they were when Sir Stafford Cripps flew to India with his famous offer. Then the Nazi army was advancing east and Japan was about to pounce on India. India had become vitally important to the Allied cause.

Even then the British Government was not too eager to yield to the Indian point of view.

Today, the outlook is much better for the Allied powers. Nazidom is tottering and Japan is no longer the menace that it once was. India's strategic importance has considerably declined.

If even in these changed circumstances, Wavell should attempt to solve the Indian deadlock and capture the Indian masses, it will be a very pleasant surprise indeed.

LEWIS CARROLL, full of whimsicalities and insight into the minds of his many child friends once wrote a birthday letter to a young acquaintance. I understand, he wrote, 'that your birthday takes place next week and I intend to drink your health on that day.' So, if the doctor calls to see you and says 'Poor little girl she has quite lost her health,' you must say "Yes Mr Dodgson has drunk it." But never mind, 'for when my birthday comes the week after, you will be able to drink my health, and when you have my health and I have yours we shall both be quite well again'."

A VISITOR, with a round of engagements in London, found herself disconcerted by the sudden necessity for attending a funeral. It was fixed for a time just before she was due at a garden party. She found some clothes that were smart enough for the garden party without being too gay for the funeral, but was worried about a large flowered hat which she wanted to wear at the party. She decided to take it in a box and ask a verger to look after it for her.

This she did, and was complimenting herself upon her enterprise when the coffin was brought into church.

On it, among the many wreaths, was her flowered hat.

An impatient contributor wrote to an editor and asked for a decision at once upon the manuscript she had submitted. 'Please do not delay,' she added, 'for I have other irons in the fire.'

He replied 'I return your manuscript and advise you to put it with the other irons.'

What Does Russia Want?

DEMAREE BESS

WHEN Joseph Stalin declined to participate, even by proxy, in the recent Roosevelt-Churchill conferences in Quebec, there was a widespread sense of disappointment in this country, and many Americans expressed the uneasy thought that Russia is an impenetrable enigma. Actually, however, there is no mystery today about Soviet Russia. Stalin did not need to go to Casablanca and Quebec since he had already told President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill how Russia proposes to fight this war, and also what kind of peace Russia wants.

These war and peace plans of our Soviet ally are not military secrets, and there is no reason why they should not be openly discussed by us today. On the contrary, the fact that there

are Americans, even in official positions, who still regard Russia as an enigma indicates that it is high time for us to analyze our relationships with that great



Joseph Stalin

country. Because without full appreciation of Russia's aims, our strategists can make serious miscalculations in their fighting projects, and our statesmen

can make even more serious miscalculations in their planning for the peace.

To understand just where Russia stands in relationship to our own policies, it is neces-

The astounding success of the Red troops in rolling back the German armies in the spring offensive coupled with Stalin's refusal to participate in the Allied Conferences at Casablanca and Quebec has created a sense of suspicion and disappointment in the minds of all nations. Demaree Bess in this lengthy article gives a masterly exposition of the Soviet mind which works today behind the victorious Soviet guns. He examines the problem from every point and finally comes to the conclusion that Britain and America are more of an enigma than Russia.

(We are indebted for this article to the *Saturday Evening Post*.)

sary to go back to that summer before Pearl Harbour and to recall that we became a non belligerent ally of Russia then—several months before Japan's attack precipitated us actively into the war. It was in August, 1941, soon after Hitler invaded Russia that our Government publicly encouraged Russian resistance, and backed up its verbal encouragement with prompt and substantial material assistance.

Even before Hitler declared war on us, we were thus already pledged to help Russia fight Germany. In our promises of aid to Russia, we went almost as far as belligerent Britain. That aid was not given blindly, it was based upon the reports of Harry Hopkins and other American envoys to Russia that the Soviet government possessed the will and the means to keep on fighting Germany indefinitely.

These actions of our Government, taken before we formally went to war, almost certainly had the approval of a majority of the American People. At that time, however, public attention was so completely riveted on the war in Europe that few Americans gave much thought to ominous developments in the Pacific. It was customary in those days to regard Japan merely as a "nuisance," which it might be prudent to squelch, so that we

could devote our entire attention to Hitler's Germany.

The Planes and the tanks which we sent to the Russians before Pearl Harbour were a factor in their successful resistance, and when they repulsed the German attack on Moscow in December, 1941, it became apparent that the Russians fully deserved the confidence in their fighting qualities which American and British statesmen had displayed. It was this confidence in Russia, more than any other factor, which induced President Roosevelt and some of his advisers to risk heavy stakes upon our greatest gamble of the war.

What was that gamble? It was the decision to restrict ourselves to a holding war in the Pacific, while we concentrated our principal war effort in Europe. It was the decision, taken jointly with Great Britain, to continue fortifying Russia with armaments, even after both English speaking powers were formally at war against Japan as well as Germany—even after most of our fleet had been destroyed at Pearl Harbour. It has been officially announced that the United States and Britain, during 1941 and 1942, sent to Russia 4,600 planes, 5,800 tanks, and vast quantities of other war materials. In order to deliver these armaments, the United States and Britain assigned to the Russian

run a large amount of shipping, and lost scores of loaded ships, at a time when we ourselves were dangerously short of ships, tanks and planes

This great gamble required great courage, and the results have fully justified it. The Russian armies made the best possible use of our tanks and planes they did everything which was expected of them, and more. If this was all the return we had calculated upon from our Russian Investment, we should be completely satisfied.

But many Americans expect still other returns from Russia. For one thing, they assume Russia will help us fight Japan after Germany is defeated. For another, some Americans assume Russia will wholeheartedly accept American blueprints for the post-war world. These assumptions are dangerous, because there is little in the known facts to justify them.

What are these facts? The prime fact is that Soviet government today is the most completely independent government in the world. The Russians have made no specific commitments to anyone which might hamper their freedom of action, either in the war in Asia or in post-war Europe. Their adherence to the vague and generalized provisions of the Atlantic Charter was a gracious gesture, not a pledge. Even when their military position was blackest,

Russian leaders refused to bind themselves in any respect in return for the help they accepted from the United States and Britain.

On the contrary, the Russians asked for concessions from Great Britain soon after Hitler invaded their country. They requested an acknowledgment of their claims to the three Baltic states and to portions of Finland and Rumania. They insisted that the frontiers of Poland be left open for future settlement. In other words, they sought from Great Britain very much the same concessions which they had exacted from Hitler in 1939.

The British Government was disposed to concede these Russian claims. Sir Stafford Cripps, even after he became a member of the British Cabinet, publicly advocated their acceptance, and so did *The London Times*, the most powerful British Newspaper. From the British Government's viewpoint, it seemed more honest and more sensible to settle these Russian demands immediately, rather than leave them in doubt. But the United States' Government thought otherwise, and it was Washington's influence which persuaded both the British and the Russians to omit, any reference to Russia's territorial claims from the Soviet-British treaty of June, 1942.

However, the Russians have never abandoned these claims they have merely agreed to leave the question in abeyance for the time being. Since they have made their desires so clear, in negotiation first with the Germans and later with the British, nobody has any right to be surprised if the Russians move again into all the territories which they occupied in 1939 and 1940, and incorporate them into the Soviet Union.

NAZI AND SLAV

From the Russian standpoint, these territorial claims are modest. They merely restore the strategic frontiers of the Czarist empire in Europe, eliminating the buffer states which the Treaty of Versailles erected between Russia and rest of Europe. It is useful to recall that Russia as well as Germany, denounced the portions of the Treaty of Versailles which dealt with Eastern Europe, and it is realistic to assume that, after this war, the Russians will be in a position to make the same settlements in Eastern Europe, which they desired to make in 1918, but were powerless to do.

When Hitler invaded Russia, he tried to win support in other countries by raising the spectre of Bolshevism over Europe. But the Germans themselves, and such reluctant allies as the Hungarians and

Rumanians, were not so much afraid of Bolshevism as they were of Pan-Slavism. This rivalry between the Slavs and the Germans has been for centuries one of the profoundest conflicts in Europe. These two races, both so numerous and so ambitious, have never been able to get along together, and even before Hitler attacked Russia in 1941, Stalin and his associates had cautiously begun to revive the old Pan-Slav movement of Czarist days.

In this war, Hitler had tried to solve the Slav problem "forever" by turning most of the Slavs into Slaves. While the Nazis have tried to placate the conquered peoples of Western Europe, they have not even pretended to placate most Slavs. With the exceptions of the Bulgars and the Slovaks, the Nazis have offered nothing except permanent inferiority to any Slavs—to Czechs, Poles, Serbs, and finally to the Russians themselves.

THE POST-WAR PICTURE

The result of this contempt which the Nazis have shown for Slavs, and the brutality which they have practiced in Slav countries, is that the Slavs today are closer together than ever before, and are looking to Russia for deliverance. During a tour of

the Balkans in the spring of 1941, I saw how wildly Russia was arousing sympathy among the conquered Slavs in Czecho-Slovakia, in Yugoslavia, and even in anti-Russian Poland and in Germany's ally, Bulgaria. As victor in this war, it is therefore inevitable that Russia will exert more influence in all these countries than the Anglo-American combination can hope to wield.

This tendency has proceeded in spite of, and not because of, Bolshevism. Pan-Slavism is now attracting millions of middle-class Eastern Europeans who were repelled by international Communism. It may be true, as some American Official observers in Russia have recently reported, that Stalin and his associates are less interested now in international Communism than in nationalist Russia. At any rate, the more nationalistic Russia becomes, the more Russian leaders will be concerned with consolidating Russian influence in those areas of Europe which adjoin their own borders.

This, then, is a prospect for post-war Europe which Anglo-American peace planners often naively ignore. The assumption that the Anglo-American combination, in consultation with all the little government-in-exile in London, can decide in advance what will happen in

Europe is quite unjustified by the facts.

Post-war Europe this time will be very different from the Europe which existed in 1918, at the end of the last war. When Germany was defeated then, the victorious powers consisted of the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy. Russia was completely out of the picture, defeated in war and engulfed in social revolution. The Russians had no voice whatever in the peace which ended the war of 1914-18.

Consider how vast are the differences this time. France and Italy have ceased to be great powers. The French have lost their fleet, and years under German rule have dissipated much of their spirit. Italy not only has been defeated but wrecked. And victory in Europe this time will not mean the end of battle for Americans and Britons, for they will then have to turn in earnest to their war against Japan. Because as the shape of things to come begins to emerge more clearly, it appears almost certain that Germany will be defeated in Europe before Japan is defeated in the Pacific. And it is almost equally certain that, unless Japan deliberately invades Russia's Pacific provinces, Russia will be at peace while the United States and Great Britain are thus

still at war Is it likely, under these circumstances, that the Russians will go out of their way to join us in the war against Japan? That question suggests a counter-question Why should they?

It is indisputable, of course, that Russia is not only a great power in Europe—and potentially the greatest of all European powers—she is also an Asiatic power Russia's Asiatic territories are more than twice the size of the whole of Europe, and Russia's interests in Asia are far larger than American and British interests combined

Ever since 1927, the Soviet Union has been extensively developing its holdings in Asia, and appropriating a large share of the Russian national income for the creation of powerful Far Eastern armies, well equipped with tanks and bombing planes By constructing armament factories in the Far East, the Russians have done everything possible to make these armies independent of supplies from European Russia

This settlement and development of Asiatic Russia, which the Soviet government has been systematically stimulating for sixteen years, was vastly accelerated by the German invasion of Russia in 1941 The dramatic military events of that attack has distracted our attention from one of the

greatest mass migrations in history, as the Soviets have moved millions of their people out of the German, occupied territories of European Russia into the wide-open spaces of Asiatic Russia Few outsiders have appreciated the significance of a Soviet decree that these evacuated citizens shall be permanently settled in their new Asiatic homes Moscow has instructed these people not to think of returning, after the war, to their former homes in European Russia

This decree was a logical step in the programme of colonization and industrialization of Asiatic Russia which was laid down in 1927 It reveals that the Soviet government intends to utilize the war to speed up this programme It suggests that the Russians are just as determined to safeguard their position in Asia as they are in Europe

Is it not, therefore, true, as we often are reminded, that the Russians have as much to gain as we Americans by the destruction of the Japanese menace? Of course this is true, the Russians probably have even more to gain But that does not necessarily mean that the Russians will help the United States and Britain to fight Japan Stalin showed, in 1939, that he does not involve his country in unnecessary wars He was still "appeasing" Hitler up to the moment when

German armies smashed into Russia in the early summer of 1941. But while he was attempting to hold off war, he was at the same time preparing for it, and preparing very effectively, as we have seen since.

STALIN AND JAPAN

I was in Manchuria in 1931, when the Japanese started their present series of imperialistic adventures.

The Japanese commander in Mukden was extremely outspoken, and he told me, in an off-the-record-interview "The Russians are next on our list. We cannot tolerate the presence of Russian bombing planes at Vladivostok, so close to the heart of Japan."

But instead of striking at Russia, the Japanese turned southward into China, and they kept on going south until they struck finally at Pearl Harbour and Singapore, at the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies.

They did so because they had discovered, in the years from 1931 to 1939, when they repeatedly tested out Russian defences along the frontiers between Manchuria and Siberia, that the Russians were too strong for them. Japanese imperialistic expansion has behaved like a river, when it is dammed in one place, it overflows in another. And the Russians built the best dam.

Contrary to the most predictions, this Russian dam has held ever since, even during almost two years of the Russia-German war. No outsider knows today how strong are the Russian defences in their own Far East, because the Russians are not telling anybody. They have not given the United States Government any information about Russian air bases in the Far East or permitted our military observers to visit these areas. But it is obvious that these defences have been kept strong enough to discourage the Japanese, up to this moment, from grabbing territories which are a serious worry to them.

Russian leaders have steadfastly refused to make any promises whatever regarding the war in the Pacific or even to discuss the matter. They have put us off by saying that they are contributing far more than any other country to the war against Germany, in a struggle which is so titanic that they cannot do anything which might risk involving them in another war in Asia.

But what do the Russians actually have in mind? We must presume that they are being as realistic about the war in the Pacific as they have been about the war in Europe. By their deal with Hitler in 1939, the Russians induced the Germans to turn first against

France and Britain and the other countries of Western Europe, and to expand some of their striking power there. Meanwhile, the Russians bought twenty two months of time and much additional territory to prepare for the war with Germany which eventually struck them.

The Russians have pursued much of the same strategy in the Far East. Several weeks before Hitler invaded their country, they concluded a non-Aggression treaty with Japan—a treaty which freed Japan's hands to deal with the United States and Britain and China, as well as Russia's hands to deal with Germany.

That non-aggression treaty—if it survives until the end of the war in Europe—is not likely to be violated by Russia. For the Russians know that we Americans must keep on fighting Japan until we have completely defeated her, and they know that Great Britain is committed to help us in that war, not only because of the pledged word of her Prime Minister but also because of her special interest in India and Burma and Malaya, and the geographical location of Australia and New Zealand.

Russia's position is therefore almost perfect in this Pacific war. If she can continue to hold off the Japanese, she need not get into that war at all. If the Japanese attack her first,

she can rely upon all the help we can possibly give her, knowing that we have the same selfish reasons to help her against Japan that we had to help her against Germany. Russia need not even worry about the possibility of Anglo-American appeasement of Japan at her expense, as she did have to worry about Anglo-French appeasement of Hitler at her expense in the years before 1939. The Russians can depend upon us to fight out the Pacific war to a decisive conclusion, whether or not we get any help from Russia. And if the Russians should decide that it is advisable to round out their strategic frontiers in the Far East, as they have already arranged to do in Europe, then they can come into the war in Asia whenever they like, and take over whatever territories they desire as their share of the spoils.

What does this indicate for post-war Asia? It suggests that the Russians are free to consolidate their outposts in Mongolia and in Chinese Turkestan and, if they choose, to extend their outposts into Manchuria and Korea. It means that Russian influence in China, exercised through the Chinese Communists, is more likely to increase than to decrease. It seems to prove that, until China can

be organised into a modern industrial state, Soviet Russia will become the greatest power in post-war Asia

RUSSIAN REALISM

We have not been hearing much recently about the Chinese Communists who made a truce with Gen Chiang Kai-shek's Government, following Japanese invasion—a truce which occasionally is broken. But these Chinese Communists have been quietly consolidating their hold upon several Chinese provinces—provinces which lie close to the Russian frontiers. Their alliance with Russia will become stronger in a post-war world in which Russia will figure as a victor.

It is evident, then, what a powerful and independent position Russia occupies in relation to the war raging now in Europe and Asia, and likewise in relation to the whole post-war world. Only by complete appreciation of Russia's hard-won strength can the Americans now accurately plot our own course.

It is essential for us to keep in mind, first of all, that in our dealings with the Russians we are not playing with children. Russia is the only great power which has managed, thus far, to avoid war on two fronts. While we Americans stumbled into two great wars simultaneously, without having prepared properly for either,

the Russians manoeuvred with such dexterity that they have held Japan at arms length while concentrating upon the German invaders.

When this invasion did come, the Russians resisted it by ruthless sacrifice of their own cities, their countryside and their people. Their material losses in this war have been immense, but this does not indicate that they are so worn down that we can easily bribe them to participate docilely in Anglo-American plans either for reorganizing Asia or for managing Europe.

Because, despite their desperate struggle during this war, the Russians have refused to be bribed by anything we have given them.

They have ignored tentative suggestions that they should pledge air bases to us for eventual use against Japan, that they should make some kind of frontier agreement with Poland, that they should repudiate their fifth column—the Communists International. They refused recently to send representatives to Africa and Canada, even to talk things over with the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain. If we cannot bribe the Russians now, is it likely that we can bribe them with food or credits or anything else after the war is won?

We may have forgotten, but every Russian remembers, what

happened after the war of 1914-18. In those days, while Russia was swept by civil wars and revolution and famine, British and French troops intervened in an attempt to overthrow the same regime which rules Russia today. The Russians remember that Winston Churchill was a very active supporter of that intervention, and that President Woodrow Wilson ignored Lenin's peace proposal in 1919, and that American administrations ostracized Soviet Russia for a period of sixteen years.

The Russians are making certain that this time things will be different. They are ready to do business with us in peace, just as they have worked with us in war, but they have made it clear that all arrangements must be made on Russia's own terms. These terms are now quite sharply defined.

First, Russia refuses to pledge in advance that it will violate in any way its non-Aggression Pact with Japan.

Second, Russia demands a free hand in post-war settlements in all territories which adjoin Russian frontiers.

Third, Russia expects, and is in a position to enforce, full equality of partnership with Americans and Britons in schemes for world security.

This does mean support for any form of Anglo-American imperium, in whatever guise it may be presented. Against the

prospects of such an imperium, the Russians are methodically constructing an imperium of their own, thus fortifying themselves to play the old game of balance of power, if that game continues into post-war world. In this game, the Russians probably consider themselves a fair match for any Anglo-American combination, since they have seen how American and British foreign policies have been weakened, even in the midst of war, by domestic disputes and by friction between the two English-speaking countries.

When I was in London last Autumn, a significant conversation occurred which illustrates the strength of Russia's political position and the weakness of our own. At that time, an exiled European statesman was engaged in negotiations with the Soviet embassy there, and one of our diplomats, learning about these negotiations, remarked, "You do not seem to be satisfied with the support of the United States and Great Britain. It appears that you are also seeking the support of Soviet Russia."

DIVIDED DEMOCRACY

The European statesman replied "Americans and Britons are very fine people, and I do not doubt that they have good intentions, but your democratic governments change

frequently, and your foreign policies often change with them. On the other hand, the one-party government in Russia never changes, and we small European countries have learned by bitter experience that we dare not entrust our destinies to nations whose policies waver according to the whims of the party in power.

It has been all too true that the foreign policies of the United States and Britain have often become the football of domestic policies, and the plain truth is that Russia is so placed now that she reaps the benefits of our internal squabbles and of disagreements between the United States and Britain. A recent incident hitherto unreported, illustrates this point.

A few days after Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower reached a working agreement in North Africa with the late Admiral Darlan, Stalin sent a personal message to President Roosevelt to assure him that the Russians were well satisfied with this strategic agreement with the French Admiral.

Nevertheless, at the same moment, the left-wing press in the United States and Britain burst into a flood of savage denunciations of the Darlan deal.

While our State Department publicly praised Robert D. Murphy, chief of our diplomatic mission in North Africa,

many Americans and Britons and Frenchmen took it upon themselves to join our left-wing press in its clamour against him.

It is not surprising that Stalin favoured the Darlan deal, because this arrangement profited Russia in two ways. From the Military stand point, it profited Russia because it strengthened our first offensive campaign against Germany. Politically, it profited Russia by making it appear that we were defending the reactionary elements in Europe, and thus enhanced Russia's influence in left-wing circles everywhere.

When we examine all the evidence, it becomes apparent that the future of the world is not going to be determined primarily by American public opinion, as some of us fondly hope. It is not going to be a question of whether or not our peoples can be persuaded to swallow an annexation of some little country or whether they will stomach some other political deal.

It is also not only futile but downright pernicious to imagine the United Nations as one big happy family, fighting precisely the same wars for precisely the same objectives. It would be very pleasant, of course, if we Americans could persuade the Russians to support our own American plans for world social and economic betterment, but it so happens that the

Russians have a system of their own, which often runs counter to ours.

The Russians have made it very clear that they are fighting not only for Russia but also for their Soviet system, which is not—as some Americans try to make us believe—just another version of American democracy and the free-enterprise system. The Soviet system is a one party system which books no opposition, it depends upon police to suppress political opposition. The Soviet system is state ownership and operation of everything, every Soviet citizen works for the state. That system has proved itself in war, and there is no evidence whatever that Soviet leaders intend to modify its fundamental principles now or later, or to join in any schemes to restore free enterprise on a world scale.

Moreover, whether we like it or not, we are compelled to recognize that a victorious Russia will possess the geographical position, the military power and the political influence do very much as she pleases over a very large section of the earth. And the Russians naturally will be more sympathetic to the idea of extending their own system rather than ours.

The best that we can sensibly anticipate, therefore, is that we can arrange a compromise with Russia—as well as with

our other allies—which will result in a practical scheme for the enforcement of world peace. Fortunately, a solid basis does exist for a compromise in which Russians, Americans, Britons and Chinese, and others of our war allies can sincerely co-operate, because there are three extremely important and fundamental matters in which they share the same beliefs.

First, the peoples of these countries do not suffer from hallucinations of belonging to any master race, as the Germans and Japanese do. Accordingly, they are not unduly tempted to undertake to dominate the world.

THE AMERICAN ENIGMA

Second, these peoples, unlike the Germans and the Japanese, have to urge to fight for living room, since they already possess plenty of it. Some of the early Bolshevik revolutionaries dreamed dreams of a World Soviet Republic, but Stalin liquidated most of these fanatics years ago.

Third, all these people share a profound yearning for peace, which they urgently require in order to establish in their own natural spheres the economic and social schemes to which they are devoted.

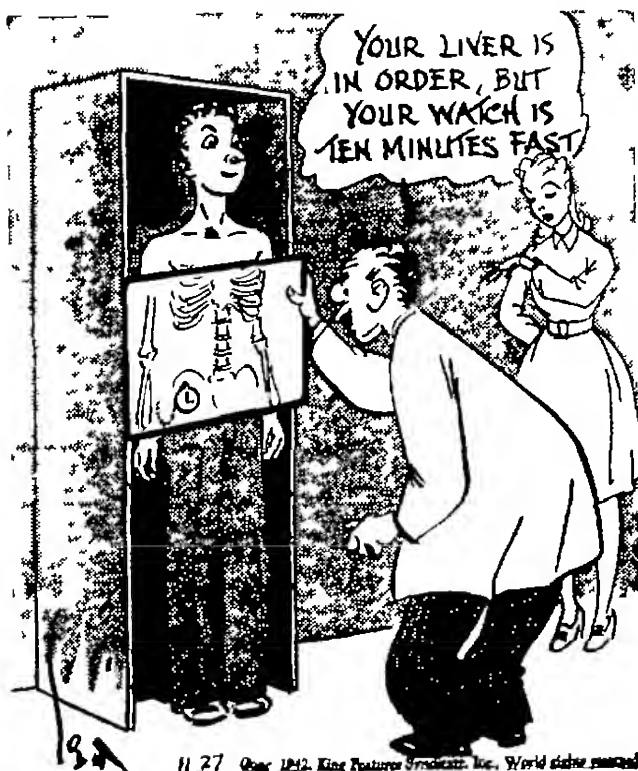
Accordingly, all these nations are disposed to accept obligations to enforce peace, both in Europe and in Asia.

- But before we can specifically define these obligations, we Americans must first make up our minds about what we are fighting for. Thus for we have left our allies in doubt about our future intentions by advancing all sorts of conflicting proposals. Some of us talk about the breaking up of the British Empire, while others talk of restoring it. Some of us boast that this is the "American century" or urge that we share everything we possess with less fortunate

peoples, while others worry about how we can pay our own war expenses and insists that our Government make no further post-war commitments.

Thus it is the United States and not Soviet Russia, which today presents the world's greatest enigma, and our immediate concern is not with the Russian enigma—which is really no enigma at all—but with the British and American enigma, which we alone can solve.

Saturday Evening Post



Long Live the Fourth Republic!

MICHAEL FOOT

SOMFONE once said that he loved France as a man loves a beautiful woman, and no Englishman who knows France will quarrel with the simile. For some it is the style of her literature which provides the binding affection. For others it is the common enjoyments of Paris in the sun or the French countryside. For others again it is the memory of comradeship in arms.

For others still it is the knowledge of the general boon which France has bestowed upon mankind. She has a rich and particular history. For those who can recapture the stir of past events there is nothing to equal the excitement of 1789 and the subsequent years. Never were men so confident that they had discovered fresh and glorious truths which would grant incalculable benefit to the ages that followed. "Happiness is a new idea in Europe," said Saint Just, the most resolute and disinterested of the revolutionaries, with superb insolence. And if we examine our heritage we shall discover that the cause of freedom in

France one day seemed a fact as sturdy as Clemenceau. The next day France fell. A hideous gap was torn in our faith. Yet if we were downcast by the tragic ignominy of France, how much better right have we today to derive inspiration and hope from the resurrection of France.

Michael Foot

England owes much to the words spoken and the deeds done in that short era.

By this measurement the fall of France was assessed. It was a frightening disaster. And if we had not been so obsessed with the immediate military implications the moral consequences might have stricken us more fearfully. France one day seemed a fact as sturdy as Clemenceau. The next day France fell. A hideous gap was torn in our faith. Yet if we were downcast by the tragic ignominy of France, how much better right have we today to derive inspiration and hope from the resurrection of France. No less an event than that is now enacted before our eyes.

Consider the evidence. Here is André Philip, who escaped from France after living two years amid the agony of his people. He spoke a postscript at the B B C, and at first hearing it sounded banal. Democracy, freedom of speech, liberty of conscience, the rights of association, the principle of the Revolution! These were his precepts, and to our jaded ears they sounded old and tired. But in broken, famished, slave-driven France the standard of the golden words of freedom has been restored. And the platitudes of the Atlantic Charter incite men to throw bombs, preach defiance to their children, and rise in rebellion at St Nazaire.

André Philip does us great service. He reminds us that the Rights of Man constitute a revolutionary Gospel in Nazi Europe where all rights are denied and man is allowed only the duty of drudgery for his master. Beside him stands another witness, Edouard Herriot, the Lloyd George from Lyons, 70 years old. At the mercy of Vichy and the Gestapo, Herriot is concerned with constitutional rights, the Russian front and French honour. He denies that the French people have been properly consulted through their parliament. They have given no vote for the conscription of French manhood in the service of Nazism. Worse, the French name has

been defiled. The wretched few who have worked for the Nazis on the Russian front have been rewarded with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and by this deed have reduced to worthlessness all honourable French symbols.

There are other witnesses. Here is Leon Blum, whose speech at Riom was smuggled to this country. He was to be pilloried, and retaliated by placing Pétain in the dock. Riom he said, takes its position among the enviable achievements of the Republic which Vichy sought to disgrace and destroy.

Back in his prison cell he had been reading the great French historian, Michelet. Michelet had a simple gospel. He believed that the chief actor was the people, and confessed that the historians could not always tell their story. "What had happened," he wrote describing the eve of the first July 14 when the Bastille still stood, "during that short night, on which nobody slept, for every uncertainty and difference of opinion to disappear with the shades of darkness and all to have the same thoughts in the morning? What took place at the Palais Royal and the Hotel de-Ville is well known, but what would be far more important to know is what took place on the domestic hearth of the people."

The same ignorance exists about the true events which have changed the prospects of France in the past two years. The outside world has been entranced by the intricate drama conducted at Vichy, the sordid intrigues, the jostling ambitions, the elaborate poker game between Petain and the conqueror to whom he swore loyalty. Yet how much more fascinating is the untold story of countless dramas performed on the domestic hearths of the people! How they waited for long months behind shuttered windows in the sea-town of St Nazaire how delirious daring seized them on the night when the news spread that British troops had landed, how they seized any blunt weapons they could lay their hands on and came out into the streets to play their part in expelling the enemy from their midst, how their hope faded, and how 500 of their heroes were executed how they went back to their homes to plot and wait and hope again.

It was French public opinion formed on the hearths of the people which enabled Leon Blum to stand upright in the courtroom at Riom and turn the accusation against his accusers. The same strong support sustained the military Governor of Lyons when he rejected Laval's demand that French soldiers should join in the Nazi children-hunt against the Jews. The Fourth Republic has been founded not by formal ceremony, but painfully by the people themselves in face of the worst that Nazi brutality or French treason could do.

It is the destiny of France, we are told, to live dangerously. She went down into the lowest pit of humiliation and suffering, her beauty tarnished, it seemed, beyond hope of recapture. Who will dare prophesy to what proud eminence among the nations she may not ascend before the cause of freedom and the rights of Man are unshakably established?

The Evening Standard

A political candidate had just made an unfortunate contact. The vote had told him bluntly 'Why, I'd rather vote for the devil'. 'Quite,' countered the candidate, unperturbed, 'but if your friend should not be standing, perhaps you would give your vote to me.'

Irate Customer 'Waiter, look here, this plate is damp.'

Waiter 'Sorry, sir, but that is intended to be your soup.'

General "Ike" Eisenhower

LINCOLN BARNETT

WHEN Lieutenant-General Dwight David Eisenhower is confronted by a piece of bad army paper work or muddled thinking, he does not growl or explode after the fashion of some other generals. He sighs gloomily, "I'm too thick-headed to understand this damn thing. You'll have to make it simpler."

This not only disarms junior officers but serves as a stern reprimand. For the Commander of the American Expeditionary Forces is renowned throughout the army as a man of impressive mental calibre. Almost from the day he left West Point he was marked by his superiors as one of the best bets among younger officers to win a high command. And he was graduated first in his class from the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Today, at 52, Eisenhower is still something of a prodigy, for it was less than two years ago that he was only a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Till now he has been a paper general. The army is inclined to "type" its officers much as the movies type an actor, and Eisenhower, typed as a "brain," was kept for years



Eisenhower

behind a desk in staff or headquarters appointments.

As chief of the War Plans (now Operations) Division in Washington last spring Eisenhower had the formidable responsibility of plotting the grand strategy of U S forces in both hemispheres. Then in June he got the military plum of the war—Commander of U S Forces, European Theatre of Operations, including ground, air and naval branches. Now he is having a chance—enjoyed by few generals in any modern army—to prove his own plans by translating them

into tactical operations with troops under his command

Eisenhower has never permitted himself to be engulfed in army red tape. He prefers quick interviews with men of authority to formal staff conferences, which he restricts to an absolute minimum. As a master of precise and lucid prose he is contemptuous of windy reports and "transatlantic essay contests." He has ordered that no member of his staff need be announced, and when some junior officer pauses timidly on the threshold of his office, paper in hand, he has a way of barking "Dammit, if you have something, bring it in. Don't act like this was a boudoir."

When he took up his duties in London, the General's professional energies at first rather startled his British colleagues, particularly when he began calling interstaff conferences on Sunday mornings. Later they expressed only admiration for his assiduity and drive. The quality that Britons most admire in Eisenhower, however, is his candor. This trait effectively created real understanding between British and American general staffs. By telling the whole truth and withholding no secrets, Eisenhower induced an atmosphere of mutual confidence that inspires his allies to deal similarly with him. Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information has

asserted that he enjoys transacting business with Eisenhower because "he says 'Yes' or 'No' right away, and has a reason for it."

Perhaps the General's dominant characteristic is a friendly and sunny disposition. He tends to like almost anybody who isn't a Nazi or a Jap, and makes his sentiments so evident that they rarely fail to awaken reciprocal goodwill. According to his wife, "Ike has the most engaging grin of anybody I've ever met, though when he turns it off, his face is as bleak as the plains of Kansas."

Though some of his officers have begun to acquire a touch of the aplomb commonly attributed by Americans to the upper rungs of the British army hierarchy, Eisenhower has remained unaffected by his environment. In his office was a "penalty box" into which any member of his staff who employed a flagrantly English idiom—like "Cheerio" or "I sav"—had to drop a penny fine. One day, at the conclusion of an interstaff conference in a chilly office, he surprised some British generals and admirals by exclaiming, "Boy, is it cold!" and jogging down the corridor, knees high, in the manner of a football player warming up in front of the stands. This wholesome informality pleased the British. They call him "Ike." He calls

Lord Mountbatten "Louie" and General Hastings Ismoy "Pug"

Britons believe Eisenhower is "typically midwestern" and "very American." The Berlin radio has commented several times, with a curious mixture of smugness and sarcasm, upon the fact that a "German" general is in command of American overseas forces. Actually, his family has been in America since 1730, and Anglo-Saxon and Scotch-Irish strains have entered the line with passing generations.

Born in Denison, Texas, Eisenhower grew up in Kansas and regards himself as a Kansan. As a high school football player Dwight tackled hard, and was stimulated by a hostile crowd. He led his school baseball team in both hitting and fielding, and one summer played centre field for a local semipro team. According to his brother Milton, he rarely missed any "good clean trouble." (He had five brothers, each of whom was at one time or another called "Ike," as he is now. None of them is aware how the nickname got started.)

At West Point, Eisenhower stood in the top third of his class. He played halfback on the Army football team until he broke his leg in a game against the Carlisle Indians. Before the fracture had properly mended he smashed it a second time riding horseback. Thereafter he turned to fencing

and gymnastics. The latter sport so strengthened his arm-muscles that for years he could chin himself three times with one arm. At 37 he learned golf and soon was shooting in the low 80's. At 46 he took up flying and became a licensed pilot.

Upon graduation from West Point in 1915, Eisenhower was assigned to the 19th Infantry at San Antonio, where he was immediately distracted by a pretty dark-haired girl of 19 named Mamie Doud. They were married a few months later. Their son John has just completed his first year at West Point well within the top third of his class.

During World War I Eisenhower was assigned, at his own request, to the army's incipient Tank Corps and placed in charge of the tank training centre at Camp Colt, Pennsylvania. There, at the age of 28, he became a Lieutenant-Colonel (temporary) with 6,000 men under his command. When the war ended he received the Distinguished Service Medal for "displaying unusual zeal, foresight and marked administrative ability in the organization, training and preparation for overseas service of technical troops of the Tank Corps." He remained with the Corps for the next four years, articulating during this period certain theories which, though orthodox

now, were irregular and unpopular at that time

Although generally regarded as a tank expert, Eisenhower has always been a partisan of air power. As chief of staff to General Douglas MacArthur in Washington, in the early 1930's, he helped evolve plans for centralized control of military air power. Several years later, as MacArthur's special assistant in the Philippines, he organized the Filipino air force, laid out fields, specified equipment and outlined training methods. With MacArthur he worked out the defensive strategy employed seven years later against the Jap onslaught on Corregidor and Bataan.

At army posts ranging from the Philippines to Washington, D. C., and from Panama to Fort Lewis, Washington, Eisenhower dedicated his spare hours to study. A rapid and vigorous reader, he is endowed with a broad taste and an elephantine memory. His specialty is military history. He has concerned himself chiefly with the psychological factors which influenced commanders in making important decisions.

During the Louisiana manoeuvres in the fall of 1941, as chief of staff of General Walter Krueger's Third Army, he helped direct the tactical operations of 220,000 men. The Third Army's victory over

"enemy" forces was spectacular and decisive. Through dust and downpour, woods and swamps, Krueger and Eisenhower manoeuvred with marvellous skill. When the manoeuvres ended, Eisenhower was a Brigadier-General.

The factors that influenced General Marshall to summon him to Washington for the War Plans Division, and later to dispatch him to ETO, are still something of a mystery to Eisenhower, who is inclined to shrug off queries with an embarrassed "Oh, I guess somebody must have told General Marshall I was a hot shot." On December 12, five days after Pearl Harbour, he received his summons. He toiled at the War Department for six months, never leaving his office by day—save for an observer's mission to England in the spring—till he assumed his European post.

As Chief of the Operations Division, second only to General Marshall in power of military decision, it was his task to determine whither U. S. forces should be allotted, where they should defend and where attack, and when they should be committed to action. From him, American commanders in both hemispheres received their strategical directives. One day, after plans for ETO had begun to mature, Marshall told Eisenhower abruptly: "You're going over

to command the European divisions When can you leave? Eisenhower gulped and said, "Tomorrow morning"

On his arrival in London last June, after the fall of Tobruk, Eisenhower discovered a mood of defeatism over-hanging both British and US forces At his first staff conference, he laid down the law "Pessimism and defeatism will not be tolerated," he declared "Any officer or soldier who cannot rise above the recognized obstacles and bitter prospects that lie in store for us will go home"

Eisenhower's first task was a diplomatic one Convoys were disgorging thousands of American soldiers at British ports, and it was his job to fit them into England With British agencies and the Red Cross, he instituted a gigantic educational programme that organized sightseeing tours and steered dough boys through blitzed areas so they could see what Britain had suffered in three years of war, Americans were invited into English homes for dinner and tea, *Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the US forces overseas, dwelt editorially upon British gallantry and related themes Eisenhower's purpose was to create a "fighting partnership" between Yanks and Tommies And as a man of vision he realized that in this lull before

battle, impressions were being formed that would determine in great measure the post-war sentiments of both nations

Eisenhower was immersed also in the enormous labour of getting thousands of men housed and equipped, clothed, fed, and toughened for combat tasks ahead His day began at 6-45 and he rarely returned to his flat till 8-30 p.m. Always there were conferees for dinner, so that he had little time to relax before sleep He enjoyed no poker and little bridge during his stay in England, though at both games he is one of the army's experts

Enlisted men and officers find it difficult to feel awe in the General's presence Everyone who confronts him for the first time wonders how such an extraordinarily likable man could be a calculating practitioner of war The answer is that for him this war holds more than mere scientific interest He is keenly and personally interested in waging war against the Nazis

Everything that Hitler's regime represents is abhorrent to him as a Kansas-bred American and believer in the democratic way of life If Eisenhower has anything to say about the terms of ultimate peace, the errors of 1918 will

not be repeated. History has convinced him that ruthless desire for domination is an inbred attribute of the German race. He does not try to comprehend finely drawn distinc-

tions between the German people and the German government. Germany is the enemy and it must be rendered impotent ever to wage war again.

Life



"Tell Private Buck that's no place to wear a medal, even if he did get it for leading a rear guard action!"

The Rights of Small Nations ?



J I de LIZASO, (Basque Delegate in London)

I
THE science of waging war belongs to the experts. The man in the street fulfilled his part when he obliged his rulers to accept the challenge of the totalitarian States. He continues to do his duty, dying. He will exercise his right when he demands the fruits of victory.

Conscious of this, the United Nations are studying the grave problems which faced the world in September, 1939. Public opinion is tense, refusing to yield its right to take part in the debates democracy in practice. The world has the right to live in peace, and to live better than it has done.

The Atlantic Charter, and the solemn declarations of President Roosevelt and other statesmen, promise exactly

this to the man in the street: a life of peace, both spiritual and material. Without waiting for the end of the war the Allied Governments, on the march, have entrusted to a number of different technical bodies the preparation of economic and social blue-prints for the future, schemes which, in their application, would require real sacrifices and a human solidarity, which will have to be forged through the social education of men and the regeneration of their souls.

On the other hand, the complex problems of the fair distribution of raw materials, rationalisation of production according to demand, transport, correlation of exchanges, reconstruction of the devastated regions, supply of food and medical assistance to a hungry and impoverished

Europe, social insurances, etc., are all material questions, difficult to solve indeed, but which must form part of a world design, with the goodwill and collaboration of all States.

These difficulties must be settled in such a way that all men can feel themselves free, not only politically, but economically. Political rights, freedom of thought and expression, freedom of conscience, all that is known by the 'rights of man' must be complemented by guarantees of subsistence which will assure to the individual a decent life, with a guaranteed minimum wage, sufficient to meet his personal and family needs. In this respect the Beveridge Plan should serve as a basis for study in this and other countries.

There is an increasing tendency towards the settlement, firstly, of the material problems of individuals and nations, considering, no doubt that once these are solved, spiritual and political questions can await a later solution and perhaps be indefinitely delayed in some cases.

But if the world demands a solution of the economic and social problems facing it, it demands no less a settlement of the fundamental spiritual ones. The danger lies, precisely, in that we may get the matter out of focus and give

preference to the first, the mutable questions, leaving aside those which, because they are eternal, need to be solved without delay, and forgetting that no economic reconstitution can succeed unless based on confidence in a future free from the threatening shadow of unsatisfied national grievances.

II

Man is by nature sociable and the satisfaction of his rights, both individual and family, is only possible in relation to his duties and services as an active member of the nation—the natural association formed by the extension of the family, the primary cell of society. The State is nothing but the political form laid down by man so that the nation may fulfil its purpose.

The nation and the individual are both complementary and one cannot exist morally without the other. Hence, since all liberties are indivisible, there will be no justice whilst any particular nation is denied the right to liberty, even though the individual and family rights of its members are protected juridically.

Personal liberties must be complemented by a national association (also free), to which the individual feels united by the ties of race, language, history and tradition,

and, above all, by the will to belong to it

The political independence of all nations who demand their liberty, is, then, as indispensable as the liberty of the individual. If this premise is not accepted, the justice which humanity demands of the victory of the democracies would be incomplete, since there can be no exceptions in the application of the ideas of freedom, to conform to national egoisms or historic prejudices.

The problem of the nationalities of Europe was not dealt with in its entirety at the 1919 Peace Conference. The questions then discussed only related to the defeated States.

Czecho-Slovakia would never have become a reality if the Austro-Hungarian Empire had not been the ally of Germany. Czech independence was nearly denied when, firstly, Prince Sixte (February-June, 1917), then Count Mensdorff-Pouilly (December, 1917), and, lastly the Emperor Charles (February 1918) negotiated with the Allies, who were attempting to reach a separate peace with Austria-Hungary. If that plan had been successful, Czechoslovakia, by the tenth declaration of the fourteen points of President Wilson, confirming the statement of the British Prime Minister, Mr Lloyd George, on 5th January, 1918, would have had to be satisfied with autonomy granted by the Hapsburgs

It seems entirely unjust that the right to national liberty, and its degree, should be determined by the accidents of war, or by opportunism.

After this war, the United Nations should not apply differing principles in the statement of problems which are similar in law, whether they arise in the defeated countries or not. '*Ubi est eadem ratio, eadem dispositio juris esse debet*'.

The victory of the democracies will guarantee — so humanity has the right to expect — long years of peace. But peace is not the supreme ideal of mankind. It is only a means to an end. The ideal is perfection, and this cannot be until all rights are satisfied in justice. This idea is reflected in St Augustine's famous definition of peace, '*Tranquillitas ordinis*'. But no true order can exist without justice. If right and justice are not extended to all men and all peoples, great and small, through the satisfaction of their yearnings for liberty, compatible with the obligations imposed by the *general good of all*, the last resource of violated right will be insurrection, which is the extreme means of enforcing right. But as peace, like liberty, is indivisible, humanity cannot allow the existence of causes of injustice which might result in the disturbance of peace in any corner of

the world, not only through war between two States, but within a State itself, a member of a wider super-State society, the society of mankind. The world is going through a period of reconstitution, and the goal is *perfect peace for humanity*. Every prejudice which opposes the work of justice must be overcome.

Peoples, like individuals, have their own souls. It is the duty of humanity to see that the cultural contribution of the small nations is not lost to our civilisation, more than ever in need of spiritual and cultural variety, in a world daily becoming more monotonous in the uniformity of its material progress. In the civic and political genius of the various races, and in the treasure of tradition of these peoples, humanity can find elements not to be despised for its moral regeneration.

Many of these national cultures are in danger of extinction in face of the attitude of a civilisation which has changed the order of human values. But if moral considerations are not sufficient to fix attention upon this problem, perhaps certain practical aspects of it may be. As Professor Saurat so aptly says in a recent article in *World Review*—there are in Europe a number of different

cultural problems which need urgent attention, since, otherwise, they will constitute further dangers to the future peace of the world.

Perhaps some cases, such as the Flemish and the Alsatian, could be settled by the formula of cultural autonomy, since the existence of peoples not politically-minded must be accepted.

The cultural and politico-cultural problems of Europe, however, are not all so easily solved, and it therefore follows that each one must be judged on its merits, being studied and settled justly, in a spirit of generosity. Standardised solutions cannot be applied to this question.

We should establish in the first place that (a) There would be no diverse cultural and politico-cultural problems of the non-State nations of Europe, if the latter were not a reality. (b) It is not logical to suppose that these problems would arise if these irredentist nations had not justifiable reasons for complaint against the States within whose boundaries they live.

Once (a) and (b) have been accepted, the solution to be applied to each case will depend upon the degree and justice of the complaint, and the measure of popular expression of it, whether exclusively cultural or a national movement demanding full sovereignty, and

If the nation rises in rebellion against the State within which it lives, it is almost certain that that movement will be in direct proportion to the degree of oppression suffered.

The formula of cultural autonomy *conceded* by the State to certain groups who have no political conscience of their own nationality, may perhaps prevent this cause of discontent—when it is the *only* one—from becoming aggravated and taking on a political aspect. But such a solution would have no practical validity were it to be applied to other groups, having a clear consciousness of their own national personality, and manifesting their determination to regain possession of their political sovereignty. Once this was achieved, they would themselves solve own cultural problem, *amongst others*. The former want to be well governed. The latter want to be neither well nor badly governed, they want to govern themselves.

When the collective psychological phenomenon of discontent has arisen in a nation, and has gained sufficient popular support and public expression, the granting of cultural autonomy will not dispose of the problem. If, for example in the case of the Basque Country (*Euzkadi*, in the Basque language) today, as in Czechoslovakia in 1918, the will of the

majority for national independence has racial and historical foundations and has been sealed with the blood of tens of thousands of their sons and the destruction of their towns—the Basques can never forget Gernika—nothing but the complete satisfaction of their yearnings for national liberty will be accepted willingly by this people.

Humanity must be just and generous and recognise that all peoples when they reach political maturity, have the right, already enjoyed by the great nations, to organise themselves politically into States. It would be distasteful to admit that today there should still be some value in the aphorism that liberties are not willingly granted to nations, but must be taken by force, meaning that the peaceful path to the attainment of freedom is closed to the small nationalities.

III

There is one outstanding point in the conception of philosophy common to all the totalitarian States: it is the idea of war as a state of affairs natural to mankind and, therefore, necessary for progress, peace being considered as a mere accident, an interval between the acts of the endless tragedy of humanity.

This pagan conception can be based on no other instinct than that of material egoism, nor

does it flourish in any other active element than hatred, which is precisely, the negation of all human progress, the opposite to charity, the basis of the Christian doctrine, in the relations between peoples

The exaltation of war was also one of the traits which characterised the ancients, who justified the right of conquest and the enslavement of the conquered

Few peoples have been free of that sin throughout the dark ages of history. In this respect, perhaps I may be allowed to mention one exception, the Basque Country, which through the centuries, has maintained the doctrine of right and of democracy, conforming its conduct to these rules. Now it is suffering the consequences

The Basque People, whose remnants still live today on both sides of the Western Pyrenees, along the coast of the Bay of Biscay, were in the earliest days of history already fighting to defend their culture and their territory against the Celts, Romans, Goths, Arabs, Franks and Castilians. They never conquered the territories of another nation, nor occupied their cities, nor carried off their women. When they were attacked by an invader, they fought until he was driven out of their land. Their victory never gave them the right of conquest over the vanquished

That was the spirit which dictated the terms of the Kellogg Pact, undefined then, but very real in its inspiration of the Basques. The history of this nation—the oldest democracy in Europe—is an uninterrupted fight against the various Aryan peoples who attacked them. With the exception of the Arabs, who temporarily occupied one extreme of their present territory, all their enemies were Aryans. Two opposing races and philosophies were face to face. The Aryan philosophy justified the right of conquest. The Basque philosophy repudiated that principle. And it certainly was not through want of bravery in their sons, who knew how to defend their race, their ancient language and their culture, against the power of the Roman Empire.

In the Basque tradition the seventh commandment of the Decalogue of Christ is a precept of natural law, applying not only to individual, but also to collective morality. In this fact there may, perhaps, be found the human motive which explains the fervent adherence of the Basques to Christianity, and perhaps also the reason why Basque democracy has never needed to use revolution in order to fuse into one single moral life, liberty and faith, the Christian commandment and their racial genius. The phenomenon observed in medieval

Basque religious life — the Western European country which refused the Inquisition — is the same which is evident in its political life. According to Basque morality and historic practice, neither the conscience of the individual, nor the national, economic and territorial body of the conquered nations, could become the property of the conqueror.

There is a Basque tradition which faithfully reflects the spirit of the race. This is 'the Malato Tree'. This mythical tree grew on the frontier of the Basque lands. When foreign nations invaded their territory, the Basques could repel the attack, but, on reaching the 'Malato Tree', they buried their swords in its trunk, as a sign of respect for the rights of the defeated enemy.

This tradition is borne out by history. In 1160, with Sancho VI the Wise, King of Navarre, when in Atapuerca, after defeating Castille, he plunged his sword into a tree and said 'Thus far is our kingdom'. This same standard of conduct is embodied in the Fuero (Constitution) of Biscay of 1575.

Whoever fights on the defensive always loses, in the long run. That is what has happened to the Basques. The 'Malato Tree' marked the boundary of an ever-diminishing territory. It explains why a Basque, Francisco de Vitoria,

should be the founder of International Law, refusing to the Roman Pontiff and the Spanish Emperor the titles of ruler over the Indians and their territories, and proclaiming human equality, not only for men but also for peoples, with all its juridical consequences.

With the errors of history abjured by the Aryan peoples, now converted to democracy, it can be stated today that the Allied Nations are fighting for the same principles enunciated throughout the centuries by the Basques, whilst force, conquest, violence and Aryan rage against the right of other men and peoples to life and freedom, are championed by Germany, whose Nazism is only a new philosophic dress for the old German national anthem 'Deutschland uber alles,' embodying the Teutonic saying 'Und willst Du nicht mein Bruder sein, so schlag ich Dir den Schaedel ein'.

It is essential that the Allies, who are today the interpreters of morality and international law, should repair the injustice suffered by the small nations of Europe, whose only crime has been in not accepting the philosophy of law of conquest, 'the natural disease of princes, according to Plutarch, or 'the duty of kings,' according to Tacitus.

Even if it has been agreed it would not be practicable to punish past conduct and crimes,

it would, in any case, be inadmissible that, in the name of the Christian principles and international morality, justice and reparation should be denied to existing communities which have set the world an example by their conduct

IV

There are those who declare that the statesmen responsible for the Treaty of Versailles were too concerned to give political satisfaction to the small nationalities of Europe, creating States which have proved easy victims of Nazi Germany, because they were incapable of military defence. Has any State been sufficiently strong to wage war alone? And with a simplicity lacking all logic and justice, from this fact the absurd conclusion is drawn that these small States have no right to exist. Would it not be fairer to declare that those who have no right to exist are the powerful States, artificially united for military power, and with a longing for the conquest of weaker peoples. I suppose Czechoslovakia and Poland were the aggressors and Germany the victim!

Peoples, like individuals, have their origin in God, and the particular genius which distinguishes them bears the seal of their mission. Each people has its destiny to fulfil in the common task of humanity. And the spiritual con-

tribution of the nations is not measured by their territorial extent, nor by the number of fanatical brutes mustered in motorised divisions

V

We do not advocate the artificial and enforced atomisation of Europe. We admit that in some States there may be nations which lack a political conscience and do not desire sovereignty. To force such peoples to proclaim their independence would be the very negation of the principle of liberty. But it would be equally unjust to deny it to the nations who desire it.

If humanity attempts to inaugurate an era in which all men, without exception, will be guaranteed the free development of their intellectual faculties, the formation of a political conscience in the natural human groups will be the inevitable result of the new system. Once this is applied, the world will witness a *double process of the integration and disintegration of States*.

Thus it is that, using the instrument of freedom, the apparently insoluble problem—the monster German State, product of the Prussian centralised conception brought about by Bismarck for war and conquest—might perhaps by evolution tend towards a more stable and natural solution, thanks to that process to which

we have referred. Were the historic German States restored to their political independence, and federated in the form they chose—it might happen that some of them would decide to federate in a different group—they would solve the grave problem of an endemic military Pan-Germanism.

In our opinion, the political organisation of Europe must necessarily be slow in re-adjusting itself to those opposing evolutionary processes. The machinery which regulates this peaceful and natural evolution—whatever it may be called—must be sufficiently flexible. Only the ruling principles and legal and coercive institutions indispensable to the exercise of freedom, should be established, broadly, and free from State prejudices, which reflect only national egoisms and private interests. This idea follows the lines of that of E. H. Carr in his book *Conditions of Peace*. 'We must begin by creating the framework of an international order, and then as a necessary corollary, encourage national independence to develop and maintain itself within the limitations of that framework.'

It is essential not to hide the truth of what the application of the ideals of democracy, freedom and social justice, the declared war aims of the United Nations, will mean. These postulates are worthless if in practice they do not lead us

unfailingly to the transformation of human society, not only in the political, but also in the social, economic and military field.

Liberty, for the individual as well as for the nation, can have no limitations other than those of the common interest, as opposed to the racial supremacy, or class interest, invoked by the materialist interpreters of history, whether Marxists or totalitarians.

Freedom is indivisible, and wherever the democracies restrict its normal development, they will be committing an arbitrary act, a measure of oppression, all the more infamous when done in the name of that eternal ideal.

The already constituted States dislike the idea of dismemberment, although their unity may, in some cases, have been the product of violence. But these prejudices ought to disappear as the world comes to accept the fact that in the economic and military field at least, the States will have to cede willingly—since the constitution of super-State bodies cannot be contemplated without willing co-operation and on terms of equality—a part of their sovereignty to regional confederations or super-State bodies which would cover extensive territories. According to some thinkers, these would have to be world-wide, since it has been proved

that States (even the most powerful) are incapable of solving these problems by themselves. There is general agreement upon the necessity for the permanent maintenance, after the war, of joint military and economic planning between States, or groups of States.

It is becoming more and more clear that the traditional political independence of States must be made compatible with their interdependence and solidarity in all those problems of *common interest* which do not form the soul of the nation, the very essence of this human society, its untransferable core.

Possibly the justice done by the Allies after the first Great War, in restoring to Poland and Czecho-Slovakia their political sovereignty, will have to be complemented by the cession, freely, on the part of both, of a portion of their sovereignty, compatible with their full national liberty, to a confederation, which might perhaps include even the Balkan States. A similar

solution might also be found, by which the national States of Euzkadi, Castille, Catalonia, Galicia and Portugal could join the world concert, while each preserving its own personality, in spite of forming part, voluntarily, with other European States, of a western confederation conforming to geographical, historic, cultural or economic circumstances, and being based on the free will of the nations concerned.

The democracies have accepted the totalitarian challenge. The war imposed on them by the totalitarian beast of the Apocalypse is entering its decisive phase. The first faint rays of light are heralding the dawn of a new era for humanity. The democracies do not bear the major responsibility for this tragedy, but on the other hand, theirs will be the responsibility for the future peace. And history will demand a reckoning from them.

World Review

ROOSEVELT, the U.S. President, was signing autographs continually after a public dinner. A reporter made a bet with a friend that the President was, not unnaturally, signing anything that was put in front of him. He thought that he could get the President to put his name to a statement without his knowing it. So accordingly he wrote out a card saying, 'I hereby appoint the bearer Ambassador to the North Pole.' This writing he folded over so that it was hidden, and sent up the card with its innocent white space at the foot. Soon it returned from the top table. Roosevelt had signed it but not without thought. He had deleted the word 'North' and written over it 'South'. Under his signature he had added the comment: 'Sorry, North Pole already occupied.'

The Sixth Columnist !

T P KAILASAM

With Boche and Bolsbie "up the Pole,"
'Appeasement' off its perch,
The Bullfrog in his Latin hole
Left croakless in the lurch,

With Nazis batt'ling East and West
To spread their 'Kult' of peace,
Their Vaterland a prey to pest
Of Hitler's brain disease,

With Jappie chewing 'China' bits
Far more than he can lump
And throwing chronic colic fits,
The greedy, giddy chump!

With Indians roving lands of West
In search of civilised ease,
To find too late that 'Home is best'
With nobody to please!

With Muslim breaking Hindu pate,
And *vice versa* too,
With potentate of native state
A tiger or cuckoo,

With Gandhi caged safe in quod
Away from pale and mates,
To meditate upon his God
And live on beans and dates,

The talk in train or tram or bus
Is all of war and gore!
To ME, why, all this war-time fuss
Is but a beastly bore!

For, what care I for Europe's war
Or India's dream 'Swaraj'?
A million Hitlers may not mar
MY own, MY Personal Raj!

Let Britain boast of battleships,
The Boche of Blitzkriegs brag,
Let Europe's dire dictatorships
Prove John Bull's reddest rag,

Let India, e'er in fatal clutch
Of Famine, Pest and beast,
Suffer afresh as n'er so much
Through squabbling priest and priest,

Let patriots pop in and out
Of cabinet and jail,
Let shibboleth and slogan shout
Drown the ryots' wail,

Let "parties," "wings," "sabhas"
and "blocks"
Revel in plots and cliques
Let Congressites pull up their socks
At risk of bursting breeks,

Let "Leaguers" spout of "Pakis-
tans"
With tongues in brazen cheeks,
Let 'Crackistans' and 'Talkis-
tans'
Absorb political freaks!

To ME, to whom Earth Itself is
But land surrounding ME
MY food, MY bed domestic bliss,
MY job with guarantee

Of pension when I'm old and grey
Are all that ME worry!
Thus, whichever way this world may sway,
On velvet is THIS ME!



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"M-mm-m—I don't know whether I'll let her go o.
with a Marine or not. I used to be a Marine, myself."

The Man Behind In Japan

CHARLES NELSON SPINKS

ONE of the head architects of Japan's New Order is Naoki Hoshino. This malignant genius has had little or no publicity. He has held high office, but he scorns the limelight and prefers to work behind the scenes, where intrigue has seasoned his activity. He combines the only suavity of the bureaucrat with the unscrupulous cunning of a China "ronin"—qualities which make for success in a country where a political career is a succession of conspiracies. Today he is Chief Secretary of the Cabinet, General Tojo's right-hand man in all New Order planning, and one of the three most powerful men in Japan, the other two being the Premier and Lieutenant-General Suzuki, President of the Cabinet Planning Board.

The Big Three of the New Order are comparatively young men. They are, moreover, by-products of the military machine. A decade ago fifty-nine year old Tojo and fifty-five year old Suzuki were senior leaders among that violent coterie known as the "young officers," the great majority of whom were then in their thirties and forties. These firebrands have now

Charles Nelson Spinks returned to the United States in May, 1941 after five years in Japan on the faculty of the Tokyo University of Commerce and as editor of *Japan News Week*, an American paper, the last foreign-owned publication in Japan. He is now a lieutenant in the U. S. N. R. The views expressed in the article are made on the personal responsibility of the author, and are not to be interpreted as reflecting the attitude of the U. S. Navy — ASIA

come of age and have taken over the leadership of Japan. Although a civilian, fifty-four year old Hoshino was in spirit as much a young officer as the most volatile of the junior militarists, and for the past decade his career in a civilian role has been intimately linked with the rising fortunes of the Kwantung Army.

A graduate of Tokyo Imperial University in 1917, Hoshino entered the banking bureau of the Finance Ministry. This department for years opposed the vociferous demands of the army and was headed by such anti-militarists as Takahashi, who was killed by army assassins in 1936. It

is significant of modern Japanese politics that today this staid, conservative department has become the prime source on which the Japanese army draws for its most able civilian leadership. Until a few years ago the Foreign Office was the civilian agency which most often supplied leaders for the higher posts. But the new pattern of expansion has thrown emphasis upon war-time economy, not diplomacy. The soldier's indispensable colleague, the economic planner, is more in demand than the diplomat. The army needs men with khaki mentalities who can also supply able leadership in war-time economy and finance.

TRY-OUT IN MANCHURIA

Hoshino's peculiar talents in this field were partly developed by his career in the Finance Ministry, and perfected in Manchuria, the Kwantung Army's politico-economic proving ground for the sweeping reforms which were later to be carried out in the Japanese homeland. Hoshino planned and conducted the dress rehearsal.

When Japan set up the puppet government of Manchukuo in 1932, General Muto, then Commander of the Kwantung Army, became "Ambassador" to the new state. Muto was in reality *Guleter* of the territory which his army had just

conquered. To make the region a paying venture for Japan, it was essential to have an efficient political administration. Experienced administrators were imported from Japan and took key positions in the new government's departments, usually as vice-ministers, with Chinese officials serving as fronts. In Hoshino, then a rising official in the Tokyo Finance Ministry, Muto found an able Vice-Minister of Finance for the new state.

In 1937 Hoshino became Director-General of the Manchukuo General Affairs Board. In this capacity he was the politico-economic boss of the state, his only superior being the Commander of the Kwantung Army. He then launched the army's Five-Year Plan for the industrialization of Manchuria in accordance with Japan's military requirements and established a full-dress totalitarian political structure. Late in 1936 Japan had entered into the Anti-Comintern Pact with Germany. One of the most significant results of this accord was the far-reaching extent to which Japanese political thinking became coloured by Nazi ideology. Japan's first experiment with this newly-imported ideology was made in Manchukuo when Hoshino created the *Kyowakai*, the so-called Concordia Society, which is a single, state-controlled political party to which all state

employees must belong. Party members wear a military-like uniform, salute each other, drill and generally carry on in the fashion of the Nazi party.

Hoshino's career is proof that Japanese empire-building has not been the sole monopoly of the militarists. Indeed, the success of Japanese imperialism in Manchuria is largely owed to the efficient and tireless efforts of such khaki-minded civilians as Hoshino, who had the ability to carry out the militarists' programme. Most of these civilian administrators who made Manchuria such a valuable asset to the Japanese war machine today hold high position in Tokyo, and are now endeavouring to apply to Greater East Asia the streamlined exploitation which they so successfully achieved on the continent.

TOTALITARIAN REFORM IN JAPAN

By the beginning of 1940 Manchukuo had virtually reached the goal of the corporate state. The totalitarian reformists were restless. Germany's blitzkrieg victories in Western Europe suddenly offered Japan new worlds to conquer in south-eastern Asia. The opportune moment had arrived and the reformists were ready with a twofold programme to put Japan in a position to make the most of the world-wide upheaval. They

demand, first, a military alliance with the Axis and, second, a totalitarian reorganization of the Japanese political and economic structure. By May the reformists had induced the innocuous but popular Prince Konoye to serve as figurehead leader for the so-called "new political structure." By July this double edged campaign had provoked a major political crisis. Sabotaged by the resignation of his pro-Axis War Minister, and coerced by an abortive assassination plot, the mildly conservative Admiral Yonai resigned as Premier. Prince Konoye then formed his second ministry.

In Naoki Hoshino, fresh from his totalitarian achievements in Manchukuo, the wayward Prince and his new mentor, War Minister Tojo, found an ideal personality to supervise the establishment of the new structure. Hoshino was accordingly appointed President of the Cabinet Planning Board, the politico-economic general staff of Japan.

With fanatic zeal Hoshino set about over-hauling Japanese life. But unlike Manchukuo, where he had started out with a clean slate, Japan itself faced him with all sorts of vested interests—which challenged the sweeping reorganization planned by the reformists. Nevertheless, some

changes were made. Political parties were abolished and the Imperial Rule Assistance Association, the Japanese counterpart of the Manchurian Kyowakai, was established. In the economic sphere, the opposition was more formidable. Shortly after Japan joined the Axis in the fall of 1940, Hoshino drafted a plan for a new economic structure. Its precise details have never been revealed, but from the opposition it aroused in business circles and among more conservative statesmen, it may be inferred that it was to give the government full and direct control over the manufacture, distribution and sale of all essential commodities.

On December 1, Baron Hiranuma entered the Cabinet as Minister-without-Portfolio. He was a former Premier, an arch-conservative, opposed to any change, be it democratic, fascist or Communist, which challenged his unique concept of a theocratic national polity. Three days later a Cabinet council was held to give final consideration to the Hoshino plan. Hiranuma supported the objections of conservative businessmen who charged that the new structure was "communistic" because it demanded the "alienation of capital from its management." He was largely responsible for the rejection of Hoshino's plan and the adoption of a more moderate one.

Hiranuma then became Home Minister, a position which enabled him to curb still further the reformist activities. Early in January, 1941, Hiranuma was able to bring about the ousting of scores of radical-minded men from the Cabinet Planning Board and other government agencies, many of whom were arrested by the Metropolitan Police. Hiranuma then turned upon the totalitarian Imperial Rule Assistance Association, forced the resignation of certain firebrands and visionaries, and stripped the Association of most of its political power, leaving it a kind of innocuous spiritual mobilization society. Encouraged by these changes, the Diet, which saw the Association as a dangerous political rival, cut its new budget from a proposed 50,000,000 yen to a mere 8,000,000 yen.

Hoshino and his army supporters, who wanted the maximum production of war commodities through strict state control, were by no means satisfied. On the other hand, the Japanese industrial world remained suspicious. To alleviate this distrust Ogura, head of the powerful Sumitomo interests, entered the Cabinet in April, 1941, thus giving the skeptical industrialists more direct representation, and Hoshino, anathema of big business, was removed. But high economic policy was not

to be left solely to the business world. General Suzuki took Hoshino's place and a retired Admiral became Minister of Commerce and Industry. The Konoye Cabinet continued to struggle with the new economic structure, and the modified plan adopted in December, 1940, was not actually put into force until August, 1941, after the freezing of Japanese credits in the United States had forced the hand of the militarists.

THE RETURN OF HOSHINO

This crisis also ended the career of the Konoye Cabinet which had attempted to survive on the specious theory that it could have the best of two worlds: membership in the anti-democratic Axis and the complacent friendship of the world's greatest democracy. Whatever we may think of Japan's present leaders, it must be conceded that they have shown a certain honest realism. They realized that Japan had been pursuing a fallacious compromise in trying to enjoy the friendship of two irreconcilable forces. They made a final choice when General Tojo took over the government on October 19.

This was no mere reshuffle of the cards. The new Cabinet was made up almost entirely of men of the Army's stamp, and Hoshino returned to office as Cabinet Chief Secretary. This post is far more important

than its name implies. The Chief Secretary is in reality the Premier's assistant and principal liaison officer. Hoshino has made the office equivalent to a vice-premier-ship.

Once more he applied himself to revamping the economic structure. After December 8 his task was complicated by the fact that Japan had embarked upon a major war, two of the more immediate results of which were unprecedented demands for war materials and the sudden acquisition of vast new territories.

In the newly-conquered areas Japanese military administrations were established, each under control of the commander of the invading forces. The exploitation of these territories, however, has been entrusted to civilian administrators. General Tojo has turned to Hoshino for the selection of this civilian personnel. Here, on a vastly larger scale, is the same problem which confronted the army in the early days of the Manchurian conquest, and Hoshino's choice of civilian administrators reflects the experience he acquired in Hsinking. For these overseas posts, the Foreign Office has been virtually ignored. Instead, men with strictly financial, business and administrative backgrounds have been chosen.

The major problem which confronted the Cabinet, how-

ever, was deciding which branch of the government was to have jurisdiction over these areas. The armed forces in their rapid conquests had suddenly presented Japan with a new empire before the country had a chance to decide what to do with it. In the early stages strictly military administrations were in order. But with the evolution of puppet regimes after the Manchukuo model, something with a less khaki complexion is needed. It fell to Hoshino and Suzuki, as head of the Cabinet Planning Board, to form a civilian administrative organization. In doing so, they went even further and undertook what has long been the dream of the militarists—a general reorganization of the Japanese administrative structure which will more effectively concentrate power in the army's hands. So drastic were the proposed changes that the plan was held up for over a month before the Privy Council gave its approval.

THE NEW MINISTRY

The new plan was put into force on November 1, 1942, with the establishment of the Greater East Asia Ministry. This cut deeply into the functions and prerogatives of other offices. The Foreign Office was so seriously affected, being deprived of all its political, economic and cultural (propaganda) functions in the Greater

East Asia sphere, that Foreign Minister Tojo resigned in protest. But the Overseas Ministry suffered an even worse fate. This once important spearhead of Japanese expansion was completely abolished. Its control over Korea, Formosa and South Sakhalin was handed over to the Home Ministry, thus making these territories integral parts of the Japanese Empire from an administrative standpoint. The Overseas Ministry's interest in Manchuria (principally the South Manchuria Railway and Japanese colonization) and the Mandated Islands passed to the new Ministry. Occupied China had formerly been managed by the China Affairs Board, this agency was abolished and its affairs were taken over by the new Ministry. A similar fate befell the former Manchurian Affairs and South Seas Affairs Boards.

Thus the Greater East Asia Ministry now controls the political, economic and cultural administration of Manchuria, occupied China, the erstwhile Mandated Islands and all the newly-conquered territories—the Philippines, Malaya, the Netherlands East Indies, Burma, Thailand and French Indo-China. What now passes in the guise of "diplomatic" relations with these new appendages of the Japanese Empire is left to the emaciated Foreign Office. The new Ministry is

virtually under the control of the Army, for its chief, Kazuo Aoki, is a protégé of the militarists and of Hoshino. If and when the military administrations in the conquered areas give way to civilian puppet regimes, the Army will determine their political management and economic exploitation. Japanese private industry must either submit to full government control, as envisaged by Hoshino in 1940, or be deprived entirely of any share in the plunder.

INDUSTRY RESISTS

When Hoshino and the Manchurian reformists first got their hold on the government in 1940, it appeared that the New Order would parallel the pattern of state ownership as perfected in Manchukuo. Thus the National Policy Company seemed destined to take over all major industrial activity, as its Manchurian counterparts had done on the continent. But opposition from the big industrialists, some of whom, like Mitsui, had had two centuries' experience in resisting government pressure, curbed the growth of national policy companies. The war has also tended to restrict direct government activity in industry. Time is a vital factor in the consolidation of conquests. Existing private industries have most of the capital and the trained

technical personnel necessary for such undertakings. Thus Japan's totalitarian planners have shifted emphasis from state operation of industry to comprehensive state control of private business. The New Order envisages a state imposed partnership between government and industry for the exploitation of Asia, but a union in which industry must play the role of the junior partner.

Taking advantage of the desire of the industrialists for a share in the plunder, which they as heavy taxpayers made possible, Hoshino set about revising the new economic structure. His objective was to give the government direct control of business management, the issue on which the original Hoshino plan was wrecked.

The recent reorganization of the Japanese aircraft industry offers a good example of the methods by which control is to be applied. All manufacturers of aircraft and accessories used by the army have been merged into one association. This organization is similar to the industrial control associations set up in 1940-1941, but with one important difference. It is controlled by the War Ministry. Furthermore, although its president is one of the largest aircraft manufacturers, Lieutenant-General Doihara, "the mystery man of

Manchuria," and other high-ranking officers act as "advisers." Thus the army has absolute control over the aircraft industry, much as prescribed by Hoshino in his original blueprint for a new economic structure. This is no doubt but the first step toward control over all major industries.

The war has also enabled Hoshino and the reformists to resume work on the new political structure, which was interrupted by the conservatives in 1941. In domestic politics the outstanding achievement of the Tojo Cabinet has been, according to the Japanese, the attainment of "complete harmony between the government and the Supreme Command." This is, of course, a euphemistic way of saying that the Supreme Command has at last taken over complete control of the government. This has been made possible principally by the fact that Tojo, a General on the active list, is both Premier and War Minister. There is no danger that the Premier will fail to co-operate with the army, as sometimes happened in the past.

Nevertheless, a more thorough system of political control, especially over the partyless Diet, was essential if "harmony between the government and the Supreme Command" were to be maintained. The first task of the reformists, therefore, was to rescue the

almost defunct Imperial Rule Assistance Association and make it a really active force. Immediately after the fall of Singapore the Association was given the power to recommend a candidate for election to the Lower House of the Diet from each district. In the general election of April 30, 1942, the first since political parties had been abolished, the handpicked candidates of the Association won 81 per cent of the seats.

A SINGLE STATE-CONTROLLED PARTY

The next step was to create what has long been the dream of Japanese Fascists and what Hoshino first had in mind when he created the Imperial Rule Assistance Association: a single, state-controlled political party. The new party was formally established on May 20 under the name of the Imperial Rule Political Society, the head of which is concurrently President of the Association. The Political Society serves to keep the Diet members in line by "smoothing the operation of the Imperial Constitution through the Imperial Diet." The two organizations are headed by a former Premier, General Abe, and old army wheel-horse who once had the world believing he was a liberal. The reformists once more have control of the political structure, despite the Hiranuma purge of 1941.

Although only meagre and distorted news comes out of Japan, we may be sure that in perfecting this totalitarian reorganization of the Japanese political and economic structure Naoki Hoshino has played an important part. His past

achievements, and the extent to which the changes conform with his reformist ideas, show clearly that this trouble-shooter of the Tojo Cabinet is the man behind Japan's New Order as it evolves today.

(Asia and the Americas)



Calling All Spirits!



DOROTHY WALWORTH

HARK to the gabble of ghostly voices! Give ear to the mumbo jumbo of vapid prophecy! The spirit mediums are in town again—your town and my town—trading on the gullibility of bereaved and lonely souls. Forlorn widows, restless wives, and mothers with boys overseas are the special victims of these catchpenny charlatans who profess to pierce the veil between today and tomorrow and to bring back messages from beyond the grave.

To evade state laws that forbid fortune-telling, these spirit mongers call themselves "ministers of spiritualist churches," glorying in such names as "Cosmic Science" and "Spiritualist Church of River Styx." Some of these "churches" are hotel rooms or offices in business buildings, but most of them are down side streets in the stuffy parlour of the medium's apartment. The

decorations are usually an Egyptian serpent, some "spirit" photographs, and a diploma attesting that the medium has been "ordained." In surroundings like these, a successful "minister" will prophecy for five hours steadily at daily "message services," bringing spirit tidings to as many as 1000 anxious souls a week—at 50 cents a soul.

There are male mediums, with suave manner and fruity voices, but most "ministers" are frowzy females far from spiritual in appearance, who eat onions, henna their hair, call you "dearie." The men have a better sense of the dramatic, often sitting with closed eyes before the meeting begins—opening one eye occasionally to count the house. One seer performs on a stage with red curtains and black torches. Women mediums, while the audience is gathering, are likely to chat cozily about

hats, axe murders, or the fact that they like cucumbers but cucumbers don't like them

I visited scores of these churches, the rigmarole is always the same. As you enter you are given pad and pencil with which to write three questions marked with your initials, these are gathered in a basket along with your "contribution"—customarily half a dollar. The medium announces that he is only a vessel through whom the spirits speak, adding cannily that if there is any failure in communication it's your fault, if you have come in a mood of disbelief, you will receive worthless messages.

Religious atmosphere is sometimes provided by an organ or victrola playing *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere*. Then the spiritual master minding begins. Before answering your question, the medium may ask that you permit him to hold some article of yours, such as jewelry or eyeglasses. From these even a stupid medium can often summon up some ideas about the owners. Holding an old-fashioned wedding ring, for instance, the seer shudders with intense psychic effort and finally mumbles "I see love around this ring. I see a family."

Medium deliver their messages in purposely ambiguous language which the hearer can interpret any way he wishes. You are told you are "contem-

plating a change", that you are "involved with money", or "digressing into a new phase of expression." Sometimes you are "on a threshold" or "behind a locked door." When in a tight spot the medium will say "you are being motivated in circles"—which he rightly figures you can't dispute. If you visit a medium more than once you will notice that he uses his stock phrases and predictions again and again.

Mediums take advantage of the fact that most persons who seek them are in trouble. Indeed, the sight of a happy person unnerves them. On a day when I happened to be feeling especially serene in mind a medium told me, "You are just about at the end of your rope. Day after day you wonder how you can drag yourself around. But never fear—a man named Tom with bone rimmed glasses in the spirit world will pull you through."

Since most questions are about employment, love or health, the ghostly seer adopts a kindly, practical attitude, glibly solving all problems, like an occult Beatrice Fairfax, with a sort of spectral common-sense. I heard one medium say to a tense young woman, "You are worried about a job, your loved ones in the spirit world tell you to go to a good employment agency."

Naturally, many questions are asked about the war. Mediums freely predict that it will be over in 1913, '44, '45 or '46. They say they will not tell you where your soldier boy is right now, because that would be giving away, "military information." Invariably they prophecy that he will return "as you want him to return"—which permits the customers to have their fighting men come back as bemedalled heroes, brigadier generals, romantically wounded, or just all in one piece.

When questions concern health, the medium's advice is "don't worry," "take a little lemon juice every morning, or "change doctors." One medium told me solemnly, "The trouble with you is your blood pressure *flusterates*—high today, low tomorrow. Years ago good blood flew in your veins, but now it's foaming and bubbling." It happens that my blood pressure is remarkably steady.

Concerning *l'amour*, the tone of the spirit vendors is cheery. The erring husband will always return "after he gets that woman out of his system." Mediums are strong for the conventions, they invariably warn youthful members of their audience "Don't go out with a man whose mind is vibrating on the physical," or "Don't be the pair of scissors that cuts a man from his wife."

Questioners seem to get great comfort out of "communications" from their loved ones, even though these tidings are vaguely worded. Many times I have seen the bereaved burst into tears over messages such as "My beloved daughter, I am happy here." "Sister, I think of you." "Don't mourn for me, dear wife—I am always at your side." Women seeking to hear from their children are the most tragic, and are the most easily deceived. Many bereaved mothers pay 50 cents regularly for any garbled "message" from a dead child.

Most messages are shockingly trivial. A medium told me "I see your father coming toward you carrying violets and immortalities" [immortelles] "and saying, 'You done good, my daughter'"—a phrase which my father, a grammatical precision, would have died a thousand deaths rather than utter. I have heard alleged loved ones, racing in from Infinity for a supreme moment of communication, warn their sorrowing relatives "Watch out for the things on your fire escape," or, "Empty your wastebasket." One medium explained this triviality to me by saying that "ignorant people attract ignorant spirits."

When the seer reads your questions aloud you are supposed to raise your hand

The eyes of the whole audience are then riveted upon you. After giving you the message the medium usually says "Is that true?" or, "Can you identify that spirit?" The crowd has a hostile attitude toward anyone who doubts the medium. Many customers, rather than endure that hostility, meekly nod their heads and accept everything. Others made of sterner stuff, protest that they can't identify a spirit who is 'slightly bald with weak kidneys'.

At this point some mediums pass nimbly to another message but others stick to their guns until the brow-beaten hearer says the message is true. I saw one medium argue with a woman for a quarter of an hour, insisting that her mother "in spirit" was short and plump, while the woman said her mother had been tall and thin. Finally the woman, in desperation, admitted that her mother "might" have been short and plump at one time in her life.

Public "message services" are not the mediums' only source of revenue more expensive "private readings" augment the profits. One diviner will, for a fee, receive "spirit telegrams" from your loved ones during his daily "hour of concentration." Others profess to be in touch with spirits who will cure your physical ailments by long

distance if you will send a list of your symptoms.

A large part of the "minister's" income is derived from the so-called "development" classes in which anyone can learn to be a medium in 10 easy lessons at \$1 each. However, if the student has money he may find that his "development" requires additional lessons. In these classes the medium throws himself into a trance, makes tables skitter about the room, or causes voices to come out of trumpets apparently unsupported in the air. The machinery by which these effects are secured has, of course, been exposed a thousand times, and the hocus pocus is familiar to all but the most naive.

Floating trumpets are only the appetizers. In one development class which I attended, the medium told us to imagine that we had corkscrews "higher than the Empire State Building" growing out of the tops of our heads, on their tips we would find our messages from the spirit world. We must be sure to visualize the corkscrew sprouting from the exact centre of the cranium, because this was the "seat of the pineal gland." The medium also said, "Relax. Don't strain with your corkscrews or you will cut off your vibrations."

When we had spiraled to dizzy heights, the room was darkened, we sang *Rockabye*.

Baby, the medium went into a trance, and the class was taken over by spirit teachers named "Rosebud" and "Master Higgins," who told us to visualize a little white dog running along the road, and ask ourselves where he was going. Our ideas about the dog differed, but the teachers did not tell us the right answer—they simply said that we were "growing and thickening." "Master Higgins" also gave personal messages to the group, congratulating one woman on the successful party she had recently given. She answered that she could never have done it without him.

Some mediums are aware that they are out-and-out fakes, and have a cynical attitude toward "the suckers" who consult them. Others admit faking most of the time, when they are "out of touch" or "under hostile influences." A few really gifted practitioners believe they hear and see the supernatural, perhaps they do occasionally receive impres-

sions that cannot be explained by ordinary means. But their psychic powers, unpredictable and uncertain, are no basis for any religious faith and are of dubious value in directing other people how to run their lives.

Although many brilliant minds have been and always will be interested in psychic phenomena, I have discovered that most people who habitually consult mediums are below average intelligence and are emotionally immature. Addiction to this form of psychic dependence causes them to flee normal reality and dwell upon the morbid and unhealthy. These lonely ones, bereft, longing for companionship, confused, childish in mentality, eagerly twist vague, stupid messages to suit their own unsatisfied hopes and dreams. Every day of the week in thousands of spirit-medium "churches" throughout the land, they ask for bread and are given a stone.

American Mercury

Parson, consulting caterer as to estimate for parish tea. 'Anything else you want to know ?

Caterer. 'Yes, sir, are you High Church or Low Church ?

Parson. High, as a matter of fact, if you insist on that term, but what has that got to do with it ?

Caterer. 'Affects the estimate considerably, sir, I always find the Low Church eat more.'

One World—Which World

MARGARET POPE

RECENTLY I managed to get a copy of Wendell Wilkie's elusive book called "One World." So far, very few copies have reached India and attempts by Bombay publishers to get a permit to reprint here have failed. In fact such a halo of mystery surrounds the book that somebody who saw me reading it enquired if it were not a banned publication! That idea is quite current in India. Actually, a perusal of the book makes such an idea quite ridiculous. Apart from some pointed remarks on Churchill's notorious "We shall hold our own," and other speeches, Wilkie carefully avoids all direct mention of Britain and the Empire except when the reference happens to be favourable. India he mentions in a very indirect way, though his opinion on that burning question is obvious from his account of a conversation with "the wisest man in China," who told Wilkie that by keeping silent about India, Americans "have already drawn heavily on their reservoir of goodwill in the East." All the same, this is not enough to ban a book and Wilkie's praise of the British Commonwealth and

other passages should be welcome rather than otherwise by the Government of India.

That is not to say that the book is a complete *tour de force* regarding all the issues in which anti-Imperialists, here and elsewhere, are interested. Some people have been inclined to jeer at the book, because it does not contain a chapter on India. But the very absence of such a chapter and the explicit statement that Roosevelt had expressed a desire that he (Wilkie) should *not* go to India—is highly significant of what must have gone on in high State circles, when the proposed world tour was first mooted. Obviously if Wilkie had come to India, he would have had to express some frank opinion about the political situation here. And obviously as matters then stood, such opinions would have been exceedingly embarrassing to the Roosevelt Administration.

Besides this, though Wilkie is at present a sort of Official 'free-lance,' he is the probable opponent of Roosevelt in the 1944 presidential elections and any firm line taken by him now has to be considered in the light of things to come. For instance, a definite pledge of

his support to India's claims to immediate—as distinct from remotely distant—self-government might not be in line with Republican Party policy—and it is from this Party that he must expect nomination. As Reinhold Niebuhr pointed out in a recent article in the "The New Statesman and Nation," Wilkie's nomination may turn on the correctness of his foreign policy and in fact his attitude towards the war and America's participation in world affairs may even dissuade President Roosevelt from accepting a fourth nomination since he will then be relieved of the "necessity of making the race in order to guarantee America's responsible relation to world affairs." When considering this book of Wilkie's therefore, one must take into consideration Wilkie's special position as a possible Presidential candidate and allow accordingly. For whatever effects Wilkie's opinions may have as a possible candidate, there is no doubt they would be 100 per cent more effective if he were in a position to enforce them as President of the United States. Till next year, then, Indians with faith in Wilkie's power to influence policy in India must hold their breath and keep hoping.

With regard to the book itself, it is largely an account of his personal impressions,

as he flew from one country to the next round the world—with three or four chapters added, discussing the subject of war-aims. For the most part his observations and conclusions are acute and pointed. He has some curious things to say about Russia, a number of which might shock some of India's fanatical Russophiles. Regarding Stalin, for instance, he says "Stalin has great respect for Winston Churchill he almost said it to me, the respect of one great realist for another" and again, 'it was obvious that he himself had a certain bitter admiration for the efficiency by which Hitler had transplanted to Germany as much as ninety-four per cent of the working population from some of the conquered Russian Territory' and still more startling "he wondered why the democracies should not insist upon using certain bases for war purposes that would be of great value to them, particularly if the nations that owned them were unco-operative and not able to defend them." The italics are mine. It was obvious, of course, that Stalin held some such opinion from the invasion of Finland to the occupation of Iran, but it does not leave much doubt in one's mind as to what his present attitude towards India's political situation might be. Stalin's attitude

must be as "realistic" as Churchill's,—to say the least. This is practically the antithesis of what Wilkie is out to preach,—the unity and superiority of the United Nations war aims in comparison with those of the Axis.

All the same he is at pains to make Russia intelligible to Americans for whom the book is primarily written, and while stressing the similarity of approach to many problems between America and Russia, does not omit to mention that "the industrialisation" of Russia will require a limitless amount of American products and Russia has unlimited natural resources that we need." His conclusion is that it is possible for the two countries to meet together for the economic welfare and good of the world. This in spite of the fact that Wilkie opposes communism on grounds that it leads to absolutism and declares himself convinced of "the patent rightness of free economic and political institutions."

Regarding China, Wilkie has not much new to add to what we already know, except perhaps that most of the cargo sent by plane from India to China consists of paper money necessary to meet the costs of fighting the war there. He also mentions that the Governor of Sinkiang Province, once very pro-Soviet Russia has now

shifted his allegiance to the Generalissimo and told Wilkie such stories of murder, intrigue, espionage and counter-espionage that they "would have been incredible to an American, were it not for the evidence all about of suspicion and mystery."

In the Middle East, Wilkie met General De Gaulle, who told him, among other things that he would not yield the mandate over Syria or let any one else do so, until there is a Government again in France. De Gaulle is obviously another Allied leader, to whom the glorious past (including empire) is infinitely more precious than any ideal of world freedom, four Freedoms or Atlantic Charters. Even Wilkie himself seems to go astray a little in the Middle East. He seems, with typical American love of creature comforts, to be somewhat bewildered by the simple standards of life in these countries and he does not seem to have grasped the admittedly confused *melee* of Arabs and aliens that confront the visitor to those lands. But he commits the unforgiveable blunder of stating that for the most part, the Arabs, Jews, Egyptians or Iranians do not want the Whites to get out lock, stock and barrel, but they want "an orderly, scheduled plan under which Britain and France would transfer to them a steadily increasing share of responsibility for their own Government."

That statement scarcely rings very true about a people many of whom were in armed revolt against their rulers only a couple of years back! I cannot imagine what type of Egyptian and Arab Wilkie could have met with. Most of those I met—and in three years, I met a good number—would have sneered heartily at the idea of “steadily increasing shares in Government.” They have as little faith in such things as an Indian today. The Arabs of the Middle East would rather have their own Government here and now than all the “very real gains which have come with French and American expansion there.” I am not quite sure what Wilkie means by *real* gains, but whatever they are they are not yet very important to the Arabs—not nearly so important at any rate as the abolition of the mandate and of foreign officials in the best jobs.

Turning to the last chapters dealing with war aims and the post-war ideals, we find Wilkie at his best, blazing a Trail of Liberalism and faith in the future which might serve as a guide to close co-operation among the anti-Imperialists, the

anti-Fascists, the anti-Nazis and the Anti-Japs all over the United Front. Many of his suggestions,—notably that of a United Nations Council on which all Allied peoples will be represented to plan here and now for the future and of recognition of the claims of the Asiatic peoples—will be heartily sympathised with in India.

But it is not so much in India that this book should be read. It should be reproduced in millions and millions of copies and circulated to every soldier, every worker, every man, woman or student on the Allied side and read especially by those who are directly or indirectly responsible for India. For this is a book to be read by all, not only because of its contents, but because it is one of the first attempts to define our common war aims in something less than the vaguest of terms. It is a book with a great aim,—to stimulate discussion about that future for which we are all expected to sacrifice so much in the present. If indeed, we are to have *one world*, Wilkie's book is a pointer to the huge problem of *which world?*

ROBERT Browning's father used to say of water: "Water, water, Robert. For washing purposes it is often used. I believe, and for navigable canals it is indispensable, but for drinking, Robert, God never intended it."



Mr G Archik who was awarded a Hind Cycle for standing first in the recent Bombay Matriculation Examination. With him is Mr Harish C Jain of the National Advertising Service, who went to Dharwar to present the Cycle to Mr Archik. At a function arranged at Dharwar Mr Jain said "Messrs Birla Bros the Managing Agents of Hind Cycles, interested as they are in the industrial and educational uplift of India decided to give a Gent's Hind Cycle to a boy standing first and a Ladies Model to any girl standing first among the girl students. It is a credit to Dharwar that both the girl and the boy belong to Dharwar." Mr Jain also mentioned that in quality Hind Cycles are equal to any imported cycle and that out of 220 parts that go to make a complete cycle 217 are made in the Hind Cycle Factory at Worli.

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Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

"AND HERE'S A SADVERTISEMINT!"

—An Autobiography

YES, they've all had their turn Advertisement, badvertisement, madvertisement, cadvertisement, fadvertisement and what not To that unpleasant list, let me add myself—a sadvertisement! You may dislike my intrusion in this affair but I can assure you, it isn't going to be formidable! On the contrary it might only arouse your pity And if you knew what a pity means to a film advertisement, well, in that case you wouldn't be reading this autobiography at all!

Now, I don't know to which of the aforesaid categories I may be said to belong to But I do believe that if one were to listen to the hyper-sensitive highbrows, it may boil down to what H G Wells puts as "If at all you can notice anything about it, it would be chiefly to notice how little it is noticeable!" Perhaps that's one reason why, in the manner of that "mere actress" who staked her status to attain

stardom, I deem it proper to style myself as a sadvertisement, and although I may appear to be ploughing a lonely furrow, I hope I shall say nothing unreasonable or not factual which might lead one to underestimate my grief and platitude and thus sabotage my effort at self-recognition—or is it the other way round?

Inspired Follies

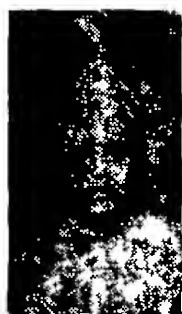
Life that I have led all these years has been more or



Miss Pandey in Pancholis forthcoming release "Poonji"

less a series of inspired follies for me. People seem to be more concerned with my being interesting rather than showing some regard for my intrinsic significance and greatness. In fact most of them would be much more delighted, nay flattered, if I indulge in dishing out some catchy, newsy, sensational, exciting and "yum-yum-like" stuff instead of trying to justify my worth either as their true guide or a wholesome source of information or else a trustworthy medium capable of influencing—to a great extent—the mission of these movies with such vast potentialities as they

are endowed with. In short all my adventure—if adventure it is—depends mostly on the decisive strength of adjectives which, by the way, have debunked many a figure of speech out of consideration. Adjectives! Oh! they mean everything to me. Nearly all my polish, my beauty, my appeal, my attraction and my pretence (often about the naivety of sweet sixteen) owe not a little to this inherited asset of mine, without which I am bound to give you the taste of a cup of sugarless tea. If therefore, my character smacks of notoriety, it is only because there are no two sides to my shield, because



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I have almost perfected the "art" of boosting and exaggeration and because it is just none of my business to call a spade a spade and admit truth—howsoever inescapable or bitter! If one can still cherish the hope of becoming authentic, illuminating or instructive some day in future, despite all this to one's discredit, surely he's pursuing a chimera!

Camouflage

If there's one thing in which I can consider myself to be excelling, it is the fact that many a time while I find people baffled at reading my stuff, I enjoy the sight immensely! At times I even feel like laughing at their sad struggle to be disillusioned as a result of their lamentable ignorance. Thus how many, for example, know that when a great flop is acclaimed a big hit, and when a most inartistic and hopeless film is hailed as an epoch-making venture, it is not the so-called critic, not the reviewer, not the particular magazine, not even the publicist for that matter, who's having the say in the matter but—yes, it is poor, dear me? Of course, the extent of such a camouflage would depend upon the amount of space I occupy in the papers and magazines. But then it is just one of those time-worn practices which will not cease to dominate unless and until the system at large is com-

pletely revolutionized and changed for the better. Till then I will have to be instrumental in determining the policies of a number of magazines, whose becoming favourable or unfavourable in their criticism of films rests under specific limitations of my unchallenged influence. Till then adjectives will go on bolstering up alluring, charming, captivating, fascinating, bewitching, glamorous, absorbing, thrilling "ad nauseam."

There was once a whisper about my becoming ridiculous in the circle of intelligentsia who have to go through me just because they can't help doing so (surely you can overlook anything but a film advertisement!) though in my own interest I would, most profoundly, prefer to pass it on without comment! Besides it would hardly be advisable to recapitulate the inevitable irritation that follows my telling people about "the best and the most popular show in town," in respect of at least half a dozen different films at the same time and in the same breath. Then there is the irony that unfolds itself the very moment I announce a Zenana Show (which is all an event by itself) in the very next line after having told you that the film was "still going strong!" After all these are "minor" things and no one wants to make a mountain of a mole hill in these hard times,

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Clash of Arms

To come to my "home, sweet home," I mean the press in general and the film-press in particular where the principle of "suppressio veri, suggestio falsi" is allowed to hold sway, I can pride myself on ruling supreme throughout the length and breadth of this province where some of the mighty pens have had to kneel down before me. That is why I can claim to be equally as harmless as dangerous when confronted with the slightest provocation. Although not human, I have once led a scribe and a publicist into a severe clash of arms, like wild beasts, and there are people who would do almost anything in their power to preserve my traditional morale,

Radha Rani, the
noted Bengali
Singer who makes
her debut in
Ramanuj



if you know what I mean, and don't mind the same! The only pity is that in spite of all such "aid," I remain—at least to myself—a sadvertisement!

Times without number when I am dominated by the undesirable temptation of having a look at myself, all the galaxy of those Devies and Ranies and Balas and Malas, whom you call "stars"—(thanks to me)—appear as if paying a glowing tribute to the services I have rendered them and the whole fantastic process comes to a premature end when the truth dawns upon me that these are the very persons, who are nearing their forties and fifties, whom I have been calling young and charming and what not! On such occasions I only burst out with a cry "Cynicism, thou art my best friend, philosopher and guide. How very vivid and thrilling and yet miserable? Do not insist upon a better explanation for my painting such a tragic and ominous picture of myself for, the proper way to do so would be to discover one which lies in the difference between a dream and a nightmare! Let me bid "adieu" before I revert to my routine of being at peace with the inevitable and, may be, some good is going to come out of it, may be my spring isn't so far behind as winter has been from me all these years—although it is still to come!"

"FILMAN"

"SHAKUNTALA"

THE spate of criticism, appreciative, rapturous and even adverse, with which a majority of journals have hailed "Shakuntala," director Shantaram's newest creation under the Rajkamal banner, is indicative of the stir it has created among the public and the critics alike. As a matter of fact, every picture of Shantaram is known to provide a new impetus to the progress of the Indian motion picture and it is no wonder if it enthruses more and more people to have their say in regard to the creations of one of our leading directors.

In the case of "Shakuntala" there is naturally bound to be an even greater and wider interest, because of the immortal greatness of Kalidas who made it a *piece-de-resistance* of all times in the realm of international literature. After seeing the film one is forced to the conclusion that although there is a difference of opinion on the question of justice done to the great poet, it is undeniable that the screen has become richer with the addition of a masterpiece that easily becomes one of the finest specimens of the motion picture art and craftsmanship.



Supporting Cast

SHAHNAWAZ PRABHA MUMTAZ
ALI SURRAIYA DAVID RAJKUMARI
SHUKLA UDAY KUMAR Etc

In "Basant"

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HAMARI BAAT

Starring the ONE & ONLY

DEVIKA RANI

with **JAIRAJ**

Produced by **AMIYA CHAKRABARTY**

Like any other picture of Shantaram, his genius and individuality dominate the whole picture, adding to it profuse embellishment and magnificence for which "Shakuntala" is destined to be unique in the annals of Indian filmdom. Yet the one thing which detracts from the greatness of the achievement, as far as Shantaram as a producer is concerned, is that while he devotes his maximum attention to minute details of production and technique, he has given legitimate grounds for the complaint that he has been a bit indifferent to some other equally important aspects of the picture. Thus, while the sylvan surroundings, the spectacular and authentic settings, the splendid background effects, the deftness and skill with which the whole picture is mounted, etc., strike one as singularly remarkable, one finds that the same amount of importance has not been given to the scenario and the selection of artistes to play the roles of Dushyant and Shakuntala's "sakhis."

It is, however, heartening that these shortcomings do not mar the beauty of Shantaram's intrinsic art, which is revealed at its best in "Shakuntala." His understanding and foresight as regards the ultimate effect and impression of a particular scene on the mind of the audience again stand un-

paralleled and his inherent gift of rendering every sequence and every episode enjoyable and illuminating, remains unbeaten.

In fine "Shakuntala," even as a modern version of Kalidas great classic, is worthy of being seen by everyone on whom the value of progressive, nay rational interpretation on the screen is never lost. For Javshree, who plays the title role, it is easily the best performance of her career and she deserves all honours for her supreme achievement.

"RAMANUJ"

RELIEASED at the local Novelty is Devaki Bose's newest and most ambitious presentation under the banner of Shree Films "Ramanuj." It



Khurshid in Rani's Tansen at the Opera House.

is after a long time that this matchless mastermind of the Indian film world has turned to mythology

"Ramanuj" which happens to be a biographical representation of the great founder of Vaishnava cult, is verily an ideal addition to some of the memorable hits Devaki Bose has had to his credit. Known for his illustrious doctrines of Universal love and brotherhood, Ramanuj had a great message for the ailing humanity. In his characteristic fashion, Mr Bose has handled the subject with remarkable skill and imagination with the natural result that the film

becomes one of the finest and outstanding contributions of the Indian screen to ancient philosophy and culture

None else but Devaki Bose could probably have dared to undertake such an arduous task of picturizing a highly philosophical and, what's more, intellectually superior, subject as this and, equally so, none could have been relied upon to do the necessary justice to it. And as such there is every reason for a discriminating film-goer to be proud of "Ramanuj" revealing, as it does, once again the intrinsic greatness of the genius of the one and only Devaki Bose!



THREE GAY GIRLS

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DALSUKH M. PANCHOL'S

'POONJI'

Starring RAGINI, BABY
AKHTAR, MANORAMA
and ISMAIL

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A 'FAMOUS' RELEASE

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The cast of "Ramanuj" comprising mainly of the new-find Biman Bannerji, Chhaya Devi and Radha Rani, a brilliant songstress, provides ample proof as to its rightful place and importance in a Devaki Bose film

"HAMARI BAAT"

BOMBAY Talkies' "Hamari Baat," starring Devika Rani and Jayraj, with Shah Nawaz, Mumtaz Ali, Prabha, Suraiya and David, has now been completed at the Malad Studio. The picture is scheduled to be released at the Imperial on Dusserah day, October 8.

One cannot forget the fact that "Hamari Baat" has been made by the team that gave us "Basant," that record breaker that recently celebrated its Diamond Jubilee in Bombay and Karachi and its Golden Jubilee in Calcutta. According to reports to hand "Hamari Baat" will carry forward to a further stage the noble tradition of Bombay Talkies to give clean, wholesome entertainment. Producer Amiya Chakrabarty, that sure-footed director of "Basant," has written the story of "Hamari Baat" and has also piloted the production, while Anji Biswas, the noted music director, is responsible for its musical score. From all indications, the picture has all the ingredients that make for top-



Mr Vijay Bhett the gifted director of Prakash Picture's Ram Raja

notch entertainment—a highly dramatic story, skilful, casting, tuneful music and a high standard of production values. One may be sure that "Hamari Baat" will not only repeat the success of "Basant" but will also further enhance the reputation and popularity which Bombay Talkies have been already enjoying.

PANCHOLI'S "POONJI"

THE year's most hilarious film is on its way to Bombay. For yet, hilarious, in its true sense does not describe Dalsukh Pancholi's "Poonji," which has many things that make it a splendid entertainment. The comic situations make it great indeed!

"Poonji" is a domestic tale of adventures of three daring daughters to rescue their father—a father in love—from the clutches of an actress who had blown up the peace of the family and overthrown the legitimate owners of his love and affections and seized their places. The picture tells the story in the grandest possible way,—in the Pancholi way.

The cast is made up of a fine group of star talent. Ragini, Baby Akhtar and Manorama are the three daring daughters. M. Esmail, known for his "Khazanchi" role plays the "frivolous" father, while Miss Pandey is the actress. The sup-

porting cast is made up of fine performers like Jayant, Ajmal, Durga Mota and G. N. Butt.

"TANSEN"

RANJIT'S outstanding box-office hit of the season, "Tansen," directed by Jayant Desai, enters its third month at the local Opera House amidst undiminished enthusiasm of the fans.

The keynote of its unparalleled success and popularity, as distinct from that of any other Ranjit film, is its consistency of entertainment and dramatic grip. The fact that there isn't a single boring moment need hardly be emphasised.



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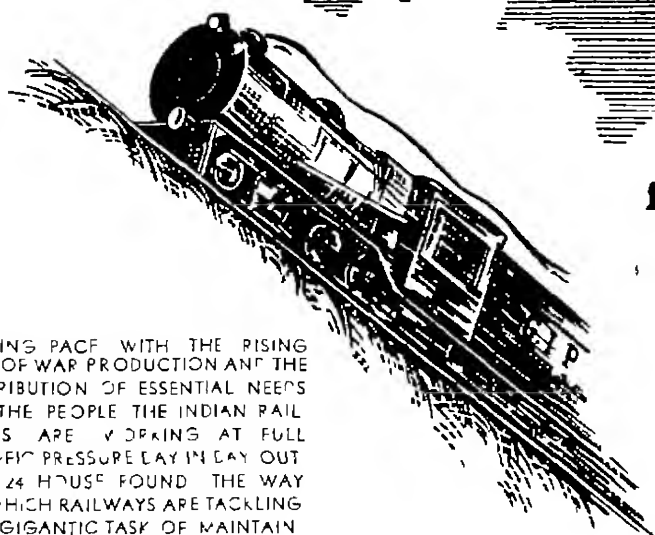
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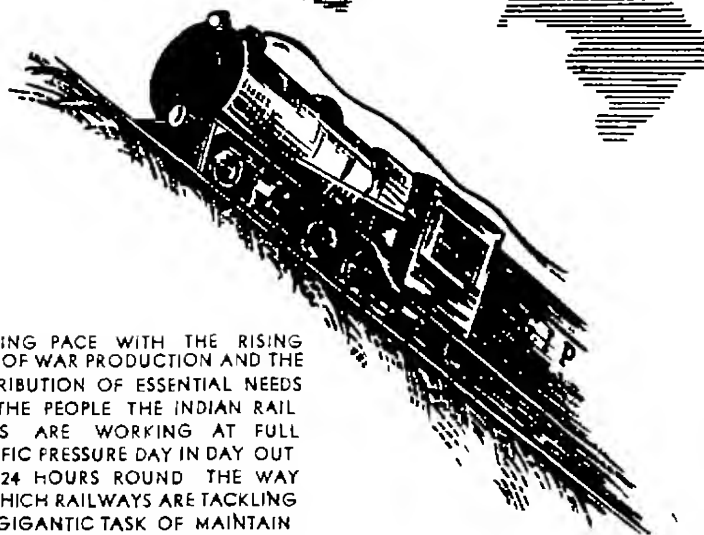
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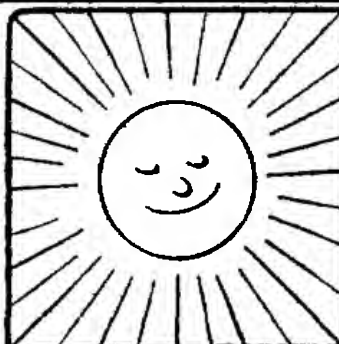
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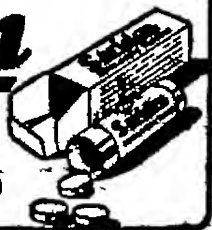
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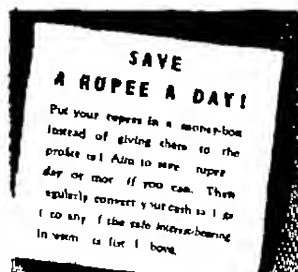
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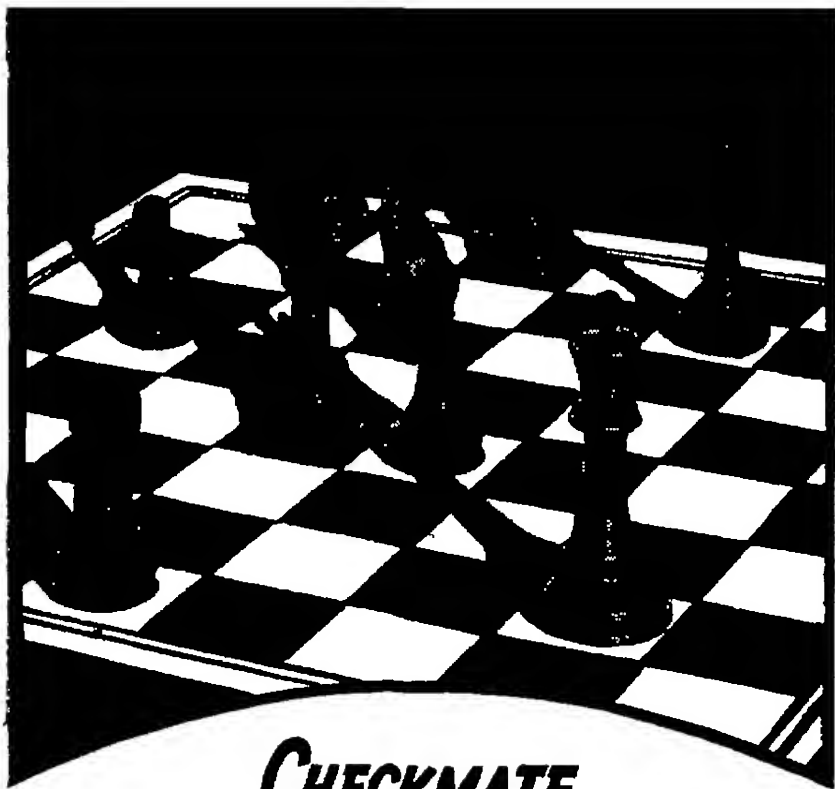
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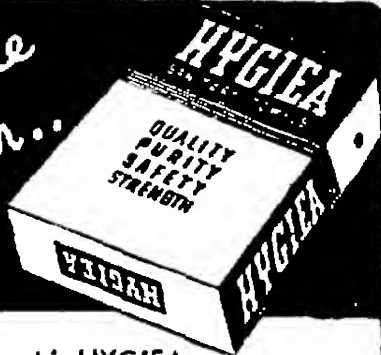
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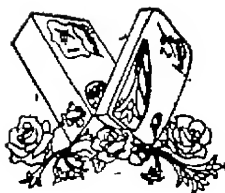
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M. N. Roy

India's One-Man Party

PARESH NATH

THE war has brought into the limelight the most skilful tight-rope walker ever seen in the Indian political circus. He is M N Roy, who, till his expulsion from the Third International, was the Messiah of Indian Communists, till he broke away from the Congress, the hero of radical youth, till he turned pro-war, the bogeyman of the government. Today Roy is the leader of the Radical Democratic Party, which happens to be the only party in India supporting the war effort unconditionally, not because of any traditional loyalty to the British government, but out of political conviction.

The attention that Roy has been able to focus on himself and his party is a tribute to the persistence with which he has carried on propaganda for the creation of an anti-Fascist front. What is of more significance, in spite of his antecedents, he has succeeded in becoming *persona grata* with the government. The suspicions of those who are collectively referred to as "the authorities" may not have been eradicated



M N Roy

entirely, but individual members of the government have certainly discovered that it would not hurt them to indulge in occasional flirtations with the party to keep it in good humour.

The Radical Democratic Party has been dubbed India's One-Man Party. This is not so much a slur cast on its meagre membership as a reference to the fact that the party belongs to Roy, not Roy to the party. Its evolution and its subsequent history are largely a history of the political career of M N Roy.

since his return to India, or rather since his release from jail in 1936

A man without a visa, hunted from country to country, Roy returned to his native land in 1930 after fifteen years' eventful exile. At that time he was a legendary figure. The Indian public was not sure whether or not to believe the numerous stories current about him. In any case his name was uttered only in whispers. A somewhat mysterious halo still envelops his adventurous past. Maybe he likes it. Roy never lapses into the autobiographical in his conversation, but his American wife is an entertaining story-teller and from her account of her hero-husband one could write the scenario-script for an old-time serial with Tom Mix in the cast. In the picture of his present activities, however, Roy's earlier adventures form only a faint background, slightly out of focus. Just the highlights of his life before 1930 need, therefore, be sketched in, in an estimate of his role in Indian politics today.

Roy's original name was Narendra Nath Bhattacharjee. He was born in the early nineties in the same village in Bengal as Subhas Chandra Bose. In his youth he was connected with the Bengal terrorist movement and when war broke out in 1914 he tried

to play the same game that Subhas Chandra Bose is playing today. A plot was hatched to obtain arms and ammunition from Germany to overthrow British rule in India, but it was discovered and Roy fled under an assumed name to the United States towards the end of 1915.

In the States Roy met Jay Lovestone and turned Communist. His activities among the working classes led to his arrest, but on being released he managed to escape to Mexico. There he got in touch with the revolutionaries Ohregon and Carranza, and later organized the Communist Party of Mexico. Borodin, who was then in Mexico, was impressed by Roy's work and wrote to Lenin about him. On Lenin's invitation Roy went to Russia, reaching Moscow in January, 1919, and at the first world congress of the Third International two months later he was elected to the executive committee and the presidium. For the next eight years he played a prominent part in directing Communist activities in Asia, especially India. In 1927 Borodin and Roy were sent by the Comintern to guide the Chinese revolution, but they had serious differences regarding policy and Roy returned to Moscow in September of the same year. At its sixth world congress in 1928 Roy was expelled from the Third Inter-

mational for advocating a policy with regard to activities in colonial countries which was against Communist principles. Thereafter he sought refuge on the Continent, but no country would take the risk of having him within its borders. He, therefore, decided to return to India.

When he landed in Bombay Roy was promptly arrested and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. On his release he joined the Indian National Congress and soon gathered around him a band of enthusiastic young men who were not satisfied with the political programme of the Congress. They derived inspiration from Roy's speeches and writings, generally voted together at A.I.C.C. meetings and acted as a "ginger group" inside the Congress. They were labelled "Royists," but by no means were they organized as a party.

In those days M. N. Roy was a staunch champion of Congress solidarity. He regarded the Congress as a national party with mass membership which eventually would free India from imperialism, and he was convinced that before the peasants and workers could be organized on a class basis India had to undergo a democratic revolution to overthrow foreign rule. Roy took this stand even when he was in Moscow, and it

was largely responsible for his expulsion from the Communist Party. Indian Communists dismissed this policy then as "opportunistic." It is an ironic comment on the vicissitudes of left wing politics in India that by the time Indian Communists began to appreciate the wisdom of Roy's policy Roy himself was preparing to go over to the other camp.

Till the Tripuri session of the Congress in 1939 Roy continued to advocate the cause of Congress unity. When he joined the Congress Roy had hopes of influencing its policy, but after three years' experience he was beginning to get a little impatient, if not disillusioned. Gandhian leadership was too deeply entrenched. Then came Tripuri. The result of the election dissipated his pessimism. Subhas Chandra Bose was re-elected president of the Congress against the wishes of Gandhi. This was an indication of the strength of the people's opposition to the "high command." Roy immediately began to visualize the possibility of utilizing this opposition to remould the Congress nearer to his heart's desire and eventually to capture power. But Bose, like many others before him, walked straight into the parlour at Wardha. That was the end of Bose as a Congress leader and a great blow to Roy's hopes.

When Subhas Chandra Bose organized the Forward Bloc inside the Congress after his resignation from the presidency, Roy felt that it was no longer possible to uphold the cause of Congress solidarity. The Royist, therefore, organized themselves into a separate group which they called the League of Radical Congressmen.

At the next session of the Congress Roy tried to repeat the performance of Bose by contesting the presidential election against the official candidate, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, but was defeated by a large margin of votes. This was a false step and even Roy's friends admit that he had misjudged the mood of the people.

In the meanwhile events in Europe were causing Roy to do a bit of hard thinking. The fall of France affected him profoundly. Fascism seemed to menace the whole world. His materialistic approach to history enabled Roy to realize that, sooner or later, the Soviet Union would have to come to grips with its antithesis—Nazi Germany. The freedom-loving nations of the world would have to make a combined effort to defeat the Axis Powers. In the context of international conflict India's role was clear.

Early in July, 1940, Roy appealed to the Congress to

discard its negative attitude to the war and, as a gesture of sympathy with the countries struggling against Fascism, to celebrate Bastille Day with the slogan "France will rise again." The Congress executive took no notice of this appeal and, when Roy issued a Fourteenth of July appeal to the public on his own, he was expelled from the Congress. The League of Radical Congressmen, thereafter, became the Radical Democratic Party. The party gave unconditional support to the war effort, but did not profess to believe in the effectiveness of the methods adopted by the government to mobilize the man-power and the resources of the country for its defense.

While carrying on active propaganda for the war effort, Roy has made several suggestions which he considers essential for the organization of resistance to the enemy. The more important of them are

(I) The establishment of popular governments in the provinces and at the centre with the help of those public men who are willing to co-operate in the defense of the country.

(II) The creation of a genuine anti-Fascist front to combat the menace at home and abroad.

(III) The organization of village defense committees to insure that the fighting forces

receive adequate support of the people behind the lines

(IV) The training of a militia on the lines of the British Home Guard

(V) The strict enforcement of measures to prevent war profiteering and the exploitation of workers and peasants

All these suggestions are based on the fundamental belief that the defense of the country, to be effective, must be made the concern of the people together; they constitute the war policy of the Radical Democratic Party

Apart from war propaganda and agitation for the acceptance of his proposals, Roy's chief pre-occupation is to expose what he calls the "Petainism" of Congress Leader. It seems that he is convinced that the anti-war policy of the Congress and the emphasis on isolated nationalism at a time of world crisis are born of a futile desire for Axis victory. This interpretation may not be entirely without foundation, but the far from subtle methods adopted by Roy and his followers to carry on a crusade against the Congress have not increased their popularity.

Roy's own patriotism has often been questioned because his political moves have been opportunist, in the best sense of the word. If suffering for a

cause is any indication, it should not be open to doubt. One cannot say the same about his Communism though he has refused to recant his faith in spite of his expulsion from the party. He is certainly a very unorthodox Marxist. In fact one often wonders whether he does not really prefer the Marx Brothers to Brother Marx.

Roy is today campaigning for support of the war effort with skill and zeal against odds. His party consists of about five thousand political workers and has no mass membership. Yet he has probably done more to arouse the enthusiasm of the people for the war than the entire propaganda machinery of the government. Certain members of the government seem to have recognized the value of Roy's powerful propaganda and his co-operation and advice is sought by them privately. The last time the Viceroy's Executive Council was expanded it was generally believed that Roy would be included. A place may yet be found for him if the present policy continues. If, on the other hand, a settlement is reached with the Congress, forgetting for a moment his tight-rope performances, Roy should be looking forward once again to adventures abroad.

Asia and the Americas



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"Correspondence Secretarial School? I've married
my employer. When will you send me lesson seven?"

The Problem of the Centre



U G RAO

LORD Linlithgow's farewell speech to the princes in which he reiterated his faith in the unity of India and in the Federal ideal, has revived interest in the academic question of the future political structure of this country. What form of government is India to have—unitary or federal? Or is the country to be sliced up into several separate and sovereign provinces and states or couple of them at least?

Much thought has already been given to this issue by eminent scholars and statesmen in this country. But their conclusions have been widely divergent. They have ranged from the idea of a strong and overriding central government at Delhi to that of a tentative committee which might look after certain all-India matters like Customs, Railways, etc., but which might be abolished if found inconvenient.

Men of the old school of thought have generally shown their preference for the unitary type of government, not only because it has been in vogue in this country for a great number of years, but also because, they think, it affords maximum chance of a united, cohesive and stable existence for the people. They think that without a strong central government, fissiparous tendencies would get free scope and that the country might ultimately go to pieces.

At the other extreme, are those who look with suspicion upon any scheme of central government, embracing the whole country. They fear that such a government would essentially be the government of one community, the major community, and would therefore be inimical to the interests of other communities and sections. They would, therefore, like

to have the country partitioned into separate and sovereign units on the basis of race or religion. These units might enter into agreements with one another and do their best to exist harmoniously side by side.

In between these two extremes are several schools of thought which incline one way or the other. There is, for instance, the Congress which appreciates the fears of the minorities and would therefore give the maximum of freedom to territorial units, while having a federal government which would look after specified items of administration for the whole country. Then there are those politicians who visualise a loose confederation of the provinces and States of India with almost sovereign rights and powers. It was the late Sir Sikander Hyat Khan who suggested the idea of a central committee to manage certain all-India matters, but a committee which would be more or less at the mercy of the various provinces, and States and might be done away with after a few years of trial.

The schemes provide an engrossing subject for study. It would be worthwhile if our politicians and scholars devoted a little more time to them and tried to educate the public on the right lines. Though it may be quite a few years before the constitution for future

India is finally drawn up, no time is lost or effort wasted by allowing our thoughts to dwell on certain constitutional problems which will face us then. And probably the most important of them is the problem of deciding the nature and scope of the central authority for India.

The war has made one lesson clear to us, and that is that the days of little countries arrogating to themselves sovereign powers and living separately and acting independently are over. The world is moving towards greater cohesion and interdependence than ever before. Though we have not yet arrived anywhere near the ideal of a world federation, we have at least set our faces in that direction. We have seen the sad spectacle of presumptuous little countries in Europe scorning to hang together in the face of imminent danger and as a result having to hang separately.

Against this background, the clamour in India for partition sounds anachronistic, to say the least. Naturally and by long tradition, India has been looked upon as a single unit. It may be that India never had a central authority for long in any period previous to the British rule. But it cannot be denied that, in the background of the Indian mind throughout the ages, there has been the consciousness of this country

being one united whole, and the efforts of many conquerors and statesmen were directed to that one end

It is not necessary to fall back on the past for guidance. A little mental effort is all that is needed to foresee what a state of chaos India will fall into, once she is cut up into little bits and long-buried racial and territorial jealousies are roused. Even now when all that our provinces enjoy is a little autonomy and there is a central government to over-rule them, we have seen how selfishly and short-sightedly they have acted in the matter of the food shortage. Each province has been thinking of itself and not bothering about the rest. And the acrimonious way in which some provincial politicians have been exchanging words with one another, has in it the ring of altercations between warring countries. Greed, jealousy and parochialism have been the deciding factors in whatever relations there may be between our autonomous provinces. And all this while there has all along been a strong central government to come down upon them at any moment.

Suppose this central government were to be abolished, the Provinces might not only openly fall out, but might even rush at one another's necks on issues which deeply concern them. This is not just a figment of an

overwrought imagination. If the present is a guide, there should be nothing surprising in such a development occurring in the future.

On the other hand, one can't deny the legitimate right of separate communities or cultural units to mould themselves on self-chosen lines. The rich variety of Indian culture and patterns of life must be preserved. Unity and not uniformity should be our aim. This makes it imperative that culturally differing territorial units should have enough freedom to develop themselves without hindrance from outside. But this freedom should be consistent with a central authority—call it a federal government or anything you like—which will give the territorial units a common bond, a unity, a connecting link, without in anyway interfering in their internal affairs or tampering with their right to lead their own lives in harmony with other parts of India.

The Central authority should be both lax and strong—lax enough to allow the constituent units a free and unhampered existence and strong enough at the same time to put down fissiparous tendencies and make the country rally under a single banner in times of internal crisis or external danger. How such an authority is to be constituted is quite another matter, and must be dealt with at some other time.



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'Did I get the pheasant, Albert? Albert! ALBERT! WHERE
ARE YOU, ALBERT?'

Chinese Muslims View Pakistan

A Chinese newspaper man for more than ten years on the editorial staffs of leading English-language papers in Shanghai, John Kin has been covering military and internal developments as a free lance since the outbreak of the China war. Mr Kin is now living in Chungking.

JOHN KIN

CHINESE Muslims, who through their wholehearted and unqualified support of China's resistance against Japanese aggression, have constituted a significant factor in World War II, made a high-hurdle jump to the fore of worldwide attention when at a recent meeting in Chungking they decided to step into the League-Congress controversy in India. A written appeal, addressed to Mr Mohammed Ali Jinnah, president of the Indian Muslim League, urging him to co-operate with the Indian National Congress, was drafted to be signed by General Omer Pai Chung-hsi, China's No. 1 Mohammedan general and Deputy-Chief-of-Staff of the Chinese Army, in his capacity as president of the Chinese Islamic National Salvation Federation, representing all the Chinese Muslims. This decision

followed shortly upon a request made by fifty-five Americans that President Roosevelt [and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek "should use their good offices to ask the British government and National Congress of India and other leaders to open new conferences with mutual determination to find a way of action most speedily to bring India into the ranks of our allies by beginning now a programme of her independence."

General Pai Chung-hsi, as president of the Chinese Islamic National Salvation Federation, truly represents all the Muslims in China and is, therefore, their rightful spokesman, as well as one of the Generalissimo's most trusted men. It is hoped that, through this Muslim-to-Muslim approach, the much-longed-for Congress League accord may be brought

to fruition and the way paved for a Roosevelt-Chiang mediation of the India Britain issue

The crux of the matter lies in the separationist policy known as "Pakistan" supported by the Indian Muslim League. This as first conceived in 1933 by Chandirrie Rahmadt Ali, Indian Muslim living in England, stood for "Land of the Pure". Although the common Chinese Muslims may not know from Adam what that means they would certainly shake their heads in disapproval at the idea of creating a separate Muslim state in India, which is what "Pakistan" in plain terms amounts to. That sounds very much like something emanating from Tokyo, and they have had enough of the stench that very breeze from the Land of Bushido has brought to their nostrils. For more than five years they have fought against the Japanese string-pulling for the formation of a "hui hui state" in China. As a matter of fact these intrigues have only served to fire the devotion of the hui hui, or Chinese Muslims, to their native land.

General Pai Chung-hsi, in communicating with the president of the Indian Muslim League, would naturally take every care not to commit himself to any open criticism of "Pakistan". But it would be insulting Mr. Jinnah's intelligence to assume that he could

fail to read between the lines the obvious Chinese disapproval of that idea. General Pai has on numerous occasions emphasized the idea that the Chinese Muslims are part and parcel of China—neither a distinct racial unit, nor even a political party, but a religious and cultural group with much to contribute to the general welfare. In politics, they believe in the Three People's Principles underlying Chinese democracy just like the rest of the Chinese people. The Chinese Islamic National Salvation Federation has as its twofold objective the salvation of the nation and the propagation of Islam, but for the present the nation comes first. There can be no religious freedom to speak of when the freedom of the nation is not assured. In fact the policy of the Federation, as General Pai conceives it, is diametrically opposed to that of the Indian Muslim League.

The Federation's decision to appeal for co-operation between the Indian Muslim League and the National Congress was reached after considerable discussion, culminating in a meeting at which the recently recalled Indian Agent-General Sir Zafrulla Khan was present by special invitation. This gave him one of his opportunities "to learn the mind of China and at the same time to interpret to China the mind of

India," as he stated in a farewell message issued on the eve of his departure

While interpreting the mind of India at that gathering of Chinese Mohammedan leaders, Sir Zafrulla revealed himself as a strong advocate of "Pakistan." He was at once bombarded with questions. One of these questions pointed sharply to the sheer infeasibility of the idea of a separate Muslim state in India. Out of all the provinces in India, it was pointed out, the only two in which Muslims constitute the majorities are Bengal and Punjab. Of the inhabitants of Bengal Province 27,810,000 or 54.44 per cent are Mohammedans and 22,212,069 are Hindus. In Punjab, one half of the total population of 24,187,750 are Mohammedans. These two provinces are separated by many states and provinces in which the Muslims are definite minorities. The "Pakistan" idea, all considerations of its religious and political justification quite aside, thus seems impracticable.

Among leading Chinese Muslims present at the meeting were those who had visited India during their goodwill tours of the Near Eastern Muslim countries in 1939 and 1940. Mr. Jelaluddin Wang Zin-shan, member of the Legislative Yuan, had led a

group of five distinguished Muslims in a tour of the Near East which terminated in India. He was followed by Mr. Isa Yusuf, also member of the Legislative Yuan, who upon his return to China brought back from India a group of young Chinese Muslims for enrolment in the Central Military Academy at Chengtu. Then Mr. Ibrahim Shah Kuochen also passed through India in 1940 on his journey to China from Cairo, Egypt, where he had served as director of the Chinese Student Mission in the ancient university of Al-Azhah.

One of the outstanding exponents of things Islamic in China is Mr. Ali Yang (Hing-chih), who aroused much public attention by his articles on Japanese intrigues against the Muslim world referred to in my article "Allah Flays Japan." On September 5, he contributed another article to the same influential *Ta Kung Pao*, this time on "Islam in India." With dulcet candor he called "Pakistan" a medieval geographical expression and Jinnah the protege and scapegoat of those of the British government who believe in keeping India divided. Both wrote Mr. Yang, are anachronisms in World War II, in which all members of the Anti-Axis Bloc subscribe to the Atlantic Charter guaranteeing

the post-war freedom and independence of all nations and races, irrespective of colour and creed

The Chinese Islamic National Salvation Federation has watched with keen interest the developments in the Indian situation since the Cripps Mission. At its second general conference on March 29-31 of last year it was decided to send to India Mr Othman K H Woo, who in 1939 had participated in a goodwill tour to South Asia. His mission in India, however, was merely to inform Muslims there of the activities of their Chinese co-religionists and to gather information on the spot about Muslims in India. Mr Woo is said to have carried with him gifts for Mr Jinnah from General Pai Chung-hsi. In an interview he reported back to Chungking, the president of the Indian Muslim League was quoted as having strongly disapproved of the Chinese Muslims' co-operation with the *Hans*, as the majority of the Chinese population are sometimes called. Mr Woo also paid a call on Mr Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Mohammedan president of the Indian National Congress, which was described as very cordial and satisfactory.

A direct answer to Mr Jinnah's why-co-operate-with-the-Hans question may be found

in a manifesto to the Muslim world issued by the Federation some time after the conclusion of its second general conference. In this manifesto, it was pointed out that throughout the 1,320 years since Islam was first introduced in China the Chinese Muslims have in the main been accorded a fair treatment by the Chinese government. The policy of the Manchu Emperors in creating friction between the Muslims and the *Hans* failed to undermine the love of the Muslims for their fatherland. Since the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities, more than 2,000,000 Chinese Muslims have directly participated in the nation's dual task of resistance and reconstruction. They have been able to make a distinct contribution to the war, due in no small measure to the deep concern in their welfare shown by the national government and by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek himself.

The Chinese Muslims are essentially a religious group and as such are not necessarily interested in politics, the manifesto continued. Get-thee-into-government is no password among them. Their participation as plain citizens in the war against Japan, therefore, has not been prejudiced by any inadequate representation of their status in the government.

The "inadequate representation" referred to in the

manifesto may be proved by citing a few instances. Out of the 36 State Councillors of the National Government, only 2 are Muslims—General Ma Lin, Vice-Commander-in-Chief of the 17th Army, and Dr Masoud, a noted Mohammedan scholar from Sinkiang Province. On the Central Executive and Supervisory Committees of the Kuomintang with 260 full and reserve members, there are only 5 Muslims, including General Pai Chung-hsi, 3 other Mohammedan generals of the northwestern provinces and Mr Sulaiman Shih Tze chow, well-known educator. In the Legislative Yuan with 45 to 99 members there are only 2 Muslims—the above-mentioned Mr Jelaluddin Wang Zin-shan and Mr Isa Yusuf. The only Muslim in the People's Political Council, with its 240 members, is Mr Mohammed Chen Chin-yu, former chairman of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce in Hankow. It is

evident that the Chinese Muslims, who boast 45,000,000 out of 450,000,000 population in China—a ratio of one to ten—do not hold a per quota representation in any department of the Chinese government as at present constituted.

Nevertheless, in the Chinese Islamic National Salvation Federation which was organized in Hankow early in 1938 mainly through the instrumentality of General Pai Chung-hsi, they are now finding an outlet for their energy and patriotism. Today, with headquarters in Chungking, the Federation has branches in 17 Free China provinces and 256 county agencies. So if there is any one organization in China best qualified to deal with the much-publicized controversy between the Indian Muslim League and the Indian National Congress, it is this representative organ of the 45,000,000 Chinese Muslims.

Asia and the Americas

THE Jew was advancing the argument that all other races had drawn upon their heritage 'Why,' he said, 'you've even taken our Ten Commandments.'

'Yes, you're right there,' admitted the Gentile, 'but you can't honestly say that we've kept them.'

Pushing Female, at summer sale 'And how much is this blouse, please?'

Assistant 'That doesn't belong to the store, madam, you must have torn it off some other customer.'

The Ascendancy of the Soviet East

B, D MARTENS

NEARLY forty years ago Lenin, then a revolutionary in exile, foreshadowed the outstanding rôle which the Eastern fringe of Russia, the Urals and the Asiatic lands beyond, would play in Russian history. At that time the Tsarist régime, shattered but unbroken by the first revolution of 1905, embarked upon the path of a pseudo liberal policy. Some of its supporters sought a way out of the *impasse* into which the country had been driven by an outgrown and outmoded feudalism. Quasi-liberal economists thought that it might be possible for Russia to mitigate the acute land problem by a mass migration of the Russian peasantry eastwards. For a time the slogan of 'internal colonisation' was in fashion. Lenin grasped the significance of the problem posed by liberal-economists and gave to it his own original answer. The internal colonisation of Russia, he argued, was indeed a task of first magnitude.

But the Tsarist régime was unable to cope with it. Only



Stalin

a victorious revolution, having rid the country of the ballast of vested feudal interests, could carry out this internal colonisation. The Eastern Asiatic lands would then become to Russia what the Western States had been to the U S A—a reservoir of inexhaustible wealth, and a source of tremendous strength. But, concluded Lenin, the revolution would tackle that task with an ambition much wider and more far-reaching than any of the semi-liberal schemes of internal colonisation implied. The revolutionary régime would not be content with the carrying out of a mass transfer of Russian peasants to the East, it would go beyond that, and open up the Asiatic fringe to industrialisation. Siberia would then become another America.

MAGNITOGORSK VERSUS KRUPP

At the time it was conceived, Lenin's idea looked like a Utopian dream. Some thirty years later it began to materialise into a living reality. Siberia has not yet become another America, but it has already made a long step towards that goal. Almost every schoolboy knows by now that in this war Russia's main arsenals, which have enabled it to survive the loss of the industrial areas in the West, lie in the Urals and in Siberia. Place names such as Magnitogorsk (the new iron ore centre in the Urals), or the Kuzbas (the Siberian coal-mining district), have opened a new chapter, not only in Russia's but also in the world's economic history.

The guns and tanks which have been crushing the 'impregnable' German hedgehogs in the Caucasus and the Ukraine have travelled to the front from the distant Chelyabinsk tractor plant. The planes which broke von Paulus's armies in Stalingrad had been assembled somewhere in the suburbs of Sverdlovsk, which a few years ago were still covered by the thick Northern Urals' pine forest. Nine bullets out of ten fired from Soviet rifles are made of lead smelted in Kazakhstan. The armament factories of Zlatoust, Tagil and Novosibirsk are deciding the

outcome of this war not less than are the factories of Detroit or of Willow Run. It may, to some extent, be right to say that in the duels between the Hermann Goering Werke and Magnitogorsk, or between Krupp and Sverdlovsk—the big German concerns are being beaten.

THE BATTLE OF IRON AND STEEL

This is one of the most astonishing experiences of this war and it is still impossible to gauge all its implications. But the experience itself deserves a close and impartial study. During the years of the first Five Year Plan I saw the first groups of Russian pioneers setting out to build the Magnitogorsk Combinat. They were a very mixed lot: enthusiastic members of the Komsomol, who responded to the call of the Party, and went out to conquer a new land for Communism, disgruntled sons of Ukrainian kulaks expelled from the schools and forced to seek new opportunities of rehabilitation and advancement amid the wilderness of the Urals, and children of Jewish shopkeepers from the White Russia Republic, who left their melancholy townships, and the decaying shops and homes of their parents for the uncanny hardships of a non-Biblical desert.

The motives which led all those pioneers eastwards were as remote from one another as heaven and earth. They ranged from creative enthusiasm to hopeless despair. The Soviet Government was resolved to harness all sorts of hands and emotions to the undertaking. The first groups of the pioneers were the manure which made the barren land of the Urals bear blast and open hearth, furnaces, rolling mills and coke chemical plants. Their experiences, have been best described by the American engineer, John Scott, who joined the builders of Russia's new strength, and stayed with them over many years. In his admirably veracious book Scott says, 'the battle of Russia's ferrous metallurgy involved more casualties than the 'Battle of the Marne'.

TRIAL AND ERROR

There were many costly errors committed. During the first years the makers of the schemes seemed to be possessed by a sort of 'gigantomania'. The tendency was to construct giant interdependent industrial units based on a Continent-wide division of labour. Magnitogorsk was earmarked for iron extraction and iron working. But the coal base for Magnitogorsk was planned in the Siberian Kuznetsk region—1,200-1,300 miles away! The

cost of transport was disproportionately high. The Magnitogorsk industries could be kept going only by heavy State subsidies. Transport was inadequate. The Trans-Siberian railway, which connects the two centres, was still a single track line. Delays in production and wastages in materials and labour were appallingly high during the first Five-Year Plan.

The second Five-Year Plan sought to undo some of the mistakes. A new coal-mining centre was opened up in the Karaganda region. The distance from Karaganda to the iron towns in the Urals was only half of that between the Urals and the Kuznetsk Basin. A start was made in coal mining in the Urals, in the immediate vicinity of the iron deposits. A second track was laid along the Trans-Siberian railway. The 'New America,' built by ardent Komsomol members, and by crowds of 'kulak' outcast, and outlawed 'disloyal' citizens, was taking on a solid shape. The new industries started to work more efficiently than at the beginning. For a time, towards the end of the second Five-Year Plan, spokes were once again put into the wheels. The purges of 1936-1937 entailed a thorough change of the administrative and technical personnel in every remote Siberian factory. But after a year

or two, the 'New America' was already recovering from the blow, and displaying astonishing vitality. A new generation of administrators and technicians (nearly 400,000 young Soviet citizens graduated from engineering colleges and technical schools during the second Five-Year Plan) took over the management of the new industries.

'LEAP-FROGGING' SINCE 1938

The blueprint of the third Five-Year Plan was sketched at a time when, in the West, the Third Reich was already setting up its war economy. The Rhineland was re-occupied, conscription was re-introduced, and the second world war was already casting its grim shadow ahead. The new Plan was, even more than its two predecessors, concerned with the industrial development of the East.

Production plans worked out in 1937 and 1938 aimed at concentrating nearly half of the iron, and about 40 per cent of the coal output in the East. Non-ferrous metallurgy and the production of high quality steel received the utmost attention. Large engineering plants, tractor factories (which could be at a moment's notice switched over to the production of tanks) and scores of aviation works sprang up on the eastern and western slopes

of the Urals. In a sense the 'leap-frogging' of Soviet industries started on a large scale in 1938, three years before the German invasion.

1942—THE CRUCIAL YEAR

During 1941 and 1942 the heavy blows which Russia received in the West were, by a paradox of history, transformed into as many stimuli for the industrial ascendancy of the East. 1942 will figure in the annals of Russian history as the turning point. At the beginning of the year, for instance, about 60 per cent of the Urals' metal industries were accounted for by the extraction of iron ore, engineering and metal working plants were responsible for only 40 or so per cent of the total. The region was still predominantly a raw material base. Towards the end of 1942, the Commissariat of Iron and Steel recorded a radical change in the composition of the Urals' metal industries. Engineering and metal working plants now account for 70 per cent while iron ore extraction is responsible for not more than 30 per cent of the Urals' metallurgy. From a raw material base the country has turned into a vast manufacturing area. The outlook of Western Siberia has undergone a similar revolutionary change. In the course of 1942 the share of industry in

the economy of Kazakhstan rose to 75 per cent leaving only 25 per cent for its agriculture. Sheds of new factories have dotted the Northern tundra, and new railway lines were hurriedly built, or completed, over mountain slopes and desert sands.

The achievements claimed to have been obtained during 1942 appear plausible enough when the effects of the industrial evacuations are taken into account. The change, for instance, in the composition of the Ural industries has been brought about by both factors: the addition of the old evacuated plants to the local industries, and by new building. The Stalingrad and Kharkov tractor plants (each with an annual capacity of about 50,000 tractors) have been working in Sverdlovsk and Chelyabinsk. The same is true of the famous old Putilov Works of Leningrad (re-named the Kirov Plant). The establishment is still leading in heavy engineering and tank production. Among the other industrial giants, whose location in the Urals it has been possible to trace, are the iron and steel works of Mariupol and Kersch, the Selmashzavod of Rostov, and many, many others. All the time construction work has been going on on a large scale, it expanded by over 300 per cent in 1942. Sheds and buildings for re-assembled machinery

and evacuated workers had to be erected. Shortages of building materials obstructed the work, since most of Russia's cement output was located in enemy occupied areas. Much valuable machinery, exposed for months to rain and snow, has been wasted. But much more has been put to work in makeshift wooden sheds. At the same time the output of raw iron has been stepped up, to make good the loss of the Krivoy Rog ore. The following table gives a tentative estimate of last year's production, compared with the output figures before the revolution and after the second Five-Year Plan.

<i>The Urals' production (in millions of tons)</i>			
	1913	1938	1942
<i>Iron ore</i>	1.8	7.7	12-15
<i>Pig Iron</i>	0.9	2.6	5-7
<i>Steel</i>	0.9	3.5	5-7

THE MEN BEHIND THE MACHINES

Behind the machines stand the Russian workers. No statistical tables will ever tell the full story of their efforts and sufferings. According to Soviet sources, about 20 million people have been evacuated from the Western territories. It needs little imagination to realise what this unique migration has meant in terms of feeding, housing, etc. The population of some of the Eastern towns has increased ten

and fifteen times. Sverdlovsk, which had about half a million inhabitants before the war, is now a city of over a million. There has been an understandable overcrowding throughout the 'reception areas'. Most of the evacuees, however, were disgorged in the exceptionally severe winter of 1941 and 1942 right into the open spaces of snow-bound mountains and steppes where no housing accommodation was available. Wooden barracks, botched up overnight, provided, in many cases, the only cover against the deadly grip of an Asiatic winter. Working hours were twelve, and even sixteen, until late in the year. Only recently has there been some reduction in hours.

The food position has been far from easy. Factory managers have had to look after food supplies for their factory crews. And the 'factory farm' (that is the farm which is 'attached' to an industrial esta-

blishment, and managed as one of its departments) has become a characteristic feature of economic life in the East. It is impossible to say how many 'civilian casualties' Russia has suffered in the course of this war owing to all the hardships of climate, lack of housing, and shortages of food and medical services. It is doubtful whether a similar experiment could be carried out in other countries whose population has been accustomed to a relatively high standard of living. However, thanks to that experiment, to the boldness of its industrial strategy, and to the endurance and willingness to sacrifice of its people, Russia has been able to achieve two aims. It has built up its tremendous military steam-roller. And, at the same time, Russia emerges from this war as the strongest industrial power in Asia.

World Review

TWO Boot Shops in the village were keen rivals. Each one countered the other's move. Then one day the older shop proudly displayed a banner, which read '*Mens sana in corpore sano*'.

The rival contemplated it for some time, but did nothing that day. Next morning when the shutters were taken down, he was seen to be displaying a poster, which read '*Mens and women's sana in corpore sano*'.

WHEN the bishop visited the remote village, the odd lad about the house was told that in the morning he must take up hot water for shaving, knock on the door, and say 'It's the boy with your water, my lord'.

The next morning nerves were unsettled. In answer to his timid knock, the visitor said 'Who's there?'

'It's the Lord with your water, my boy.'

How Do The Germans Feel Now ?

A British journalist who did duty at a prison camp describes the change he saw take place in Captive Germans during three years of war

This article was written before the invasion of Italy

WERNER KNOP

WHEN the Battle of Britain was at its height, the tall smart figures of German airmen were a familiar sight at British railway stations. Some of them smiled sarcastically as they marched along the platforms, others sneered openly when they saw British troops among the onlookers, and a few attempted to show by display of mirth that they did not take their new status as prisoners of war very seriously. Toward the end of 1940, the tunic of *Luftwaffe* became a less exclusive sight and there was more of the blue of the German navy and of the gray of the army. The threat of invasion was still hanging over England and, whatever the uniforms, the faces belonging to them invariably expressed the same conviction, "We may be your prisoners now, but it won't be for long."

But it was only those of us who, in prisoner-of-war camps, were in constant, close contact with German prisoners that experienced the full strength of their self-assuredness, their certainty of early victory. And it was here, too, that we saw most clearly the changes that were gradually wrought in the German mind by the vacillating fortunes of war.

There certainly was nothing wrong with the morale of German prisoners in 1940 and 1941. They arrived at the heavily guarded gates of their camps in as truculent a mood as possible. Sometimes, if there were a lot of them and they had been marched from the nearest railway station, they would sing their harsh, rhythmic marching songs, sometimes they would climb from

their lorries in hostile, arrogant silence. They were the perfect prisoners, with an iron discipline and an impressive smartness of bearing. Toward their British guards they were demonstratively icy, they stood to attention with exaggerated stiffness in the presence of British officers, answered precisely but curtly, and disregarded anybody and anything not officially concerning them. Whether they stayed a few weeks or a few months before being shipped off to Canada, they scarcely ever relaxed in their display of superciliousness. Only a few of them would occasionally volunteer some political remark.

Japan's spectacular entry into the war produced a wave of enthusiasm among the Nazis. When I tried to dampen it by pointing out that the gain it brought to them was counterbalanced by the entry into the war of the U.S.A., a young airman made light of it.

"The U.S.A. will take a long time to gear up their military strength. In the last war they came in in April, 1917, but their weight wasn't felt on the Western Front until the summer of 1918. This time it will probably take them longer still, and they won't be ready for large-scale action before the summer of 1943, at the earliest." And with a contemptuous wave of his hand, "And I don't even you believe that either Russia

or Britain will still be in the war by then."

The change in the German outlook, when it came, was sudden and to most of us quite unexpected. We had assumed that the Germans would be very careful to hide their anxieties and doubts from us.

They tried, up to a point, but we soon learned to distinguish between the veneer of discipline and the hardwood of true conviction.

The first time we noticed that things had changed, not only in substantial military facts but also in the minds of Germans, was at the time of the RAF's big air offensive in the summer of 1942. Gone was the truculence, the quizzical smile of 1940, and instead there was the look of men who had braced themselves for a hard ordeal. Most of these men had been prisoners for some weeks before they reached our camp. They were badly worried about their people at home.

I remembered how during the London blitz winter I had been thinking that the greatest trial was not for us who lived through it, but for Londoners who, as prisoners of war in Germany or Italy, would know of the raids, but not hear, perhaps, for months, whether their families were all right or had been wiped out.

Some Luftwaffe men from Cologne asked whether they could not be given a lecture on *civilian life in bombed London*, so that they could form an opinion of how people carried on under the heavy Cologne raids. These men, many of whom wore the black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross, had dropped scores of tons of bombs on British cities. When they had pulled the bomb lever they had thought only in abstract terms of targets, of observing results, and probably they had had the satisfaction of having carried out their orders. The agony that they were causing far below them was unreal, impersonal and had not concerned them. Now, in a sense, they were reaping what they had sown.

Actually the lecture never materialized, as these prisoners were moved shortly afterward. But it was only in the late summer of 1942 that newly arriving prisoners were really worried. At the time of the break-through at Rostov, when the Germans had burst through the Soviet dam which had been holding them back from the Caucasus, I had often listened to their high hopes that the summer of 1942 would bring the German armies to the frontiers of Iran and into the very heart of Russia, pass Moscow and Leningrad. When it became clear that the summer

offensive had been broken by the Russians, the Germans were quick to realize that the whole aspect of the war had fundamentally altered.

The shock of that was terrific. I am sure it was then that for many of the younger generation the spectre of 1918 appeared for the first time.

The disasters of Stalingrad and of the winter campaign in general were yet to come, but when they did come their effect was less severe than that of the failure of the summer offensive. Perhaps to the Germans at home it was only Stalingrad that told them of the change in the war position, but the soldiers, sailors and airmen knew already, in August, that Hitler's plans had misfired. They knew that the war could not be continued only at the price of fearful loss of life.

Newly arriving prisoners now talked freely. For the first time since the war had started it was possible to converse with the Germans on all subjects and even to criticize Nazi policy without having them make a smart turn on the right heel and walk away.

However, there was, and still is, one exception. The person of the Fuhrer is taboo, and the slightest critical reference to him is strongly resented. A merchant-navy officer to whom I broached the subject of the

German losses of man-power openly confessed his concern

"It's terrible," he said "We're losing something like a thousand men killed in Russia every day, to say nothing of the wounded and our losses at sea, in the west and in Africa. Worst of all, while we're losing the flower of our nation, the conquered peoples are relatively unaffected by the ravages of war. If this war lasts long enough it's possible that the balance of nations on the Continent will move strongly against us."

"Then what's the good of winning the war, if by doing so you would no longer be able to develop the conquered territories?" I questioned him. "What for instance, would become of your plans of colonizing Eastern Europe with German farmers?"

His reply was typical of the answers I received from many men of his generation—forty to fifty—to suggestions that it was senseless for Germany to go on fighting.

"Look at this," he said, handing me an English newspaper with a report of speech made by Baron Vansittart. "If this is our fate in the event of defeat, then we might just as well go on fighting to the last man."

While fear that the fate of a beaten Germany would be unbearable is today the predominant motive for many Germans in refusing to see any alternative to the war policy of the Nazis, the majority of the men I spoke to still believe in the possibility of partial victory. Their argument goes like this: "I'll grant you that the sources against us are so powerful that we cannot hope to impose our will on some of them, especially the United States and the British Empire, in the same decisive manner as we have done in the case of France or the Low Countries. But, on the other hand, the Allies aren't strong enough to take the fortress into which we have turned the Continent of Europe."

"One part of their strength has to be set aside against Japan, another is dissipated through the activities of our submarines, and what is left is not large enough to smash our defensive positions in Europe. And you can be sure that we'll know how to conduct a general strategy of defense in the most offensive manner possible. Rommel had given you a taste of that in Africa."

The German prisoners of 1943 are not the same men as in 1940. Their boundless self-confidence has gone. Three years ago, the possibility of defeat never entered their

thoughts. Now the spectre of 1918 is ever present—it spurs on, yet, it paralyzes, it says, “never again,” and yet it whispers, “it is the same all over.” German mentality betrays a curious lack of psychological reserves. It is dependent on the stimulus of success, and if success is lacking it finds it impossible to generate that strength of unshakable faith which served the British in the dark days when they defied, alone and almost unarmed, a powerful enemy.

Yet German morale is not likely to break until the Allies have destroyed the illusion to which so many Germans still cling, namely, that the fortress of Europe can be defended against all attacks. Not until a second front has given the Allied armies a foothold on the Continent of Europe will the present cracks in German morale assume dangerous proportions. But then I think it is safe to assume that breakup will come with tremendous rapidity and force.

Saturday Evening Post

HORACE GREELEY, a famous American editor, wrote an appalling hand. It was said that one man on his staff, who received his dismissal in the editor's writing, used it successfully as a testimonial for another job, as a prescription for medicine and as a free pass over the railways in New York.

There was only one compositor who could decipher 'the old man's copy.

Once, when this expert was out, some of his fellow compositors inked the feet of two fighting cocks and let them loose on several sheets of paper on the floor. The sheet that bore the best evidence of the fight was carefully placed on the expert's bench.

'Ah,' he said, 'copy's prompt today,' and he began to set. He went on easily until he got to one wild splash in which there was more energy than ink.

He scratched his head for some time and then had to admit defeat.

He went and tapped on the editor's door. 'Sorry, Mr Greeley, but you've got me beat this time.'

The editor took the sheet from him, stared at the 'writing' for some time, and then said, "Imperturbability," you fool, clear as daylight.

'Well, Tommy, is your little stranger a brother or a sister?'

'Oh, I'm sure it's a girl, I saw them powdering it this morning.'

AND how is the man you fell in love with at first sight?

'Oh, I've given him up. It was the firm's car he was in.'



"—And I've thought of YOU all day, darling. Only this morning the bank wrote me that I'd overdrawn!"

Alexander: A Great British General

The North African campaign has placed him among Britain's most successful generals. How was he trained as a soldier? What kind of a man is he?

SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS

TWENTY-FOUR years ago I found myself one June morning in the Baltic City of Riga. An American colleague and I had travelled there urgently by road for the purpose of tackling together the German Governor of the town—a man in whom a remote strain of Scottish ancestry was reflected in his good British surname of Fletcher. The German Iron Division had lately captured Riga from the Russians and its minions, as Fletcher himself confirmed were executing in the courtyard of the Central Prison thirty-three men and seven women each morning. The only other Englishmen in the city that day, so far as I knew at the time, were the company of the destroyer *H M S Waterhen*, which the Commodore had sent round to Riga on the same quest, and young Colonel Alexander, who had taken passage in her. Already, by



General Alexander

the time that we called on Fletcher, a German tug nearby had trained a gun on the *Waterhen*, an excited speech had been made on the quayside, alleging that she was a German ship surrendered to the Allies under the Armistice, uproar

had followed, and a British marine had been hooted as he went on board. Her commander very properly took her out of the port that afternoon. My American colleague and I decided to travel on northward to visit a new front there developing between the Germans and the Estonians. Alexander and I took counsel together. We agreed that he should stay on among the insolent German troops in Riga and watch events. This he did and his stay was not without incident. Some German officers demanded one evening that he should leave a restaurant. Alexander refused to move. I was relieved when he joined me safely a fortnight later in Reval.

That was not my first meeting with "Alex," as we knew him then—General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, G. C. B., with the ribbons of half-a-dozen orders on his breast, as all the world knows him today. I had found in the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards, when I joined them as an ensign by the Cunchy brickfields, early in 1915, a legend of the daring and good leadership which Alex, with his Harrow school days and schoolboy athletic successes not so far behind him, had shown during the battalion's hazardous retreat from Mons in the previous autumn. More than three years

later, needing in Warsaw men to search out the needs of the Polish countryside for relief, I had written to the headquarters of the Irish Guards in London, asking if any officers of the regiment would join me for that purpose. Two officers came out in response to my letter, and Alex was one of them. But at that moment I was off north on a mission to the little Baltic countries of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. On my way through Paris, I got the welcome news that Colonel Alexander was to go with me as "Relief Adviser." It was a strangely inappropriate title for the work that its bearer was to do on the Baltic shore, but it gave me, through some months of strange adventure, as good a companion as any Englishman in troubled lands could wish.

When after an armistice made outside Riga that July between half a dozen fighting forces, the English improvised a five days' administration of the city, Alexander came to the fore. He went off by car and tug to square up some fighting that was reported to be going on below Riga towards the Dwina mouth. He and I together paid a dramatic visit to the Central Prison. There we found that our warnings to Fletcher had not been so fruitless as he had tried to make us believe. They had, in fact,

caused the immediate stay of all executions, and we talked in the prison to a girl who, on the very morning of our former visit, had been added by a miscount to the seven women to be shot that morning. She had been put back to await the next day's firing squad, and thus escaped with her life.

A week or two later, Alexander, a handsome and debonair young officer still in his twenties, took over what must always be, surely, the strangest of his many commands. No one knew what to do with the Baltic Landeswehr, a force of some 2,000 men of German stock, mainly Baltic barons and their retainers, which, when the Germans properly evacuated Riga, had been left behind in the territories of their birth. Everyone knew that, if fighting broke out again, as all expected it to do, these men would be likely to desert the Latvian army and join their blood brothers of the Iron Division. It was decided, with the cordial approval of the mutually suspicious interests concerned, to put Alexander in charge of this force and to pack it off to a front remote from the German threat. There, for some six months, Alexander held his strange command contentedly together. In days when trouble was being reported from every Baltic quarter, no signal of disquiet came in from him.

His men stood by him even when the Germans made another bid for Riga and half besieged us there for weeks. "We wanted to march on Riga," one of the Landeswehr afterwards told Walter Duranty, the wellknown American correspondent, "but in that case we should have had to knock Alexander on the head, and we liked him far too much, so we stayed quiet in our trenches."

Thus, early in his career, Alexander gave a remarkable proof of his fine qualities of leadership.

I had a glimpse of him, home again from a temporarily pacified Baltic, on a June day of 1921 when, in the Belfast City Hall, he commanded the detachment of Irish Guards that lined the staircase for the passing of the King and Queen to the opening of the first Parliament of Northern Ireland. That journey was for him a homecoming, for his boyhood was spent in the Ulster countryside. The old Greek song of Ithaca as a "good nurse of young men." In the four years that I was then spending in Ulster, I watched my own young family, escaped from London, respond to its fine influences, and I gave it the same title. If I had to choose one part of the Six Counties for the bringing up of a boy, I would choose the lovely parts of Tyrone and Fermanagh that lie around Lough

Erne, where hills and streams, woods and lake and moorland, make the best setting that could be found in the world for the bringing up of a hardy and adventurous boy in a free, imaginative, yet disciplined boyhood. That was the country in which, long before I knew either it or him, Alexander was nurtured. I am sure he owes much to it. He has handsomely repaid the debt.

HIS EXPERIENCE BETWEEN THE WARS

Less than a year after our meeting in Belfast, still more than twenty years ago, Alexander resumed his far ranging career. I watched H M T *Derbyshire*, in spitting April rain, draw away from the quayside at Southampton and set her course for the Golden Horn. Her decks were packed with leaning khaki figures, and the drums and fifes on board of her, that played in succession "Auld Lang Syne," "Brian Boru's March," and, almost lost to hearing "The Wearing o' the Green," told us that here were the Irish Guards, off to Constantinople under Alexander's command. Life since then has given him as varied experience as any soldier in the British Army can ever have enjoyed. At home it included the command of his old regiment. It included, too, his marriage to Lady Margaret Bingham and the founding of

a happy home, from which today young eyes are looking eagerly towards Africa. By 1934 he was overseas again, this time in command of a brigade in India that saw distinguished service in two campaigns on the North-West Frontier. His name began to be heard in England when he took command in 1938 of the 1st Division; it became familiar when, two years later, it fell to him to control the last stages of the Dunkirk evacuation. Then, from the Southern Command, he went on to become Officer Commanding Burma. By August of 1942 he was Commander-in-Chief, Middle East. The sequel needs no telling here.

Any discerning observer of his brilliant youthful handling of the Baltic Landeswehr could see or feel then in Alexander many at least of the qualities which today in their maturity are standing him in such good stead. High personal courage, of course. Every man who served under him in France would vouch for his personal courage.

Walter Duranty, in his book, "I Write As I Please," was to couple him later with Colonel Charles Sweeney as "one of the two soldiers I have known who derived a strong, positive and permanent exhilaration from the worst of danger." But

courage alone does not make a great military leader nor does mere variety of experience. There is no complete cataloguing of a man's virtues. But high among Alexander's qualities I should place a concentrated, if sometimes masked, intentness of purpose that issues, when the time comes, in a sound and unruffled judgment of the most testing crisis.

A MAN OF GAY, BUOYANT TEMPERAMENT

He is no seeker after popularity, yet a natural winner of the liking of all men and women who meet him. I should imagine that he has no enemies—except those whose enmity is preferable to their friendship. Fundamentally he is modest,

averse from any personal display, a man, too, most studious of the well-being and happiness of his men, who would never ask others to face a hazard that he would not most cheerfully face himself. These virtues are shot with a streak—let Ireland claim the credit for it, if she will—of an unforced and imaginative gaiety not always found in generals, in him always subordinated to the gravity of the task in hand. This quality, I suspect, explains much of his splendid buoyancy of temperament. It makes him, unlike some other great commanders, a man whom his friends would choose not only as their leader in war time but as their companion in peace.

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THE Vicar had been overworking and when at last he had to face the inevitable he called in a doctor who had been his friend for many years. He asked for the blunt truth.

The examination revealed that the Vicar's lungs were gravely affected. The doctor said a rest was imperative.

The vicar said he could not possibly afford to leave his work.

'Well, the choice is Switzerland—or Heaven,' said the doctor.

The vicar paced the room, and then said resignedly 'All right, you win. Switzerland.'

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HIS stage-manager of the bad old school, which luckily for the profession, has almost vanished from the land. Being what he was he thought fit to address the chorus at rehearsal with unrestricted freedom of expression. Being a modern set of girls they were unused to this kind of address, and, in a pause of the harangue, one of them thus addressed him.

"Mr Blank, would you mind being a little more anaemic in your language."

A System to Win This War— and the Peace to Come

Ely Culbertson, creator of the Plan for a World Settlement, is presented in these pages as a man of versatile genius and international background. His father, an American mining engineer, founded the Russian oil fields of Baku in the Caucasus; his mother was the daughter of a Cossack general. His early years were spent in Russia. While still in his teens he felt the knout of the Czar's soldiers and was locked in a death cell from which every day a new batch of his fellow revolutionaries was taken out to be shot. Here he learned the religion of humanity; here also he learned to play cards with concentration and with skill.

Though known to millions all over the world as the originator and dramatizer of a system of contract bridge, Ely Culbertson thinks of cards as his hobby and the by-product of his real vocation, which is the field of mass psychology. For over 20 years he has been studying how men behave as crowds and nations, and trying to find out how they can be made to behave more wisely and intelligently than they do.

The passion for knowledge, the desire to understand mankind and contribute something to its betterment have haunted him all through a life of extraordinary contrasts and richness. He has studied at six great universities and attended the highest schoolhouses of three far-flung revolutions. He has read deep and deeply in philosophy, history, economics, and also in brilliant and picked fruit, planted corn, panhandled, rubbed the blood-bugger, and gambled scientifically for a living.

*Whatever he has done he has tried to do better than it was ever done before, and often succeeded. He pursued a life of adventures and a world to be movement. When he turned to writing and told his own story, **The Strange Lives of One Man**, the literary critic Burton Ross called it "one of the greatest autobiographies of all time, the story of a man who not only wants to make his peace with God but with man and with himself."*

Ely Culbertson regards the Plan here outlined as a real achievement of his true life-work—the attempt to make peace better than a life of war.

ELY CULBERTSON

WE won the last war on the field of battle—but lost it again at the peace table. Shall that crime be repeated? It will be if we remain, as we are now, tragically unprepared to reap the harvest of victory.

"Let's win the war first and talk afterward." One hears this cry on every side. It is dangerously mistaken. For peace and war cannot be so neatly separated. In war-time, hardheaded planning for peace

can be a weapon as formidable as a sky full of bombers. Our United Nations, once they know they are striving toward a world ruled by law instead of force, will be ten times more united. Our enemies, once convinced that peace—even a stern peace—does not mean annihilation, will be ripe for internal division and therefore a little nearer to defeat.

The defeat of Germany and her allies is not enough. The

free peoples want to know, and want to know now, what they are fighting for beyond the defeat of the Axis. We must offer to all peoples, whether allied, enemy, or neutral, a positive ideal. The basis of that ideal is our passionate determination that this horror shall never happen again.

There has, of course, been plenty of talk about peace aims. Most of it is clouds, dreams, noble declarations, vague good resolves. Our governments have plans—but they are plans to make plans.

President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, in the Atlantic Charter, declared that "the nations of the world must abandon the use of force." But they do not say exactly how this is to be accomplished. All they propose is that aggressors be disarmed *pending* the establishment of a wider and permanent system of general security.

Now why that cautious word '*pending*'? Why does the Atlantic Charter, why do other official statements made since, fail to describe the "system of general security," and consign it to some hazy, distant future? The answer is only too obvious. *Because our statesmen have as yet no specific and comprehensive plan in mind.*

And why have they no specific plan for the one thing that we must achieve above all? Because they cannot resolve the

two great dilemmas which baffled earlier architects of peace.

Dilemma No. 1 How to create an international government strong enough to maintain order in the world, yet at the same time avoid interference with the essential freedom of proud sovereign nations.

Dilemma No. 2 How to disarm individual nations so as to create a powerful world police force, yet at the same time keep this police force becoming an instrument of tyranny.

Until these tragic dilemmas have been resolved, as I am certain they can be, we shall never have security and law. Once we have resolved these dilemmas, we can lay the foundation for lasting peace. But we must begin to build that peace now, while we in America are strong, while others must listen to us, before we ourselves forget once more that the earth is too small for any nation to be able to live apart in peace merely because it wants to.

At the conference table, nations are always weary, they yearn to resume their little separate private lives, their gestures toward the common good are paralyzed by the longing to go spiritually "home." We went "home," back to our snug foxhole, in 1919, and no one can tell what price in blood and tears we

shall have to pay for that retreat

I say these dilemmas can be resolved, because I have resolved them

Since 1939, when it was clear that war was coming, I have given most of my time to the development of a definite, detailed plan, based not only on political and economic realities but on psychological and military realities as well. It is not utopian, in the sense that it would work only if human beings were better than they are. It is not impractical: too many men of sound sense and experience in world affairs have agreed with its essentials.

I believe this blueprint for the peace to come—a blueprint that works, not dreams—will put war itself into a strait jacket. I think I can truly claim for it the sort of hard-boiled idealism which we shall need to clear up the wreckage of this disaster and prevent its happening again.

In deepest humility and sincerity, I offer this Plan to my fellow Americans for their discussion.

ELEVEN REGIONAL FEDERATIONS

Before the war, the 70-odd independent nations of the world lived each in its own house, each protected from storm only by the flimsy thatch of its own sovereignty. Many would be architects of peace

have designed what they thought was a better house, a House of Nations, in which all were placed under the single roof of a world parliament.

Such a house was the League of Nations. Though it collapsed because of its lack of a firm structure, this was but a temporary defeat. Its essential spirit will be reborn, and will triumph, in another World Federation that embodies its principle, the supremacy of a Law of Nations over the anarchy of individual nations. Here is the real meaning of the titanic struggle between the eternal Wilsons and the perennial Hitlers.

I propose such a World Federation, but one founded on a new and workable basis. In this Plan, there is interposed between the scattered nations and the World Federation government an intermediate mechanism, which reduces the cumbersome number of independent sovereignties by grouping them in 11 Regional Federations. Each of these Regions is an economic unit, it is often bound by a common heritage of history, culture, law, psychology and language. Most of the nations in these natural Regions already *think alike enough* for them to be able to learn to *act together* in the common interest.

The sovereign states of each of these Regions will be held loosely together by a Regional

Government modelled after that of the World Federation. Any state is free to join or not, and it may join any neighbouring Federation.

I propose to organize the world into the following 11 Regional Federations:

American The United States and the 20 Latin-American republics

British The United Kingdom and the British Dominions

Latin-European France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium

North European Germany, Austria, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Finland

Middle European Poland, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and the Balkans

Middle Eastern Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Syria, Arabia, a sovereign Jewish state of Palestine and Egypt

Russian The USSR, a continent in itself

Chinese Reunited China, including all former foreign concessions, plus sovereign Korea

Japanese Japan, stripped of all her conquests

Indian India, with full Dominion Status, temporarily under the trusteeship of Great Britain. Eventually to attain full sovereignty

Malaysian The Philippines, the Dutch East Indies (under Netherlands sovereignty), Indo-China (under French sovereignty), Thailand and the Western Pacific Islands

For the time being, the United States will assume the trusteeship of all Malaysia, on strictly non-imperialistic principles, and will have the exclusive right to fortify

bases within it. This does not mean that we shall rule the populations any more than we now do those of Iceland, Cuba, or Bermuda.

I believe that, regardless of whether the World Federation is established or not, the United States must lock and bolt the outer gateways to our hemisphere. Such a line of defence is essential until the World Federation is firmly enough established to make this "strategic insurance" unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD FEDERATION

Like our own, the Constitution of the World Federation provides for three branches—executive, legislative and judiciary. The World President is chosen from each Regional Federation in turn, beginning with the American Federation, for a single term of six years. From each of the 11 Regional Federations is selected one World Trustee. A World Supreme Court of 11 members interprets the Federations' Constitution, a World Court of Equity deals with all economic or territorial disputes between nations.

But this is not to be a "Super-Government." Those of its powers which are enforceable by military means are sharply limited to one and only one object: the prohibition and prevention of war. No nation

gives up any of its essential sovereign rights save one—the right to wage war. However, this is the one right which all of them would be willing to surrender after victory if they were reasonably certain that in so doing their security would not be jeopardized.

Such a World Federation solves Dilemma No. 1. For it is not so much a rigid government as a Peace Trust or pool, into which every nation deposits a portion only of its sovereignty—the right to wage war, and in exchange receives a greater value—the right to be defended against aggression.

WORLD POLICE AND THE QUOTA FORCE PRINCIPLE

To prevent aggression, the World Federation must have overwhelming force at its command. But would proud, mighty nations disarm and place their destinies in the hands of some international army, which might in time become a tyrannical Praetorian Guard? Upon *how* the World Police Force is organized depends the peace of the world for generations.

I believe that the very thing which has always stood in the way of armed collective security, nationalism, can be used as a lever to achieve it. Nationalism, the source of much evil and much good,

cannot be abolished, but from its poisons one can distill an antidote to war. I believe that the right kind of world machinery can put nationalism to work for such security instead of against it. The secret lies in a World Police Force *armed, composed and distributed according to a new technique*, which I call the Quota Force Principle.

In the modern age of technology, nations that are small or industrially primitive cannot defend themselves against tanks, battleships, planes, heavy artillery. Power goes with possession of these heavy weapons, and the means of making them. Therefore, in the age of peace to come, these heavy weapons must be the exclusive monopoly of the World Police Force.

The World Police Force will consist of *National Contingents*, held in reserve in the country of their origin, and a *Mobile Corps*, the shock troops and trouble shooters who will be the first to move against an aggressor. Both will be highly paid, highly educated volunteers.

There will be 11 National Contingents, apportioned by quota among each of the leading states of the 11 Regional Federations. The possession and manufacture of heavy weapons will be apportioned on exactly the same quota basis.

In each of these countries no other troops will be allowed—excepting local police forces armed with weapons no heavier than machine-guns. Each National Contingent, although maintained and paid for by the World Federation government, is subject to the World Federation's orders only in the emergency of war.

In peace-time it remains a national armed force of its own country, stationed at home, trained by its own country's officers in its own country's military practice and tradition. Its soldiers, sailors and airmen will be under oath to defend against aggression, automatically, not only their own country but the World Federation.

The Mobile Corps, unlike the National Contingents, will be the World Government's own army, under its orders and direct control at all times. It will be recruited from the smaller nations only, and formed into several land, sea and air units of the same nationality, also equipped with heavy weapons. These units will be concentrated at strategic points, usually islands, commanding areas of possible trouble. The Mobile Corps will be the cops on the beat.

Here is how the Quotas of the World Police will be assigned

United States National Contingent	20 per cent—
British	15 „
Russian	15 „
French, German, Polish, Turkish, Chinese, Indian (provisionally under British command), each	4 „
Malaysian (provisionally under American command)	2 „
Japanese	2 „
Mobile Corps a collective quota recruited from smaller members states	22 „

The total is 100 per cent. No other troops of any kind, other than a lightly armed gendarmerie, will be allowed to any nation.

Many believe that for a long time after the war the policing of the world should fall largely to the United Nations. The Quota Force translates this idea into practical machinery. The chief United Nations will have 54 per cent of the National Contingent's forces. With the Mobile Corps three quarters of the world's military power, in four large armed forces, will be at the disposal of those nations which are most anxious to keep the peace.

For the first time in history, all the smaller nations, which individually could not maintain even a fraction of such a force, will become collectively the greatest military power in

the world, and the perpetual allies of the great anti-militarist powers. Thus the industrial revolution that has virtually disarmed all weaker nations can rearm them in the service of lasting peace.

It is psychologically certain that the Mobile Corps, recruited from those nations whose very existence depends on the World Federation, will always be on the Federation's side, and will therefore come to the aid of any state attacked by an aggressor.

It is equally certain that the National Contingents, being quartered in the land of their birth, and officered by their fellow countrymen, will never turn against their mother country to further illegal actions by the government of the World Federation. But since they are, according to the Constitution of the World Federation, at the same time members of the World Police, they could be ordered to move against any aggressor without requiring the consent of their own national governments. So the Quota Force Principle operates as a perpetual defensive alliance.

Such a World Police Force is the best hope, for instance, of Latin-Americans. They cannot be sure, if the war leads to a relapse into international anarchy, that the Good Neighbour Policy might not be replaced

by a Tough Neighbour Policy. Against what they have called the "Yankee Colossus," they are now practically disarmed. Under the Plan, however, they would have, in case of aggression, the instant protection of Mobile Corps—one-third of which is to be made up of soldiers of Latin-American birth.

Thus the second great dilemma has been resolved by this Plan. Nations as selfish, isolated individuals are effectively disarmed, yet they remain collectively strong enough not only to prevent wars of aggression, but to resist the possible tyranny of a Super-State's military force.

LAUNCH THE PLAN DURING THE WAR

This is a workable, promising world-structure for after the war, the reader may say, but how do we lay its foundations *now* while we are engaged in a life and death struggle? How can we confer and plan with other nations when so many of them are either our enemies or under our enemies' heel?

It is not so very difficult, I submit, if we only have the vision and the will. I know that many details and some essentials of this Plan will be altered by circumstances and the inevitable compromises of give-and-take. But a begin-

ning must be made before it is too late, and here is how that must be done

Let the leading United Nations—the United States, Great Britain, Russia, China—or indeed any two of them, jointly proclaim the Constitution of the World Federation, and by signing it become the Federation's founding members and its Provisional Government. The moment the ink on that momentous document is dry, those of the United Nations that do not yet wish to join shall automatically become the Federation's allies, and the Axis powers shall be regarded as at war not only with the United Nations but with the World Federation.

Then let us extend invitations to join not only to every Allied nation but to every neutral.

Most important of all, we must raise our voices loud above the battle and say to our enemies who will be more likely to listen for having seen us take the first courageous, unselfish step.

"Here are the final terms of peace. Meet them, and your hopeless struggle will give way to a true world order in which you will have an honourable and equal share.

"Cease hostilities, agree to join the World Federation and sign its Constitution.

"Evacuate all the lands you have occupied, restore the peoples forcibly removed from their homes, give back the loot.

"Eliminate the Nazi, Fascist and feudal Japanese dictatorships.

"Demobilize all your armed men, and hand over all planes, tanks, big guns—all heavy weapons—not to your enemies, who might use them for your enslavement, but to a new World Federation in which you yourselves will take part. That Federation is no mere promise, as you can see—it already exists and is at work."

Such terms might mean the saving of hundreds of thousands of Allied lives.

I believe that this Plan has, in its main lines, a fair chance of being accepted by the world. It is not yet the Brotherhood of Man. It is not a guarantee of Eternal Peace. But it is realistic, and it puts war into a strait jacket tighter than any yet devised.

The United States is now at the peak of its influence and power. Yet even when our present enemies have been defeated, greater dangers may arise in the future. Our strength will steadily decrease in relation to more populous nations as yet untouched by the machine age. In a

generation or two, vast segments of the human race—China, India, the Moslem world—may also be industrialized. Then nothing will stand between them and world dominion but the knowledge and possession of machines. Who can say how and in what direction they will drive the machines?

This war is our last chance to save ourselves by helping to

found a world order that makes sense. With all our hearts and minds we must plan it now, and lay its cornerstones on the unshakable granite of our will. For the first time in history our nation can do what no other nation has done before—*declare lasting peace on the rest of the world*.

Reader's Digest

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

TWO Negro maids bought new hats. Liza was determined to wear hers to Sunday service, but Mandy remonstrated, saying it was going to rain and declared she'd save hers.

Liza, however, wore hers and as Mandy predicted it did rain. As they left the church, Liza gathered up her skirts and pulled them over the hat to protect it.

'Laud's sake!' exclaimed Mandy. 'It perfectly outrageous for you to all to 'pose your anatomy datway, Liza.'

'Mebbe so,' replied Liza, 'but dat natum am forty years old while dis hat am brand new.'

AN old lady bought a parrot and was disappointed that it did not talk. Thinking it might be lonely, she brought an owl and put it in the cage with the bird. There was still dead silence. That night she covered them up with a cloth and immediately the owl, in the darkness began to hoot. 'Ooooooh, ooooooh.' Curious she lifted a corner of the cloth from the parrot. 'She's a liar. I never touched her.'

LAST year she was the old-fashioned girl who darned her husband's socks.

This year, She's the new-fangled girl who socks her darned husband.

Father: 'How are you getting on at school, my boy?'

Son: 'Be a sport, Dad. I never ask you how you are getting on at the office.'



How To Avoid The Next World War

Leading American commentator lists six facts we must recognize and act on—if we are not to face a worse war after this one ends

RAYMOND CLAPPER

AS we become more confident of winning the war, we become less confident that the victory will last. This is ominous—and frightening.

A survey made by the National Opinion Research Centre of the University of Denver recently disclosed that 6 out of 10 persons having an opinion thought there would be another big war after this one. Only 4 out of 10 thought another big war unlikely. And the optimists were the most poorly informed of those canvassed. The better informed were strongly of the opinion that another big war is inevitable.

That is defeatism of the most insidious kind. It can be as dangerous to our ultimate fate as military defeatism. If 6 out of 10 persons felt we were going to lose the war, we should be in a grave danger of losing it. Confidence and determination are not the only requisites

to success in war, but they are indispensable.

Passionate determination, not arms alone, kept England from following France into surrender. Does anyone doubt that passionate determination was a large factor in the survival of Stalingrad and Leningrad, and in the success of the Russian counter offensive that has driven the German invader back toward his lair?

HOW TO LOSE THE WAR AS WELL AS THE PEACE

Without confidence and determination that this is to be made the last war, there is little chance that it will be the last. Without confidence that it is possible to prevent another war, what heart can we have to make the effort an enduring peace will require?

Indeed, if we do not think victory will accomplish anything except to clear the way



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Indeed, if we do not think victory will accomplish anything except to clear the way

for the next war, we shall find it extremely difficult to reconcile ourselves to sacrifice the lives it will cost to achieve that unconditional surrender which has been set as our goal

What can we do to prevent victory in this war from being meaningless—from being no more than a breathing spell before the next world war?

I can think of several things They may not be enough But they are necessary, whatever else may also be called for

We haven't a chance of keeping this war won unless our President, our executive officials, our Congress and our public opinion recognize and act on several fundamental considerations

FIRST

We must realize that the whole world is a small room And we are all locked in it together There is no escape for any of us We must reconcile ourselves to living in this room with all the other nations and all the other races

We may like some of our fellow inhabitants more than others Some we know are dangerous and we must take their knives from them Others are weak and must be helped But, like it are not, we can't get out We can't get out of the globe We must figure out how to make the best of it

SECOND

Because we are caught in this room, we must completely subdue the dangerous inhabitants—Germany and Japan. Because we have to come to grips with these two menaces and not merely keep them at arms length, we had better be practical about it.

For instance, Russia is doing more to subdue Germany than all of the rest of us She has had man-power and had it in action

We can be practical about Russia, first, by recognizing the vital role she is playing and by giving her everything we can possibly get to her, and, second, by drawing off the Germans by attacking them directly

We must also be practical in regard to China We must recognize that China stands in the same relation to Japan as Russia to Germany

We must give China everything we can We must supplement China's fighting by our own attacks against the Japanese

It we keep those points clearly in mind, we won't fritter away chances by hoarding our weapons here Nor will we use them up on spectacular stunts such as the bombing of Tokyo

THIRD

We must recognize that after the victory there will be only four powers—America, Great Britain, Russia, China. That is not being inconsiderate of small nations. It is just facing facts.

Only big nations can produce the weapons of modern war. In Detroit you can see hundreds of tanks being assembled in one spot, in our Navy yards you can see battleships up to 45,000 tons being built. Only a country which had large heavy industry can produce such weapons in quantity. Small nations are and will be dependent on the strength of the big nations.

We must also recognize that—even with Japan and Germany disarmed—peace cannot endure unless all four of the big powers are mutually secure. We must arrange that the powers which control the armaments of the world are so adjusted to each other that they do feel secure.

Nothing can be right if these four nations are not reasonably satisfied. If they are satisfied, and together, then other problems will fall into place without endangering the world.

FOURTH

Our own requirements for defense after this war will be greater than before. The long

range bombing plane, if nothing else, changes our security problems. We know that it would be possible, if war should come, for an enemy to strike at us with 50 Pearl Harbours all at once.

Consequently, we mean to protect the approaches to America. Secretary of the Navy Knox made that plain when he said we must have the island approaches in the Pacific after this war.

Likewise in the Atlantic. President Roosevelt made it plain after Casablanca that we intend to have to say about who has Dakar, the jumping-off place for the Western Hemisphere.

We have already occupied Greenland and Iceland, stepping stones across the North Atlantic. And Great Britain is our secure ally, the corner stone of our safety in that ocean.

France also is of concern both to Britain and to us for the same reasons. U-boats that for months cruised just outside our harbours, sinking our ships, came from French ports.

We intend to have to say in what kind of government controls France, as well as in what governments control the rest of peninsular Europe.

That is, we shall do these things unless we fall asleep and forget the lessons of this war.

FIFTH

We must recognize the similar requirements for security that Great Britain, Russia and China will have. Russia wants a stronger position in the Baltic. She will have needs in the Pacific and so will China. Joint responsibility for South-eastern Asia may be arranged.

The essential thing we must recognize is that, like ourselves, other big nations feel the need of more protection—and intend to have it.

This security may involve acquisition of territory. Even we who want no new territory are talking of taking over islands in the Pacific.

It may be a matter of leasing bases, as we have leased Atlantic bases from Great Britain.

It may require some changes in boundaries, almost certainly in the Baltic and western borders of Russia. The hope is that there will be a minimum of disturbance to political lines and full protection for cultural individuality.

Some of the smaller nations undoubtedly will object. But the Versailles policy of breaking Europe into small independent nations did not prove the ideal solution. The small nation often has been a breeding ground for big wars.

We need to get over the idea that being small automatically invests a nation with superior virtues.

SIXTH

United Nations machinery is needed. Some international structure is vital. At present, the Allied side is controlled by the four big powers. The same powers will be dominant after victory. They must hold together.

But more than that, they must be the core around which other nations shall be gathered. Our goal must be a community of nations.

Affairs now are in the hands of four men—Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin and Chiang. That is effective leadership for war. It is an unstable basis for the future. Such a simple device, dependent on the personal compatibility of four men, is inadequate to the complex and sustained effort that will be needed to assure world peace.

For, after victory, there must be arrangements for economic opportunity. People must be given a chance to work. Commerce must develop new streams. The means by which such things can be accomplished will be devised only after the most laborious consultation among the United Nations.

The one subject of air traffic alone is a vast complex of problems requiring long and patient negotiations. The important thing is to know that consultation is imperative, and to know that it requires world organization.

IT'S A BIG JOB, BUT PEACE IS WORTH IT

Those are some of the essentials I think must be kept in mind and acted on if we are not to bog down into a new world war and future meaningless sacrifices of blood.

It will be difficult to keep the peace. Reverses are inevitable.

But that's the way it is. In war we don't stop fighting because it is hard, or because Allies differ our policy. Regardless of difficulties and disagreements, we go on.

It must be the same in victory. Any amount of effort is worth making to avoid another war. This war is much bigger and more destructive than the last one. We know that a future war would be still bigger and still more destructive. We simply cannot afford to have another war.

(Look)

THE fussy passenger had been distressed to find a flea in his bunk on a luxury cruise. In addition to complaining to the officials, he wrote a most violent letter to the head offices of the shipping company.

He was somewhat mollified later to receive a most abject apology and offer of reparation. The shipping company explained that never in their long history had they had such a complaint. They could only assume that it was introduced by an agency beyond their control. They did, however, set such importance upon this complaint, that the captain had been transferred to another ship, the steward responsible had been severely reprimanded, the laundry arrangements had been changed and the cabin itself completely fumigated. They had not left a stone unturned in their effort to remove even the slightest shadow from the happiness of those who honoured the line with their patronage.

The recipient of this letter felt not only flattered by this solicitude but doubly conscious of his own importance and of the force of his complaint.

Then he suddenly noticed that there was something else in the envelope. By the error of some clerk his own letter of complaint has been put into the envelope. He opened it out.

Across one corner was written in a careless hand 'Send this bloke the bug letter'.



Don't forget to waken me, Fatso I'll never hear the bugle
with all this noise !"

The Miracle of Blood Plasma



JOHN K MAJOR

EVER since the World War, scientists have sought a suitable substitute for whole blood, a substitute which can be used successfully and efficiently when many transfusions are needed at one time. Investigation in this field was carefully reviewed by the transfusion committee of the National Research Council and its sub-committee on blood substitutes, which recommended the use of blood plasma administered intravenously instead of actual transfusions of whole blood—a discovery proven highly successful from extensive laboratory research and hospital experience.

Blood plasma itself is a clear, colourless fluid—the liquid portion of the blood separated from its red and white corpuscles. To prepare the plasma, blood is withdrawn from the veins of the donor in the usual manner after a routine examination of pulse

temperature, blood pressure, and hemoglobin content. The entire procedure takes from one-half to three-quarters of an hour.

The blood is procured in a bottle containing a solution of sodium citrate to prevent clotting, and the blood is stored in a refrigerator until ready for shipment in a portable refrigerator, especially designed for transportation by express to the processing laboratory. Not more than twenty-four hours must elapse between the bleeding and the arrival of the blood at the laboratory if the plasma is to be processed satisfactorily.

The first step is the actual separation of the blood cells from the plasma. Formerly, the blood was allowed to stand in a dumbbell-shaped sedimentation bottle until the clear plasma could be siphoned off after the cells had settled to the bottom. Now, however,

a large centrifuge accommodating ten bottles is used

The blood is placed in the machine which rotates the bottles at 2500 revolutions per minute, and from the effects of centrifugal force the red and white corpuscles are driven to the bottom while the liquid remains at the top, just as cream is separated from milk. Through a siphoning process, the plasma is drained into a large airtight bottle containing an equal amount of saline solution. It is then ready for storage on any shelf at ordinary room temperature.

Careful bacteriological tests are made to ascertain its sterility. Samples are mixed with beef broth concentrate, which then goes into the incubation room where any bacteria present may be detected by a microscopic examination after the mixture is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours. If the plasma proves to be uncontaminated, the amount of plasma obtained from one pint of blood is put into its final container, a special glass cylinder.

The plasma is then slowly rotated in a bath of dry-ice solution between 100 and 150 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and rapidly freezes to the sides of the flask. It is kept frozen and is dehydrated by withdrawing most of the water in the form of vapour using a new vacuum pump. The plasma is

thus reduced to a light, cream-coloured powder, and the cylinder is flame-sealed to maintain the vacuum within the flask and to keep its contents sterile.

In this form—pure, dehydrated, and hermetically sealed—the plasma may be stored almost indefinitely. The advantages of using it instead of transfusions of whole blood are innumerable.

Not only does the intravenous administration of plasma, dissolved in sterile water, produce practically all the beneficial and life-saving effects of blood transfusion—by increasing the volume of the blood in circulation, raising blood pressure, and increasing coagulation—but plasma, when dried to a powder, may be transported much more easily, since it has one-fourth the volume and only one twenty-fifth the weight of whole blood, and can be preserved over long periods of time without deleterious results.

Furthermore, there is no need to type the blood of the patient and insure a transfusion from a donor of the same group. Plasma is a completely universal transfusion agent and eliminates the necessity of any cross-matching or blood grouping. For the sake of convenience in an emergency, however, the blood of every donor to the Red Cross campaign is typed and the donor is notified of his-

particular classification which is then recorded permanently in the blood donor centre

Plasma is always available for immediate use. It is supplied by the processing laboratories to the army and navy in a package which also contains a bottle of sterile water sealed in a tin can, and all that is necessary to convert the dry powder into an effective transfusion agent is to add water.

Thousands of men and women in England and in Europe as well as in the United States have volunteered to give a pint of blood, and the Red Cross points out that a careful study of all available records indicates it is a perfectly harmless procedure for the healthy adult.

A study of the first 10,000 blood donors in New York revealed no serious accidents or lasting ill-effects resulting from the bleeding, although a few faint afterwards, just as they do after vaccinations and inoculations, there is no pain except the momentary prick of the hypodermic needle when a drop of novocain is injected at the point where a larger needle is then introduced into the vein at the elbow.

The volume of blood in circulation is restored within twenty-four hours after the withdrawal of a pint, but it may take several weeks before the red blood cells reach their

original count. To provide a margin of safety, however, it has been ruled that eight weeks must elapse before a second donation of blood will be accepted from the same individual. Only men and women between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, or between eighteen and twenty-one if they have the signed permission of their parents, are eligible to be donors. Those who have recently had infectious diseases or who have ever had tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, malaria, or syphilis cannot be accepted.

The processing of blood into plasma, and its use and efficacy in the treatment of traumatic shock, is one of the miracles of modern science. Before the dehydrating process was perfected and applied, many gallons of liquid plasma were shipped to England as part of the Red Cross programme to provide plasma for war-time transfusions in that country. Supplies of plasma were on board the capital and hospital ships of the navy in Manila when the Philippines were attacked, and today more than ever before the American Red Cross is calling upon donors to contribute blood as part of this nation's war effort.

Traumatic shock is a state of complete exhaustion which frequently accompanies severe injuries, loss of blood, or burns.

and is characterized by an alarming fall in blood pressure and the general physical collapse of the patient. Often fatal, it is mainly due to the inability of the blood to transport oxygen from the lungs to other organs, when fluid is lost from the blood vessels into other parts of the body or through hemorrhage. To treat shock, something must be injected into the blood in circulation to restore its original volume and capacity to carry oxygen.

In the past, the direct transfusion of whole blood from one person to another of the same type has generally satisfied this need, and has saved the lives of many seriously injured persons who unquestionably would have died. However, in civilian

catastrophes and in land and sea warfare, where many people are critically injured at one time, transfusions of whole blood have been extremely difficult, if not utterly impossible. Blood donors cannot be provided in sufficient numbers to take care of the victims when transfusions are most urgently needed. If the transfusion is to be effective, the blood of the donor and the blood of the patient must be compared, tested carefully, and matched, a procedure often impossible in emergencies. Above all, if the patient is to have an opportunity to recover, the blood transfusion must be given immediately after the appearance of the first symptoms of shock.

Yale Scientific Magazine

A JEW joined a Golf Club and decided to take a few lessons. At the commencement of the first lesson the pro told him—"there is one thing you must always do sir and that is, keep your eye on the Ball." After this the Jew had a very poor opinion of his fellow Club Members.

STELLA, Dorothy and Freeda were having a three ball. Stella and Dorothy putted out at the 2nd, but Freeda was still hacking away in the rough. Stella asked Dorothy how many. Dorothy said 11. As Stella had only taken 10 she claimed the hole. But Stella, said Dorothy, what about Freeda? Don't worry about her, said Stella, she is only a beginner.

Golfer "When I get round these links in less than hundred, I'll give you half-a-crown."

Caddie Thank you, sir, it will come in handy in my old age.

In Search of the Ideal Wife?



EDWARD WOODHEAD

ARE you in love? Are you considering the qualifications of two or three prospective sharers of your name, domicile, wealth?

Gentlemen, if this is the case you have sought the right score. Here I am. There need no longer be any guesswork about marriage. The great lottery is about to be reduced to scientific accuracy.

It is necessary to let your head rule your heart only long enough to answer a few questions. The quiz I am going to set you should be answered by you alone, and definitely not when the girl friend is about, or you may be influenced.

It is essential to your future happiness that you answer each question fairly and honestly, and if you are greatly in love it is well to "lean over backwards" in the matter of scoring.

Don't give her the benefit of the doubt, that is. If you don't know, score zero. It is better for further acquaintance to raise the score rather than to lower it.

Do not score negatively. Deductions follow. In scoring do not give her credit for more than a quality's importance to you, no matter how much she has of it.

For instance, if beauty is unimportant in your ideal wife, Olivia de Havilland would score no more than a very ordinary-looking girl.

The most important consideration in a life partner is companionship. Of the 500 points, approximately, required for a perfect score I allot as many as 105 to this.

The whole basis for points in the quiz is the importance of the quality in your ideal wife, so do not hesitate to re-write the test if items I deem

important are minor matters to you I have chosen 20 points at the height of importance for individual items under the main headings

Considering the young lady as a companion, then, two items are paramount Is she considerate and is she fun? Does she give a thought to your well-being as well as to her own, and does she make every moment you are together enjoyable? Accordingly, each of these qualities rates 20 points

Now, in scoring your intended for "fun," don't mistake the mere pleasure of her nearness for active contribution to the enjoyment of the occasion Use your head on this one, not your heart

By the same token, don't give her 20 for "consideration" just because she's considerate to you She might be in love, too, you know Watch and see how considerate she is in general I went out with a girl once who was as nice as apple-pie to me but mean to her young brother I dropped her pretty quickly

Next—still under the companionship heading—is generosity This is important, but not quite so important as the first two, moreover, it is partly overlapped by "considerate" Therefore, it gets only 10 points

Loyalty likewise gets 10—This is terribly important, and it is possible that you might want to rate it higher still

Agreeableness, forgiveness, and tolerance are next, getting 8 points each Justice is slightly under these, with 7 points loyalty is more important

Willingness to compromise and cheerfulness earn 5 points each, initiative 4 Initiative, of course, requires that she does not always just sit and let you make the suggestions, but it is at any rate less important than "compromise"

If she has all these qualities to a superlative degree she is a girl in a thousand But wait! We are trying to find the girl in a million

Let us take a look at her intelligence I allot it 90 points

First on the intelligence list is tact, a quality which might be considered as belonging to the companionship group I class it as a purely mental quality, and give it 15 points

Talent is worth 10 to me, though there is a lot of room for varying opinions here Most men will probably not give a damn whether the little woman can draw a straight line or write a bit of doggerel Give it what you will

Knowledge of books, too, is worth 10—to me, that is, others will differ Critical ability from an artistic standpoint is

worth 10 She will not like the same things as I do, but she must be able to support her views staunchly

Many men will prefer to leave this element out, since it is also covered by the next two—"Taste" and "Logic," each valued at 8

Education is worth 7, and here I would point out that too much education (in comparison with your own) is as great a drawback as too little

Perception is of the same rank as education and means freedom from the feminine failing of having to have everything explained in words of one syllable or less

The trio of music, art, and games, score 5 each, and will be included according to the scorer's personal preference. These include both taste and aptitude Games are included here rather than under amusements, below, for use as a criterion of intelligence

After intelligence comes disposition, rated as low as 80 only because it is partly included in the two foregoing groups This overlapping is inescapable, because a girl who has certain qualities is sure to have certain others

Kindliness gets a good 20 from where I sit Affection is worth 15 Domesticity, 10 this includes the knack of home making plus contentment with home life If you think that is too little—well, raise it

Equability is worth at least 8 Sympathy and friendliness likewise Keep on remembering to judge her relations with others as well as with yourself

Humility is worth 7 After all, she must at least affect to look up to you And if she is demonstrative it is worth 4

Breeding may be covered by the other heads If it is unimportant to you, leave it out If it is worth anything at all it is apt to be important, and I put it at 45 Of this family counts 10, charm and manner 20, experience (where has she been, what has she seen and done?) should be about equal to your own and counts 15

Religion—well, here you have to name your own figure If you are a Catholic, Jew, Mormon, or of some other minority group, religion will score higher than the 5 I give it

Beauty you may prefer to discount If not, it is probably worth about 45

Under this heading, taste is most important—10 (Note that taste in dress is two points more important than taste in surroundings, yet they probably would go together)

Figure is worth 8, face, legs, and height no more than 5 each Make-up, 6. It should be properly applied according to your personal taste

Hair is worth 3, if it is exceptional hair Ordinary

good-looking hair is worth 2, slightly mousey hair only 1. If she's bald, score zero for hair.

Or if she's the sort of striking-looking girl who makes people look again when she comes into the room the fact is worth an extra 3—if you like that type of girl.

Health is worth 45. Many will perhaps re-assess it ahead of beauty in importance. Heredity is 10. What has her family got? General health is worth 20, and the maternal aptitude another 15. Is she equipped to bear you a family? If you have no data on this delicate point, give her 10 till you find out differently. If you aren't a family man throw in this 15 with "General Health."

Dancing is worth 20. If you can, it is important that she should dance well with you. If you can't, it is equally important that she does not.

Her night-club manners, as far as they differ from everyday manners, are worth 6. Such things as applying make-up at the table would count here. And if she likes a *risque* story or quip, that gets 1, but no more. Not for me, at any rate.

Conversation will have been covered mainly by companionship and intelligence, and perhaps under other headings, but there are still points worth about 30 that may be considered. Subtlety I would put at the top.

When you make a remark intended for her comprehension alone, does she "get it"? Is she able to make a remark in a room full of people that you alone catch? If she can it's easily worth 10.

Reticence is almost as important. If she can keep something to herself it is worth at least 8. Does she always have to talk? A talent for silence is worth not less than 7. And if she's witty we'll give her 5 for it.

Are her amusement tastes the same as yours? It is important, 20 points worth, if they are.

The various sub-heads will be a matter of individual preference. I shall list mine to give you an idea. Quiet amusements I put at 7. Bridge is worth 7 to a fiend like me—more to a great expert. Active sports I would classify no higher than 3, but many men go for the athletic girl. Cards other than bridge would be worth 2 to anybody.

I would like a wife who could play chess. It would be worth 1.

Now, hold on. Even if she has scored full marks so far we are only half through our test. There are a number of things she may do which would disqualify her from being the perfect wife.

If she is selfish or nagging, deduct 50 points each at once—these are intolerable faults. If

she is an "ailing" hypochondriac type, also deduct 50

Again, some women have a penchant for unnecessary advice which is almost as bad as nagging, though it is meant in the kindest way. I am allergic to excessive advice and would discount 40 for this. She may be "bossy" or overbearing. This would count 35 against her.

A certain amount of laziness is excusable, but if she is so lazy that you have had occasion to remark about it to her, knock off 30.

Excessive vanity would deprive her of 25 points. Untidiness discount 15. Personally, I would cut out 15 for an Amazon, too, but use your own judgment. You might want to deduct for the clinging-vine type say 10 points.

If she is jealous or catty discount 10 each. These are irritants in a woman you are going to have to live with.

A woman who is too neat is always putting a man's things away where he can't find them. Ten off for this vice.

If you object to smoking it can be irritating enough to devalue her by 5 points. Any little things about her that get on your nerves may be proportionately discounted.

By this time, you will agree, you have a pretty good angle on the prospective bride.

Four hundred points is a passing score. Most girls will score between 300 and 350. Don't give them a second thought except as friends. From 350 to 400, try going about with her for a time and see if closer acquaintance will improve the score.

Above 400 is definitely the marriage line, and if she scores from 470 to 485 don't read any farther.

Lay down this magazine, pick up the telephone, and tell her to cancel the rest of her engagements for the day, because you're marrying her.

If her score goes over 485 forget her. She is either married already, or an angel.

You couldn't be as lucky as that. You can shoot yourself if you wish.

Strand

A SMALL French town was giving a welcome to a distinguished British general. M. le Maire decided that it would be a graceful compliment to deliver an address of welcome in English, and accordingly got himself coached up in a few flowery phrases in the British tongue. The day arrived, so did the English officer. Wishing to tell the distinguished guest that he was "born to command," the wretched mayor forgot the exact wording and gasped out:

"M'neu, you was made to order!"





THE TWO MARSHALS By Philip Guedalla (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s 6d)

"**E**VERYONE," said Mr Winston Churchill "has his own country and France" Though that applies in the main to European peoples (the British Prime Minister having a strange and pathetic ineptitude for thinking of the world in terms of olive or dusky peoples) France has her devotees in the East to whom the inspiring chronicles of her gallantry make a powerful appeal Temperament and background decide whether Verlaine or the Folies Bergeres, the Rue de la Paix, French cuisine, Degas, Montmartre, a Provençal village or something in the French attitude which makes for a certain fulness and quickening of life compels his allegiance, but that allegiance "*à toutes les gloires de la France*" remains the *gloires* to which Mr Philip

Guedalla has dedicated this book.

"The Two Marshals" tells the story of two French soldiers, Marshal Achille Baxaine and Marshal Pétain, the first born in 1811, a year before the Retreat from Moscow when "France was in her pride and all Europe lay in the shadow of the French army, of the incomparable instrument that had struck down two empires at Austerlitz and broken a kingdom in six hours at Jena," and the second in 1856 so that the two stories present an unbroken record of French military history for over a hundred years

Failing to pass into the Polytechnique, Bazaine at the age of 19 had joined the Foreign Legion, seen service in Algeria, at Oran, and in Spain,

distinguished himself in the African campaign, been appointed to the *bureau Arabe*, an administrative organisation set up by the French army, been given a command abroad, appointed general in Mexico, and in intervals of civil and military duties married Soledad, a charming and beautiful habitué of a night club in Algiers. Returning to France at a time when Bismarck was adroitly planning moves in the game, which threatened to overthrow the Second Empire he was given command of the Third Army at Nancy. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war Bazaine was entrusted with the defence of Metz, a move which was doomed to failure from the start. The Germans marched on to the heart of Paris and his dejected and defeated countrymen looking for a scapegoat for their ill-fortune pounced on the Marshal. A court martial resulted in a sentence of death, reduced later to imprisonment for life in the Ile St. Marguerite from where he managed to escape, eventually taking up service in Spain where he died a broken and disappointed man.

Shrewd, level-headed, liberal-minded, a man of cool courage, brilliant both as a military strategist and as an administrator Bazaine became a victim of the frustrated mood of a

populace (which had shouted itself hoarse when he had passed as a Marshal of France through the streets of Paris) and of the messy and complicated tangle of French politics after the fall of the Second Empire "When the Second Marshal came to power the scapegoat was France."

Born in 1856, brought up by the Dominicans, educated at St. Cyr, Pétain had been in turn Sous Lieutenant in the 24th Chasseurs, captain at *Ecole Supérieure de Guerre*, teacher at the Chalons school of musketry "whose teachers were officially suspected of talking nonsense." From then onwards his promotion was steady and the last Great War saw him in command of operations at Verdun where his passivity and dark brooding moods of pessimism which seemed to paralyse decisive action reflected those defects of character which led to his country's inglorious capitulation in the present war. "Pétain," said Clemenceau at the time to the French premier "is intolerable with his pessimism. Would you believe it, he said something to me which I would not tell any other living being. This is what he said 'The Germans are going to defeat the English in the field and then they are going to defeat us.' Should a

general even talk or think like that?"

Mr Guedalla gives a very lucid and sympathetic survey of the causes that led to the downfall of France in 1940. His portraits of personalities whose moods have shaped the course of history are vivid, Impressionistic, colourful and vivid. His style has lost nothing of the epigrammatic

brilliance of his earlier work so that long accounts of battles and military strategy become readable. "The Two Marshals" is an informative, well-documented and readable book and can be recommended to the general reader who prefers the romances and tragedies of History to those of fiction. He will find these in the present volume well and competently presented.

CONFIDENT MORNING *By Val Guelgud* (Collins, 8sh 6d)

THE historical novel, that interesting hybrid of literature, in which History is camouflaged for the benefit of circulating libraries may leave the critical reader, in some moods dissatisfied, with both its main elements. The spectacle of novelists reaching out in a kind of hysterical emotionalism to invest their characters with qualities hardly warranted by the facts of history, appears tiresome to the cynic in moments when his mind cannot accept the fascinations of unreality. Luckily for writers, the currency of the everyday is normally stamped with the twin medallions of Humanity and Kindliness and hearts are warmed by the spectacle of the heroes and heroines of history decked out in all the heroism, glamour and romance the novelist's imagination is capable of. What appears to restrain

contemporary writers from such activity, however, is the fact that in modern literature virtue is, as it were, no longer considered respectable. Rakes, courtesans, pervers and congenital idiots have replaced the haloed paragons of earlier days—a convention most acceptable to the majority of people who feel uncomfortable when reminded of the finer possibilities of human nature.

"Confident Morning" tells the story of a Polish cavalry officer, Xavier Piankowski, one of the faithful few who accompanied Napoleon to St Helena. Handsome, dashing and gallant, Xavier's exploits, during his career as a spy are linked at various points with treachery, murder, forgery and an exaggerated weakness for women. Greatness eclipsed and fallen is seen in vignettes

of Napoleon at Elba and St Helena, Poland and the Poles are glorified, Marie Walewska appears as the devoted mistress of a ruthless egoist, the gallant Colonel is captivated by Carla D'este, a Polish countess of impeccable virtue and is compelled to sublimate his feelings giving rise to the incidents in

the latter part of the book. The writing sometimes rises above the commonplace but the story as a whole is well constructed and readable and even sophisticated readers will experience an uncomfortable catch in the throat towards the end

HALF A LIFE *By Major C S Jarvis* (John Murray 15 sh)

IN Ranelton, a small town on the Western arm of Lough Swilly, the author took a furnished house during his stay in Ireland for six months on the banks of the River Lennan "Here," he says, "I imagined I had found everything I had asked of life brown trout, sea trout and salmon, waters in almost every direction, in the form of loughs and big and small rivers, sea fishing of the estuary variety, and miles of moorland and bog holding snipe, duck, woodcock and occasionally grouse" This is more or less the keynote of this book whole chapters of which are devoted to fishing, shooting, caravanning, with serious and lengthy discussions on the merits of the dry-fly, of kerosene stoves over open fires and some personal reminiscences of a mildly exciting nature in these fields

Seafaring and soldiering are dealt with in earlier chapters

which include accounts of the Boer War, the Good Old Days, the hardships of soldiering, days with the Imperial Yeomanry and an amusing picture of military duties in Ireland "where the extraordinary part about the detachment was the fact that there were only three duty men (It very nearly fulfilled the requirements of *Punch's* subaltern who said that an ideal battalion should consist of the band and the mess waiters only, the men were a nuisance and spoilt everything) "There was a full complement of officers and N C O's, there were batmen, mess waiters, orderly-room clerks and store-keepers but there were three duty privates and no more They were very fine privates as far as I remember, but they used to look so lost and so surrounded by seniority when they fell in on parade, with a serried supernumerary rank of N C O's behind them and officers in

front of them, that one hardly cared to subject them to the ordeal "

"This was an alternative to life in England which was very humdrum, Victorian and prosaic in the 'eighties and 'nineties, it was so entirely uneventful and supremely commonplace that one could with safety make plans for one's holiday five years ahead and feel complacently secure that nothing would arise in the interim to upset those plans "

Though most of the book is in a minor key (the highlights of Major Jarvis's career having

been dealt with in his earlier books "Three Deserts" and "Oriental Spotlight") it makes agreeable reading as the author has a bright and amusing style and a notable and very English sense of humour "*Half a Life*" deals with what the author has seen and done rather than with what he has thought or felt Readers who look for revelation of personality in an autobiographical work will find little to satisfy them in this book Major Jarvis after dealing in some detail with forty odd years of his life manages to tell us very little indeed about Major Jarvis

THE Inexperienced Doctor suddenly found that his small practice was slipping from him He made discreet inquiries for he was not aware of any error Then it was pointed out to him that on a death certificate, he had signed on the line headed 'Cause of Death'

THE Vicar of the country village, under stress of emotion, telegraphed to his bishop 'Regret inform you of death of my wife Can you find me substitute for week-end?'

'Did you like the sermon, Jack?'

'Very much'

'What was it about?'

'Marriage'

'Did the preacher give you some good advice?'

'I wish I knew as little about it as he does!'

AN Immigrant was filling up forms The first question was 'Born? He put 'Yes'

Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

"HAMARI BAAT" RE-INSTATES DEVIKA RANI AND BOMBAY TALKIES

AFTER a period of comparative obscurity, Devika Rani emerges into the limelight again with *HAMARI BAAT* which had its all-India premiere on October 22 at the Imperial amidst scenes of unprecedented enthusiasm



Devika Rani

The position of Bombay Talkies under the new regime had been a matter of speculation for the past ten months. With the Mukerjee team out of it, would it be able to maintain the high standard that had distinguished its past products? This was the question that had been uppermost in the minds of the public and the critics alike ever since Devika Rani was placed at the helm of the production side of the company. Those who were sceptical on this point have now been reassured by *Hamari Baat*, which re-

instates Bombay Talkies in its former position of glory and prestige

The absence of Devika Rani from the screen for over two years since *Anjan* had practically eclipsed her career as a star. *Hamari Baat* places her again on the high pedestal as the First Lady of the Indian Screen. Her histrionic talents, as revealed in this film, retain all the brilliance and versatility that distinguished her starry career from *Achhut Kanya* to *Anjan*.

Hamari Baat further gives to the industry a new producer in Mr. Amiya Chakravarty, who shot into prominence with *Basant* as the luckiest director. The new film now places him in a line with our front-rank producers.

"TANSEN"

WE have received the following from Mr Pitambar V. Chitnis.

A slight inaccuracy has crept in your Film-Editor's review of the picture "Tansen." Says your Film-Editor "Tablas were given their commanding place in the Indian Orchestra by Tansen." To the rich musical genius of Tansen India doubtless owes much that is good in her musical heritage. For it was this musical giant that composed the immortal Ragas like Darbari and Malkauns, and Tansen's fame both as a com-

poser and artist has been unequalled yet. But it is no fact to say that Tablas were given the commanding place by him. Tablas were not brain-children of Tansen, having come into vogue with the advent of Adarang and Sadarang, the two brothers who introduced Khyal system. In the days of Tansen and his contemporaries only the Dhrupad-Dhamar variety held the popular fancy. The chief time-keeping accompaniment at that time was Pakhwaja. Nor is it correct to say that there was Indian Orchestra in fashion. Eminent musicians in those days never thought of anything

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SANKHATA PRASAD, KAJJAN MEENA,
SADIQ ALI, K N SINGH, AL NASIR, NAVIN
YAGNIK AND OTHERS

AT **NEW WEST END**

A Minerva Film Exchange Release: Thru' Famous Pictures Ltd

of the orchestral music we see today. The best instrumentalists were famous as mere soloists. It is still the painful want of Indian Music that Orchestra has yet to find its rightful place. It would thus seem that both Tabla and Orchestra find no mention in the musical history of India. Much could be said on the music as it was during the time of Tansen, but I am afraid the exigencies of space would not permit of it. So I would only request you to publish this letter in your columns so that the erroneous impression will be avoided.



Chhaya Devi in Debi Bose's
"Ramanuj" drawing packed houses
at the Novelty

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MADHUSUDAN

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Art Conception by **KANU DESAI**

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Starring
RATNAMALA

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"POONJI"

A picture that film-goers have long been eagerly looking forward to, Producer Dalsukh Pancholi's star creation, "Poonji" has its premiere at the Central Cinema on October 23

* "Poonji" is known to be the celebrated Lahore producer's "magnum opus" Starting with a story written by himself, producer Pancholi has taken more pains personally on this film than on any other of his outstanding successes. With music and comedy as its show- fronts, he has invested in it the bulk of his studio's acting talent, Manorama, Ismail, Baby



Mumtaz Shanti and Ullhas in a romantic moment from *Gitanjali* at the Lamington Sawai.

Akhtar, Ajmal, Miss Pandey and several others, and has, in addition, featured a new artiste, Ragini, in a leading role

Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj has written the dialogues of "Poonji,"

RAMNIK PRODUCTION'S 3 SUPER SOCIALS
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HARISH & MAYA
BANNERJEE
REKHA
Directed by
**RAMCHANDRA
THAKUR**
DULHAN
Starring
SHAHU MODAK
YASHODHARA
KATJU, RAMA
SHUKUL, MAYA
BANNERJEE
Directed by
GUNJAL
Starring
LEELA CHITNIS,
ASHOK KUMAR,
RAMA SHUKUL,
KUSUM
DESHPANDE
KIRAN
Directed by
**GAJANAND
JAGIRDAR**
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while three different literary celebrities were commissioned to compose the lyrics

A Pancholi picture is not known to be anything but great, and "Poonji" is one that its producer has especially designed to be worthy of his reputation

"SHAKUNTALA"

MUCH printer's ink has been let loose in the local press, the film press to be precise, ever since Shantarams' "Shakuntala" has been released at the Swastik with the result that the crowds thronging to see the film continue is to be as



Sohrab Moji who achieves fresh laurels as Producer-Director and Actor in "Prithvi Vallabh"

thick as ever! In whatever terms it is discussed, "Shakuntala" has undoubtedly appealed to a number of film-goers with a confidence in their own ability to think and judge for themselves, who do not worry about what this journal or that has to say so long as they derive the necessary recreation and appreciate the everlasting beauty of creative craftsmanship in

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Ullhas who co-stars with Mumtaz Shanti in 'Sawaal' the popular hit at the Lamington

which Shantaram has always excelled.

Most of the scribes who have been labouring after the controversial issues over "Shakuntala," seem to be forgetting one great truth. The ordinary laymen, who form the majority of the audience, are in no mood to draw parallels between Shantaram and Kalidas. What they are most concerned with is that their favourite director has given a picture of the same technical and artistic standard as his past productions—of the same style, in the same spirit, with the same mastery and eloquence and to the same effect. That

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AFTER WHOSE SON OUR COUNTRY CAME
TO BE KNOWN AS BHARAT VARSH—



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Starring JAYASHREE, CHANDRAMOHAN

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is an important and supreme test. And in satisfying this test in the fullest measure, Shantaram has won

"PRITHVI VALLABH"

THERE are people in this movie land who specialize in certain aspects only. There are those who specialize in socials, mythologicals, light, slapstick comedies, and song-cum-dance extravaganzas. But so far as historicals are concerned, there is only one person worth the name—Sohrab Modi! And when he is amidst his choicest field, there is nothing to prevent him from doing wonders.



Ragini in Pancholis Poonji, released at the Central.

A Picture that has

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all packed in one

**MUMTAZ SHANTI
ULHAS**

SAWAAL

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PANNALAL GHOSH

(‘Basant’ Fame)

Story

SARADINDU BANNERJEE

(‘Kangan’—‘Bandan’)

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Unrivalled, undaunted and unhesitating, Sohrab Modi, the creator of "Pukar" and "Sikandar," has made another marvellous movie historical—"Prithvi Vallabh." And who wants to be told that he has—as he must have—done it with all the skill brilliance, resourcefulness and capability, he is known for? "Prithvi Vallabh" re-establishes the Modi traditions of spectacular productions of greater and grander dramatic heights with a stronger force.

"Prithvi Vallabh" is literally a story of two rival kingdoms, Avantipur and Talangan, which were always at war with

each other. In the words of Mr K. M. Munshi (the author) himself, it possesses the knack to be popular. And so it does. In the first place the story is distinguished by so much originality, vividness and all-absorbing interest that one rightly feels, as one sees it unfolded on the screen, that such a story had never come on the Indian screen before.

"RAM RAJYA"

ACKNOWLEDGED as a motion picture that belongs to the category which paves the way for a better understanding of human relations, duties and responsibili-

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KHAN DAAN,
ZAMINDAR,
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POONJI

A PANCHOLI ART PICTURE
DELIGHTING EVERY HEART

AT **CENTRAL**

A "FAMOUS" RELEASE



Starring:

RAGINI, BABY AKHTAR
MANORAMA,
Miss PANDAY, M ESMAIL
JAYANT and AJMAL

ties and a nobler vision through which the "lives of our great men and women remind us we can make our life sublime," Prakash's "Ram Rajya" is the type of film that seldom comes our way—a picture which, to use the typical phrase, knows no death!

In fact "Ram Rajya" goes a little beyond our expectations based on the merits and greatness of its predecessor "Bharat Milap", and most people who have seen the film rightly declare that in many respects, "Ram Rajya" beats its predecessor—rather amazingly.

The subject, translated as it is from the pages of the

immortal Rammayana, is well-known to every student of history and equally familiar to innumerable Indian homes. In the film, however, is laid particular stress on the characterization of Sita and the interpretation by means of which she is glorified is simply panegyric.

As is natural the film abounds in supernatural sentiment and sacramental appeal that dominate it ad finem. The technical and other production values of the picture come up very well doing full justice to the greatness of the theme as well as the integrity of it.



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Starring

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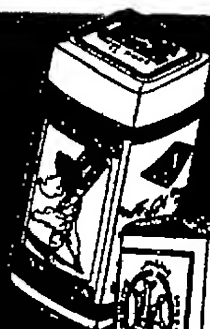
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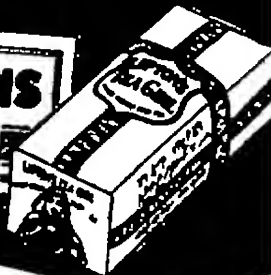


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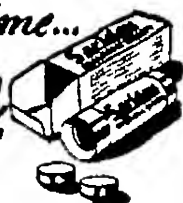
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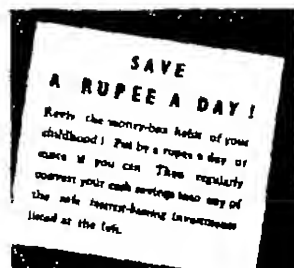
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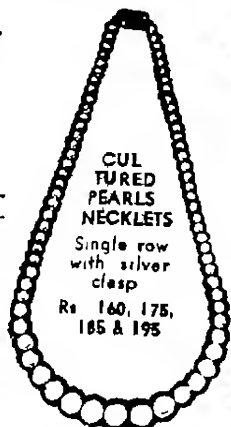


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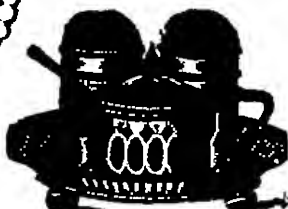
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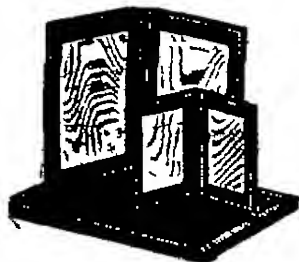
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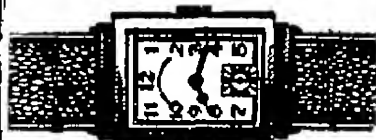
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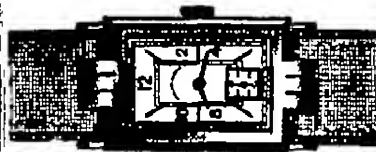


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The Face of Europe After the War

S N CHOUDRIE

WE are all very sure that the war in Europe would come to an end pretty soon. We are not so sure about the face of Europe after the war, beyond that it would be badly bruised and scarred. The devastated areas will have to be rebuilt, the occupied countries, famished and starving, would have to be put back to their jobs. Whatever the political, economic and social configuration of post-war Europe, a period of transition, economic rehabilitation and reconstruction are therefore inevitable. Thus far we can see clearly enough. Granted, Europe has to be rehabilitated, but on what lines? This would depend a great deal on the actual alignment of political forces at the time of cessation of hostilities. And since Russia is in the war and would naturally have a hand in settling the terms of peace, the pattern of economic life in post-war Europe may be very different from what it had been in the past. This introduces an altogether uncertain element into the situation, apart from the very big changes in the economic and political structure of

the democratic countries themselves likely to be wrought by war.

Already before World War II, unemployment was forcing the governments of the democratic countries to intervene more and more in many spheres of trade and industry. The war took up the slack. For instance, when America joined the war, she had 7,000,000 unemployed and the U.S. heavy industries were working only 40 per cent of their capacity. Not many months after Pearl Harbour, the most acute problem that America had to face was the shortage of man-power. There can be, therefore no going back to the past. The scope of government intervention, on the contrary, is likely to be extended though what precise lines this intervention will take cannot be surmised. The organisation of production may be left unchanged and resulting fluctuations in earnings and employment remedied by ameliorative measures on the lines of Beveridge's Social Security Scheme. Or production and trade may be brought under indirect, but nevertheless effective, control.

through controlling the capital market. These alternatives are not mutually exclusive, a combination of both is the more likely eventuality.

The root cause of break down of international economic relationships in the past would be sought to be remedied by the adoption of measures which mark a similar break with the past. Both the American and British schemes for international currency concede the right to every country to attain a large measure of self-sufficiency and accept as inevitable that the volume of foreign trade would be smaller than hitherto. The scope for foreign lending in both the schemes is severely restricted, the possibility of forcing exports on unwilling countries and of competitive devaluation are ruled out. The economic system envisaged, in short, is one in which, to use the familiar language of economists, prosperity is sacrificed for stability. This is how Lord Keynes the star economist of Britain, hopes to salvage foreign trade and foreign lending from the welter of post-war chaos, incidentally relaxing the world's dependence on gold. U S Treasury Chief Morgenthau agrees, with reservation regarding the position of gold.

These outlines of post-war economy are not entirely fanci-

ful and what is more to the point, post-war reconstruction is no longer in the academic stage either. Otherwise Mr Winston Churchill would not have been in such a hurry to re-shuffle his cabinet so soon after snubbing the enthusiasts who are too impatient to celebrate Victory. Nor would he have transferred Lord Woolton, who had acquired immense popularity as the Minister for Food and given him the post-war reconstruction portfolio.

We have deliberately left out from these conjectural outlines of post-war Europe the Eastern countries altogether, for when peace is restored in Europe, Japan will remain to be tackled. We cannot leave out Russia from the picture. But we cannot bring her in either, without destroying in essentials the neat structure of the post-war Europe. Mr Winston Churchill seems to have in mind, not withstanding the success of the Moscow Conference and the assurance of the completest agreement on all points reached there.

Without claiming the gift of prophecy and without any pretence of being in the know of things, one can still contemplate the political scene in Europe and seek enlightenment. War aims have not been defined, neither have the aims of peace been formulated except in the

very general terms of the Atlantic Charter of which Stalin was not a signatory. The key to the future may more fruitfully be sought in the current war situation which is rapidly drawing to a denouement than in the abstract generalisations of freedom and democracy. Italy has been invaded the next, item on the cards is the opening of a real second front in Western Europe. Britain must do everything that is humanly possible to make sure that Germany does not raise her head in another fifteen or twenty years and plunge Europe in another war. Disarmament would not be enough. The spectre of a militant Reich can be exercised only if there is no Germany in the map of Europe,—this is one view. In the place of the present Reich, there would be a number of smaller States, Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, etc., dependent on Anglo-American money and arms for their very existence. Britain would naturally be more keenly interested in the dismemberment of Germany than the Americans who have the Atlantic between them and Europe, while for the Britishers it is a question of the safety of their hearth and home. The U.S. State department has inclined towards a much more compromising attitude in the past in its handling of the French in North Africa and of Badoglio and Victor Emmanuel

in Italy than what is demanded for a completely new order. Soviet Russia is as keenly interested in the future of Germany as Britain if not more. After all twenty miles of sea is a barrier that has stood the test of time; the frontiers between Germany and the land of the Soviets are more easily crossed. This provides the best key to the future. The British viewpoint presented by the Royal Institute of International affairs emphasises that control over every aspect of German life, political, economic, educational and cultural may have to be instituted and enforced if the extremes of unduluted coercion by force and 'unguarded' co-operation are to be avoided. The chances are, however, that the taming of Germany will fall more to the lot of Russia, which carries in her present system,—to quote a recent critic of the Chatham House report, more potent urgents to fight aggressive nationalism than any at the disposal of Britain.

This is the crux of the problem. Stalin's foreign policy has one and only one, Keystone—not world revolution, the liquidation of the Communist International is the final answer to that,—but the strengthening of Soviet Frontier. And the Reich is too uncomfortably near the Soviet frontier. Germany must re-

main on the map, without her active co-operation peace of Europe would not be worth a fortnight's purchase. But it must have a government sympathetic to it with which the Soviet can collaborate in the rehabilitation of Europe. It may not be without significance that while London and Washington between them sheltered a score of "free" governments, the Free French, Free Norwegians, Free Dutch and so on, Moscow had only one, the Government of Free Germany. It is true that by a magic stroke at the Moscow Conference, Cordell Hull has regained his reputation and the U S State Department is no longer the target of that campaign of

abuse which greeted almost every phase of its policy since 1939. True, the Italian King has not abdicated yet, Badoglio's Government has no room yet for the anti-Fascist Liberals. But there is no mistaking which way the wind is blowing. If the success of the Moscow Conference inaugurates an era of collaboration for the re-fashioning of Europe after the war, we are faced with the imponderable problem what would the face of Europe look like? The Hammer and Sickle, under Joe Stalin's deft handling, must have some dents on the neat pattern of post-war economy so cautiously being sponsored by Keynes Morgenthau & Co?

THE expectant father rang up the nursing home for news. They told him he was just in time. It was a boy. He rang off, rang several friends, and went out to drink the child's health.

He did it enthusiastically, and then thought he would ring up again, just to see how his wife was faring.

The nursing home said everything was going well. He now had twins.

The father thought that was a riot, rang up his friends, and celebrated with double intensity.

Then, rather hazy about his previous movements, to say nothing of his present ones, he rang up again and asked how things were going.

Unfortunately, by mistake, he was put through to Lord's. The answer was 'Oh, fine, we've got them all. The last two were ducks.'

Loquacious Barber 'I don't think I remember your face, sir.'

Customer 'No, you wouldn't. It's healed up a lot since my last visit.'

Bathe and the world bathes with you- bath and you bath alone

Food or Freedom ?

U G RAO

THE new Viceroy continues to be silent over the political issue. This has naturally led to a little impatience in quarters which were very optimistic that Lord Wavell's arrival would immediately lead to a new era of peace and happiness in Indo-British relations. But impatience has not given place to disappointment, for India has come to regard the new Viceroy as a man who prefers action to words and who, when the time for tackling the political problem arrives, will go about it with as little fuss and as little ceremony as he went about the Bengal tragedy.

It is today a commonplace to say that India is tired of sweet words and vague promises. The value of the spoken word has depreciated to such an extent that only effective action can restore it to its old glory. It would be a wise thing for administrators in this country to deny themselves the pleasure of speech for some time, so that at least the resulting shortage of speeches might send up their value. For the rest, it appears most advisable

that action should be the keynote of all policy until such time as India has come out of the present crisis.

WAVELL'S RESTRAINT

Nobody seems to appreciate this better than Lord Wavell. Since he came to India he has not made more than a couple of very brief statements, and they were terse, clear and pointed. He even postponed an address to the Central Legislature on the ground that he was completely absorbed in the food problem and that he had no time to study fully the political situation. To those who usually look forward to sudden and sensational gestures this might have meant a little discouragement. But those who can understand that the Indian problem is not one that can be settled by a flamboyant address to the Legislature, but only by patient and tactful negotiations will appreciate the Viceroy's restraint.

No doubt, there is very little time to be lost. No doubt, the problem of food shortage could be much more easily and much more drastically handled if

there were a political settlement and popular parties could be prevailed upon to participate in the administration, both central and provincial. But the urgency of ending the tragic situation in Bengal with whatever means are immediately available, is such that the idea of holding it up in the hope of a political settlement and, consequently, of better means sounds imprudent. The famine in Bengal and its possible spread into other provinces demands the country's first attention. If at the same time a political agreement can be arrived at, so much the better, but certainly the one cannot wait for the other.

TWO PROBLEMS

After setting forth the relative importance of the two problems in the present and immediate future, I cannot forbear to take a long-range view of the same when a strange, almost paradoxical, interchange of importance takes place. The famine is no doubt our first concern today, or at least it should be. But taking a rather broad view of the whole question, the more fundamental problem, the problem of India's freedom, looms larger.

One cannot avoid the thought whether if a popular government were at the centre, the country would have been allowed to sink

into such misery, despite the timely warnings of those who could clearly see what was coming, whether if a such a situation did arise, more prompt and drastic measures would not have been taken to nip the evil in the bud, whether the world would have had a chance to see the petty and selfish wranglings of rival provinces over the question of parting with surplus food when men died like flies in unhappy Bengal of agonising starvation, and whether better and more substantial relief could not have been organised in lesser time and whether public sympathy and co-operation could not have been more quickly enlisted.

A BLEAK FUTURE

These thoughts cannot be avoided, nor the thoughts that relate to the future. The present is bad enough, but the future appears positively frightful. Apart from administrative inefficiency, lack of transport facilities, faulty distribution, unwise exports, provincial rivalries, hoarding, the black market, inflation and a score of other factors which have been blamed for the present misery, there appears to be a widening gulf between the quantity of foodstuffs which this country can actually produce and the quantity which is required by the rapidly

multiplying population. Even when the other factors are attended to, there is this one of a disquieting gulf between the actual production of and demand for food in India, which portends evil to those parts of the country which have not yet been affected. The tragedy which is now confined only to Bengal and a few other regions may be enacted in all its grimness and horror on the all-India stage and starvation might become truly national in its range!

INDIA WILL RESPOND

Whether the present administration, removed as it is from the people of the country, can grapple with this spectre of national starvation—let us hope it remains a distant spectre when it has all but failed in dealing with a provincial affair, is a question which must be considered by all whom have the interests of this country at

heart, whether they be Indians or Britishers. Lord Wavell has taken up in right earnest the problem of Bengal and he is acting with military promptitude and directness. The country is grateful to him for this heartening gesture, and will not bother him with political questions until the task he has taken in hand is disposed of.

But when this task is finished will not Wavell proceed to the more fundamental task of dealing with India's political problem, which is the indirect cause of most of our misery? And if in tackling this, he shows the same earnestness and drive which he has shown in the case of Bengal, then India may yet be saved from disaster and a grateful people won over for the cause of freedom and democracy in the world, for a generous move will not find India sullen and unresponsive, even at this late hour.

Film Star's Publicity Agent 'Send a good reporter round. I'll give you the full story of the jewel theft.'

'Right. When did the theft take place?'

Agent 'Next Wednesday.'

BLACK 'You, a married man and sitting there sewing a button on while your wife is in the house.'

White 'Quietly, please. This is my wife's jacket I'm repairing.'



CLIDE-
LEWIS

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"Private Buck reporting from reconnaissance through the
heart of the enemy lines, Sir!"

The Air Plan

Francis Vivian Drake, from whose new book *Vertical Warfare* (Doubleday Doran, \$ 3) this article is taken, is an authority on the growth and strategical use of airpower. A member of the R A F in the last war, he was later loaned to the U S Army Air Force as an Instructor. Now a U S Citizen, he began in 1938 to write articles and books advocating the construction and concentration of long-range bombing power.

His views mirror those of many high-ranking members of Army air circles.

FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

THE use of American and British air power as a primary independent weapon for the destruction of enemy war production and for the defeat of Germany and Japan resolves itself into what is known as the Air Plan.

This plan does not derive from armchair strategists, nor is it fancifully supported by ifs and buts and unrealities. It is based on the convictions of high air officers of both countries, of the practical men who are personally responsible for the air war and who, as a result, do not arrive at conclusions lightly.

It is their considered judgment that a great air offensive presents the United Nations with the quickest and most economical working

method of ending this war with the least expenditure of human life. The air plan is further supported by the Allied fliers who look at Germany week after week through their bomb-sights, who analyze the photographs after every attack, study the secret Intelligence reports, and assess the actual destruction inflicted on the Reich.

The plan is not dependent on the still-unrealized production figures of tomorrow. It is realistically based on the bomber production we have now, on the basis we have now, and on the condition of the Axis as it presents itself now.

There is not space to quote all these professional opinions individually, but those given below may be taken as re-

representative of the thinking of the joint air forces. They are the remarks of outstanding Allied air commanders

General H H Arnold, Commanding-General of the United States Air Forces, made the following statement

The German, Italians, and yes, the Japanese, see the handwriting on the wall. Our plans call for bombing to destruction their factories, their transportation and communication system, their U-boats yards, the industries making their critical items

Air Marshal Sir Arthur T Harris, chief of the R A F Bomber Command, stated

If I could send a thousand bombers over Germany every night, Germany would not be in the war by autumn

Major-General Ira C Eaker, Commanding the United States Eighth Air Force in Britain, summarized his view as follows

There are enough airdromes in the British Isles, now built and building, to accommodate the air forces needed for the destruction of Germany. By destroying the enemy's aircraft factories you can put an end to his air force. By destroying his munition plants and communications you can bring his armies to a halt. By destroying his shipyards you can

make it impossible for him to build submarines. There is nothing that can be destroyed by gunfire that cannot be destroyed by bombs

At the outset it must be understood that any air plan, whether it be a secret military document accessible only to the combined chief of staff or a sample plan such as that about to be described, is governed by two basic essentials. The first concerns the type of bomber and the number of bombers actually available. The second, which ratifies the fundamental principle underlying all armed combat, is CONCENTRATION.

Up to the summer of 1943 this second condition of concentration was the rule most consistently violated in the use of Allied air power. Our heavy bombers were never massively assembled for a strategic air offensive in any one area. They were spread thinner than a coat of paint all over the world, assigned to defensive operations, which, however successful and however sustained, could not bring about the end of a great global war.

Air power has never been and never will be decisive unless this first rule of war is rigidly observed in fact and not just in theory. Sea power and land power could not be decisive either if they were forced

to operate without massed strength; in fact, they could not even be partially effective. It is no use giving an air force a few hundred bombers and inviting it to show what it can do. All it will be able to do will be to make expensive headlines. It cannot bring us final victory, any more than can a few surface divisions.

For an air plan to inflict the death-blow that opens the way to a march of occupation by ground troops, it must deliver an overwhelming, continuous, and crushing series of blows within a short period of time, allowing no respite for recovery, until the enemy is backed to the brink of the final precipice and can choose only between complete annihilation and unconditional surrender. An Air plan considers five essential points, which are similar to those of any practical military programme.

1 What is the *job* to be done?

2 What is the *minimum force* necessary to do it?

3 What *weapons* are there available to do it?

4 How much will it *cost* in men and weapons?

5 How *long* will it take?

The *job* is, first, the destruction of Germany, and, second, the destruction of

Japan. The reasons for this order of attack have previously been dealt with at some length and therefore will merely be summarized here. First, we have no large bases from which to attack Japan, and the Navy cannot steam across the Pacific into the teeth of land-based enemy air power and get them for us. Second, athwart our only other practicable means of access to Japan—the great land and sea routes to China from Europe and India—lie the armies and submarine fleets of Germany. Any major attempt to implement a strategic air offensive against Japan itself is certain to be indecisive and will needlessly sacrifice bomber crews for death by execution or torture. When the blow falls it must be swift and final.

The *minimum force* required by the Air Plan is governed by the method or bombing selected. We know that 40 per cent destruction of industrial areas is believed sufficient to defeat Germany (already laid waste by years of war and heavily committed to a life-and-death struggle in Russia). Destruction would imply the unloading of about six times that tonnage, or around 220,000 tons. This total is so enormous that it is questionable whether German morals could possibly withstand anything like it.

whether or not the actual 40 per cent of industrial destruction had been completed

THE FACTOR OF DESTRUCTION

The force required by precision bombing alone is exceedingly difficult to figure *in terms of tonnage*, since the factor of destruction is governed more by the degree of precision than by the weight of bomb loads. However, since there are less than two hundred key targets in the whole Reich, American airmen estimate that precision bombing by itself would require a tonnage in excess of fifty thousand to bring about the downfall of German war industry.

Any sensible air plan provides for a combination of both methods—for—round the clock bombing. This combination would require in the first phase a minimum striking force of one thousand heavy bombers, and since men and machines cannot be used continuously there should be two thousand more in combat reserve. In the second and final phase a striking force of two thousand bombers, with two thousand in reserve, would be required.

The *weapons* available comprise, as the reader knows, the bombers, the crews, the personnel, the bases, the fuel, the spares, and all the expendable

materials. We already have ample bases, properly defended by a surrounding army in Great Britain. We have ample personnel, ample supplies available for such an attack.

A large proportion of the necessary personnel and supplies are already in Great Britain. To convey the remainder there would involve the minimum possible shipping tonnage through our shortest supply line (over the North Atlantic to Great Britain) and, furthermore, would present a fraction of the undertaking involved in supplying a great land offensive. The air setup that is here proposed would not now require more than two months to prepare—that is two months from actual inception to full-scale operations over Germany.

The joint production of American and British heavy bombers was nearly one thousand a month in July, 1943 and was due to rise to the neighbourhood of fifteen hundred per month later in the year. On top of that there is a production of long-range medium bombers now running to many hundred every month. These, of course, do not represent the heaviest form of strategic air power, but they are very helpful in maintaining our other fronts and might also be used to take part in the kill over Germany as soon as the Luftwaffe disintegrates.

The cost of an air offensive will be largely determined by the losses it sustains in the course of its operations. One cannot tell in advance exactly what this figure will be. One can only approximate it from loss-rate ratios of previous experiences. In this connection it has been made clear that an air offensive cannot hope to be decisive unless it is continuous, in order to bring about saturation of enemy defenses and to prevent interim recovery. Such continuous operation will inevitably be accompanied by continuous losses. If one is to remain effective one must be able to replace those losses and keep the striking force at a constant peak of strength.

For the whole of 1942 and the first four months of 1943 American losses from day precision bombing over Europe averaged about 3 per cent and have since decreased. British losses in night bombing over Europe have averaged 5 per cent. American losses were 80 per cent due to enemy fighters and 20 per cent due to fluke. British losses are believed to have been about 60 per cent due to night fighters and 40 per cent due to fluke.

Integrated with the average number of days and nights in which European weather permits vertical attack, and with the minimum-size task force considered necessary, losses

from a massed air offensive may be anticipated to average about five hundred bombers per month and between four thousand and five thousand men per month for the duration of the offensive. If it were necessary to continue the bombing itself for a total of six months, total losses would be between two thousand and three thousand bombers and between twenty thousand and thirty thousand men, or the equivalent of about two divisions. This represents much less than the Allied losses in North Africa alone.

How long the operation must last (discounting any possible crack in German morale) can best be answered by the number of bombers sent over a target—that is, by the degree of concentration. A few squadrons of bombers will never end the war. An enormous mass of bombers might do it in a month. In terms of the bombers, that the United States and Great Britain have actually available—that is, in terms of the task force about to be described—it is estimated that the offensive would take between four and six months at the most to bring Germany to her knees and make possible an economical march of occupation by our army.

Assembling all these factors into a specific programme to show us what we could actually realize (without reducing the

allocation of bombers necessary to maintain other fronts,) the following United States—British joint task forces emerge

TASK FORCES, FIRST PHASE

	U S R A F	
Combat operational bombers	500	500
Combat reserve	1 000	1 000
Total bombers	3 000	
Planes available per attack	500	500
Maximum loss rate per attack	3%	5%
Attacks per month by day	8	—
Attacks per month by night	—	10
Losses per month	120	250
Total replacements	370	
Joint production	1 000	
Tons of bombs per month	10 000 tons	
Total	40 000 tons	
Total in first sixty days	80 000 tons	

There are already more than fifteen hundred United States and British bombers in Great Britain. The full requisite strength could be readily achieved inside the next two months.

By the time the first phase of operations of the above task force was over, Allied bomber production would already have overtaken losses sustained and made possible a very substantial increase in the task-force strength for the second phase.

Increase in strength, as we have already seen, tends to decrease the loss rate by saturating enemy defences. (During an eight-month period ending April, 1943, the American "token force" in Europe showed a loss rate of about 3

per cent. Immediately the strength was increased the loss rate sank to 2.64 per cent. although the reinforcement had been only moderate.)

If we tend to harp on this subject of saturating enemy defences it is because it has such an important bearing on the time factor required by vertical warfare. It will be recalled that 60 per cent of actual United States bomber losses over Europe has been due to enemy fighters—During the eight-month period mentioned above the United States Eighth Air Force lost 116 bombers and exacted in exchange a toll of 509 fighters destroyed (plus 313 probably destroyed and 206 damaged) a conservative ratio of at least 5 to 1.

During the first phase of the tentative air offensive a loss of 240 American bombers could therefore be anticipated on the strength of our previous maximum 3 per-cent loss rate. Now if our 5 to 1 ratio over enemy fighters could be maintained—and there is every reason to suppose that it could be—this would mean that in the first sixty days our heavily armed bombers could be expected to shoot down about twelve hundred enemy fighters, *which exceeds the total number of German fighters now in western Europe.*

The air forces would therefore have the Luftwaffe over a barrel. If the Luftwaffe withdrew its fighter strength from Russia the Wehrmacht in that theatre would buckle, for no army has yet lost control of the air without losing the battle. If the Luftwaffe continued to come out and fight, it would be destroyed. If it did not come out and fight, American and British losses would be cut to a fraction and the destruction of Germany could proceed unopposed except for anti-aircraft fire.

JOINT TASK FORCE SECOND PHASE

	<i>bomb-</i>
	<i>ers</i>
Combat operational planes --	2,000
Combat reserve --	2,000
Total planes --	4,000
Planes available per attack --	2,000
Average loss rate per attack 3%	
Replacements per month --	560
	<i>tons</i>
Tons of bombs per month --	80,000
Total in second sixty days	160,000

The cost of four such months of operation to the proposed joint task force would be under two thousand bombers out of the six thousand that we shall have produced by that time, which would leave a balance of four thousand heavy bombers all ready to carry out a similar programme of destruction over Japan. Total Allied casualties over Germany would not be in excess of twenty thousand and an appreciable number of these could reasonably be

expected to escape by parachute, as they have in the past. Total loads dropped would be 60,000 tons of bombs. (It should be emphasized once more that American precision bombing is not evaluated in tons but in key—of—the—key destruction.)

THE FACTOR OF MORALE

As we have stated earlier in this chapter, it is outside the realms of probability that the population of any country, no matter how determined or how desperate, could withstand anything like such a terrible tonnage as 240,000 tons of bombs in such a short interval, and it is therefore far more likely that the morale of the Nazi war workers would crack before 40 per cent of Nazi war industry has been destroyed. However, since the morale breakdown is such an unpredictable factor, we must presume that it may be necessary to carry the programme to completion. *In this event the Air Plan would point to a total of four to six months from the beginning of the first phase to the final collapse of Germany, always provided that the specified intensity is maintained.*

Such is the summary of an air plan, derived from the findings of professional airmen and solidly founded on experience and fact.

No military plan of any kind can anticipate success if it is entered into half-heartedly or with a grudging reservation that while it may not win the war, on the other hand, it probably cannot actually *lose* it either. The Air Plan is not a side show. If it is to succeed, it requires the unhedging support of everybody—of the government, of all the armed forces, and of the public which must pay the bill.

Its difficulties will be many, and the greatest of all will be its logistic requirements. It is a tremendous undertaking, but we have already come so far along the road that success is almost in our grasp. Our joint air forces today dwarf those of all three Axis nations, and our arsenal and organization, figured in millions, stand ready behind the Air Plan.

No reasonable person can doubt that accomplishment of the task which has been outlined would bring us face to face with victory. No people, no industrial system could withstand the proposed assault of 240,000 tons of bombs in four months. Moreover this Niagara of destruction would fall not on an industrial system in its first war strength and vigour, but no one has already strained to the breaking points.

The Nazi "master race" has become disillusioned and exhausted by the frightfulness with which it had deluged the world for four long years. It was never promised, blood, sweat, tears. It was promised, categorically and vehemently, a short war and an absolute immunity from all attack, and these promises have been shattered. The memory of early Nazi triumphs is rapidly disappearing under the accumulating debris of the Nazi citadel.

When the end of the World War II comes it will take place with stunning suddenness. The citadel will crack first, and the Nazi armies which garrison the whole continent of Europe will fall apart as a result.

When Europe has been liberated, our ships will once more be free. The submarine menace will be over. The great land bridges to the Far East will open, and we shall stand ready with a trained American-British combat air force of four thousand heavy bombers. The British pledge has already been given to fight wing to wing and shoulder to shoulder with us until the cities of Japan lie in ashes. *What has happened to Germany will be the blueprint of what awaits Japan.*

Always we must come back to the cost of victory. More than all else it is *the lives of our people that matter.* The stakes

above all other stakes are the millions of Allied men in uniform, who, if we can help them to survive, will shape the decent world of tomorrow and pass it on worthily to their children

It would be a shameful thing if we permitted traditional military thinking to purchase victory for us at home at extravagant cost to these men

This scale of human lives has been stressed so that everyone shall have it clearly before his eyes. Let him remember that even if the estimated Air Plan casualties were doubled, the total losses to America and Great Britain would still be less than those of four infantry divisions. And let him remember that if it took only *half* of our present army to win this war by the traditional method of land invasion, the statistics of World War I point to consequent casualties ranging from two million to three million men—eighty to one hundred times greater than those entailed by an adoption of the Air Plan.

In the Air Plan the brunt of the closing phases of the war must fall on the Allied air forces, as in past wars it has fallen on the infantry. Although it is improbable that the air-force casualties over such a short period of time as four to six months would exceed

those involved by long-continued indecisive bombing, the weight of such an undertaking cannot be minimised.

The nervous strain on the bomber crews is perhaps greater than any in the history of warfare. It is incessant and continuous. Individual infantrymen or seamen are seldom exposed to direct attack more than a few times a month the year round and, barring unusual emergencies, there are rest periods between battles.

Even at the present time the life of bomber crews is one long emergency. They fly their high and dangerous missions eight to ten times a month. Every minute of every mission exacts the highest nervous tension. There is no doctor or orderly on board a bomber to care for the wounded, there is no dugout or trench in which they can be placed out of fire until help reaches them. The severely wounded cannot escape from a crippled plane. There is no angle from which death may not come, no second that is free from its threat.

Because a bomber crew is proud of its outfit, of its skipper, of its ship, and of itself as a unit, does not mean that combat missions give it any pleasure. It does not drive any kick out of danger and death, no matter how thrillingly

it exploits may read in to-morrow's paper.

The strain is terrific, and bomber crews carry a load which burns them out if they cannot be rested at frequent intervals. No air assault against Germany or Japan could be maintained without a reserve of two to one in *crews* as well as in planes. Unless crews can be pulled out for rest and diversion and absolute freedom from flying after every group of missions, their nerves will snap and the whole organization will fall apart.

Notwithstanding all this, it is the Air Plan method of ending the war that bomber crews favour unreservedly, and they are eager and impatient to get on with the job. Air leaders and crews alike are convinced of the success that awaits them.

Surely the time is here to test to the full the promise of true vertical warfare. We have the personnel. We have the equipment. Now we only need the will.

Life

THE overseer called a man into his office, and said 'Jock, the foreman is leaving, and I'm glad, after your forty years here, to be able to reward you with his job.'

Jock 'Good, and what will my salary be now?'

Overseer 'Oh, exactly the same as you're getting now, but you can use the office clothes brush.'

Bob 'The trouble is, whenever I'm late home my wife goes into hysterics?'

Nob 'Don't you mean hystericks?'

Bob 'No, I do not. She starts digging up my past.'

THE Passenger waiting on a Midland platform for a slow train to London was astonished to find a fast express, which usually dashed through, coming to a standstill.

He made a dash for a door and jumped in.

'Hi,' shouted a porter, 'you can't do that. It doesn't stop here.'

'That's all right, porter,' retorted the man, 'I haven't got on.'

Grandmother 'I suppose Daphne is really fitted for the battle of life?'

'Well, she's come through five engagements already.'

All are under 50 and all but one
are virtually unknown

These Are Russia's Five Best Generals

MARK GAYN

WHEN Moscow proudly announced names of the Red generals who beat Hitler in the great winter drive, the Russian man in the street was bewildered—he knew so few of them

This strange phenomenon mirrors the Soviet passion for anonymity. It also, to a great degree, reflects the sharp changes wrought in the Red command by the war. The old, the timorous, the incompetent are gone. Those who survive are young, tough and superbly skilled.

Today the average age of Red Army generals is under 45. Russia has air force generals of 32 and army commanders of 38. This matter of age is vitally important. It means that these generals have the physical stamina for round-the-clock, round-the-calendar fighting. It means they have firm nerves. Youth, too, keeps them irreverent toward the orthodox, gives them ingenuity, makes them ready to try new tricks.



Marshal Timoshenko

Finally, their age means that they belong to the Soviet crop, untainted by contact with Czarist Russia, fanatically devoted to Communism.

The Red generals have been one of the major surprises of this war. After the Finnish campaign, the world—including Hitler—smugly gave the Red generals a low rating. Hitler and the world were wrong. These are the men who proved it.

SEMYON TIMOSHENKO, huge, tough as steel and as unbending, is the best-known of the Red generals. Twice, he has met and defeated Hitler's best—before Moscow in 1941 and at Lake Ilmen in the winter of 1943.

Timoshenko first saw Hitler's *Panzer* columns in action in Poland. From there he was rushed to Finland to direct the assault on the Mannerheim Line. When he succeeded, Stalin made him Defense Commissar, emphasizing discipline, mechanization and training. He transformed the Red Army into a smooth-working war machine.

"Tim" was born in a poverty-ridden Bessarabian village 48 years ago. In 1917, a Czarist conscript, he nearly killed an abusive officer with his fists. Saved by the Revolution from court-martial and death, he joined the Red Army.

He rose fast. At 24 he was a cavalry divisional commander. When the civil war ended he was a general, with five wounds and a chestful of decorations—but still an illiterate peasant. Thereafter, 10 years of schooling made him a match for any general in the world.

Timoshenko has what the Russians call *napor*—push, drive, energy. He drinks

lustily, eats heartily, likes women. He is an expert rider and skier, a crack shot, a still better swordsman.

Watching his men at a firing range, he bellows with delight in a deep bass, slaps his thighs with ham-size hands, and then grabs a rifle or sub-machine gun to show "how the experts do it."

Timoshenko loves and understands the common soldier, for at heart he is still a Bessarabian peasant. But he will not hesitate a second in sending a division to certain death if he considers the goal he seeks worth the lives of 18,000 men.

* * *

GEORGII ZHUKOFF, a compact, self-assured officer of 45, is Russia's military mastermind, and a tough fighter. Within four months last winter, he directed the huge offensives in the Ukraine, at Leningrad and at Rzhev.

Zhukoff's motto is "Attack! Attack from the front or from the flank. But always attack!" His favourite weapons are tanks and planes used as a team, and he is expert in evolving new methods. Any indignant Japanese told me this story.

The Japanese Army marched into Outer Mongolia in 1939 and entrenched itself behind a wide and unfordable river where aerial reconnaissance

showed no large Red forces within 100 miles

Then one night there was a dull and distant roar. An hour later huge Soviet tanks were tearing up Japanese defences. Before dawn an entire Japanese division was in full flight.

Months later the Japanese discovered that Zhukoff—anticipating the Japanese drive—had strengthened the river beds with rocks and piles strong enough to support his 30-ton tanks. But they never did learn how he hid his tanks so their observation planes failed to detect them.

Later, called on to draw plans for cracking the Mannerheim Line, Zhukoff built an exact replica of the Finnish defences and went over them painstakingly in search of flaws. He found them. Then special shock troops were trained for assault and these—plus artillery—smashed the Mannerheim Line to bits.

This, then, is Zhukoff—methodical, thorough, unorthodox, skilled. The Red Army calls him its most brilliant general. It has rewarded him lavishly. In 1917, he was a barely literate peasant, in 1940 a full general, today, a marshal.

* * *

FILIP GOLIKOFF, a small sturdy, taciturn man, is Russia's Rommel in daring and brilli-

ance. As a tank tactician, however, he is probably better than the German, for he has bested Heinz Guderian, Rommel's chief and mentor.

In the fall of 1941 Golikoff commanded one of the seven armies defending Moscow. It was a crucial assignment. His opponent was the famous Guderian, who sent one motorized and two tank divisions (800 tanks) into the attack. All Golikoff had was one tank brigade (270 tanks), but so bold and original were his tactics that he kept Guderian at bay until he could get reinforcements. Then he drove the Nazis back.

Golikoff's reward was command of the Voronezh front. The 1942 German plan provided for a break through at Voronezh, and then a sweep northward to Moscow's rear. Voronezh, thus, was the key to Moscow. The Germans captured a part of the key, but Golikoff, stubbornly and skilfully, held the rest of it. Thwarted, the Wehrmacht veered south—to doom at Stalingrad.

Last winter Golikoff struck south from Voronezh, helping to trap the Nazis at Stalingrad and to drive them from Rostov. Then pivoted on Voronezh, Golikoff's army turned until it pointed, not south, but northwest. It was a tremendously difficult

manoeuvre, carried out across snowbound, storm-swept, bitterly defended, territory. In the course of it, Golikoff, at night in a blinding blizzard, surprised and captured Kursk, one of the strongest Nazi forts in Russia.

For this, British-high-ranking officers named him in a poll one of the world's 10 best generals. Only other Russians on the list were Golikoff's two seniors, Timoshenko and Zhukoff.

* * *

NIKOLAI VORONOFF, marshal of artillery, is Zhukoff's opposite number—one of Stalin's two liaison agents who oversee the execution of his strategy.

"A cannon," says Voronoff, "is the god of war." And "A cannon is mightier than a tank." For 25 of his 43 years, cannons have been his constant companions.

Voronoff's biography is simple. He joined the Red Army as a youth of 18. After four years, a battle-scarred veteran, he entered an artillery school in Leningrad, 15 years later he was chief of the Red Army's artillery.

Voronoff has made his artillery battle onrushing Nazi Panzer columns by itself. He also has made it the handmaid

of the infantryman. Today not even platoons go into action without artillery.

Voronoff's guns do not wait at a safe distance until new positions have been cleared for them. They roll ahead with the first wave, and fire over open sights.

When the Red High Command began to map plans for a counter-offensive late last summer, Voronoff came forth with one. He proposed to crush the Nazi "hedgehog" defences, Panzer columns and huge masses of men with fire power.

The test was at Stalingrad. For weeks, under the shroud of darkness, tugs and rafts carried Voronoff's cannon across Volga. On the right bank they were placed in a position and so skilfully camouflaged that the *Luftwaffe* never suspected.

Then at the zero hour the guns spat fire and death. The German gun were destroyed in the first few minutes. Steel-and-log pill-boxes were blasted into bits. Trenches were levelled.

When, an hour later, the Red tanks rumbled into action, there was almost nothing to hinder them but shell craters. Voronoff had proved his points,

A big, cheerful man, with a double chin and a bulbous nose, Voronoff is publicity shy, even for a Russian general

He likes to crack a joke, to drink, and soccer But his real love is artillery He sleeps, eats and dreams cannon

* * *

VASIL CHUIKOFF, a sturdy, soft-spoken ex-farmer 43, is the hero of the siege of Stalingrad, which cost Hitler half a million picked men, a year of precious time and much prestige

When Stalingrad's defences began to buckle last September, the High Command called on Chuikoff He promptly purged all officers who doubted the city could be held, then told his troops that Stalingrad was the end of the world There was to be no retreat

He set up headquarters in a dugout in the side of a ravine Enemy lines were never more than 200 yards away and often only 20 Once Nazis shot liquid fire through the doorway One dugout was demolished by a direct hit Chuikoff changed dugouts five times in a single day, but he never moved into a safer area. And he inspired his men with his own resolution.

Battles were fought for every building, then for every floor, then for every room Ambushes were staged in corridors and liquid fire was shot through holes drilled in floors and ceilings

Chuikoff's typical order read —

"When you rush a house, have a grenade in your hand. Leave your knapsack behind Be sure the grenade is ready for use Hurl the grenade then go ahead Repeat—until you have cleared the house "

When the big push came on October 14, even Chuikoff admitted he had never imagined men could stand so much punishment That today 1,000 Nazi bombers constantly soared overhead, and fire, smoke and the dust of explosions cut visibility to 10 feet But the Germans were stopped

Chuikoff expected to be killed together with his men. The reason they were not is explained by his simple recipe for victory "Guts and the readiness to die "

Chuikoff is one of the eight sons of a peasant who lives on a collective farm not far from Moscow His men like him for his earthiness skill and will. They call him "General Stubbornness."

Look.

WILLKIE:

CRUSADER FOR PEACE

MARQUIS W. CHILDS

WENDELL WILLKIE is talking of his fellow Americans about the peace and the kind of world that must come with victory. Many people in high places would like to silence him. The President and the men around him seem to feel that Willkie is trespassing on their own private preserve. "Men Making Peace, Keep Out"—that is the sign they would hang on the door.

This is the attitude Willkie hits hardest—the intimation that the peace is to be the monopoly of a little coterie of men. Not only Americans but Russians and Chinese and people everywhere must make the peace, in Willkie's view. It cannot be, he says eloquently, an American peace. It cannot be an Anglo-American peace. It must be a world peace.

HE LOOKS THE SAME, BUT
WILLKIE HAS GROWN A LOT

What has happened to Willkie in the two years since his defeat? His is still the same big, energetic, rumpled middle Westerner. Still indifferent to his personal ap-



Willkie

pearance, he runs a big hand through his shock of black hair, hardly touched with gray. He wears the same blue suits that never look quite pressed.

His only recreation, his only relaxation, is talking. After dinner in a friend's apartment in the Savoy-Plaza Hotel in New York, the company took a vote on whether they would go downstairs to see the floor show or stay upstairs and talk. A majority voted for the show, but Willkie argued—so fast and so persuasively, that he

swung enough votes to his side to win

Even with an audience of one, Willkie talks with campaign vigour. He cannot stay seated behind the broad desk in his office. He has to pace back and forth, smacking a ham-like fist against the desk top. His voice booming out with familiar resonance.

But Willkie's horizon is enormously expanded beyond what it was two years ago. He has seen the common people of this earth fighting to preserve their freedom. To a man of his emotional nature, the impact was inevitably great. He has grown in many directions.

Willkie's reaction to Soviet Russia was typical of the man. As an American with an admiration for any thing that works and is successful, he was tremendously impressed by what he saw in Russia. He visited not only armament factories and sections of the front but libraries, museums and cultural centres.

Holding that a library is a gauge to a community, Willkie was amazed to find in the town of Yakutsk in north-eastern Siberia several hundred miles from a railway—a modern library of half a million volumes. For a remote town of 55,000, that was tops, he thought.

NO BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH FOR WILLKIE

He got on famously with Stalin. The two men have an earthly realism that each recognised in the other. Willkie did not stand on protocol in his talks with the boss of the Soviet Union. At one point when Stalin was explaining the phenomenal rise of literacy since 1917, Willkie broke in to say:

"You'd better look out, Mr Stalin. If you aren't careful you'll educate yourself right out of a job."

Stalin laughed heartily at his visitor's bold remark.

Today, far more than in the campaign, Willkie makes his own decisions. He listens to advisers, but he no longer allows them to comb out all the bluntness and reduce him to careful respectability. His friends often plead with him to be cautious. "You'll ruin your chances for '44 if you say that," they argue.

Willkie's answer is invariably that he can't keep silent. In this moment no man should let his personal destiny stand in the way of whatever he can contribute to a better world. That is the crusader speaking.

WILLKIE HE HAS CONCLUDED THAT ROOSEVELT IS OUT TO CUT HIM DOWN

Willkie has recorded what he believes is definite evidence

of a desire on the part of Washington to shut him up or discredit him. The effect has been to make him even more determined to say what he has to say.

First, President Roosevelt failed to give his "personal representative" any hint of the North African invasion plans. This might well have proved embarrassing in his talks with foreign leaders. As it turned out, Willkie got his first intimation of the plan in Egypt from General Montgomery. Later he discussed it at length with high Soviet officials in Moscow. The Russians at that time did not believe the African invasion would create a diversion. In the light of that belief Willkie made his plea for a second front.

After this, the President dropped his remark about being too busy to read what his "personal representative" had to say. There was, it developed, a misunderstanding as to what FDR actually did say, but the mischief was done, and around the world it was taken as a repudiation of Willkie.

At 2 a.m. in his hotel in Chungking, Willkie was wakened by a reporter who showed him a cable from New York that said "Ask Willkie comment on Roosevelt statement his remarks not worth reading."

Imagine how you would have felt if you had been roused

from a sound sleep—the sleep of exhaustion after a trip which had made tremendous demands on energy—and been confronted with such a message. That was the way Willkie reacted. He has a generous capacity for anger and he was mad all the way through. He stayed mad and the meeting between Roosevelt and Willkie on his return is said to have been heated.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CANCELLED RECEPTION

In small ways as well as big the President seemed determined to belittle Willkie. There was FDR's press conference crack at Willkie's pronunciation of "reservoir" in the speech reporting on his trip. State department officials inspired columns that intimated Willkie had been so carefully chaperoned on his visit to Russia that he had seen little or nothing.

A few days before he was to speak in Toronto for Russian War Relief, the city decided against giving him a reception. After the speech, a high official of Ontario province told Willkie that cancellation of the reception had been "suggested" by Washington.

Secretary of War Stimson requested Willkie to delete from an article his attack on the Darlan deal in North Africa. He refused. A day later the President assured the

country that the men of Vichy were only temporarily in command.

Administration moves have often come like this—after the royal oppositionist has smoked them out.

Why the effort to cut Willkie down? Political strategy may be one answer. If Roosevelt were to be a candidate in '44, or even if a Roosevelt man like Wallace were to be the nominee, his platform obviously would be one of international co-operation.

Now if the Republicans take the cautious, discreet course and nominate a man whose neutral colouration would appease the isolationists within their ranks, Roosevelt or his man would have a good chance of making it look like a choice between world co-operation—a better order, a secure peace—and isolationism—"normalcy," standpattism. In such a race even a fourth-term candidate would have an advantage.

But what if Willkie were the G. O. P. nominee? Then it would not be possible to make it seem a choice between isolationism, the old order and a new, secure peace. For Willkie has actually been ahead of FDR in advocating that the peoples of the earth co-operate in a new and realistic congress of nations.

THIS IS WHERE WILLKIE STANDS—AND FIGHTS

In the bitterness of the 1940 campaign, free-hand oratory often flowed with little discrimination for facts. But Willkie can point to his San Francisco foreign speech as represented what he believed then and still believes today. He said —

"We are a commercial people and we must therefore build up the commerce of the world. We are a peaceful people and we must therefore strengthen peace by giving other peoples—democratic peoples—our economic support."

"By this I mean that we must above all things, work toward a high standard of living not only here in America, but in other countries."

A high standard of living in Canada, in Mexico, in South America, in the Orient, and perhaps some day in shattered Europe, provides the only hope for democracy.

The wise boys, the party bosses, tend to write Willkie off the political books. They will not concede that he has a political future. But events may prove them wrong. There is evidence that Willkie still has a strong hold on millions of voting Americans.

For his followers—and today this would include some who have lost faith in Roosevelt—Willkie is a symbol of hope, a figure to kindle the imagination.

Look.

The Ring Of The Hammer

B B MAMA

ON an epoch-making November day, 25 years ago, was launched the gigantic and world-shaking *coup-d'etat* which was the beginning of the Great Experiment in the largest country in the world, sprawling over one-seventh of the earth-surface. The Bolshevik Revolution certainly changed "Holy" Russia with its corruption and despotism into "Red" Russia with its sweeping reforms, its collective farms, its socialist doctrine, its industrial, technical and cultural progress.

Those were grim, critical days for the Soviet, trying to assert the rule of the Hammer and the Sickle. Czarist Russia was then in the birth-pangs of a new, startling ideology, a creed which promised the down-trodden and victimized proletariat security, strength, power. Lenin had lighted the flaming torch of hope. "The meek shall inherit the earth"—says the Gospel.

Sobriety and moderation are definitely not Russian virtues. The middle course of caution and timidity is not for them. Jennie Lee writes: "Soviet citizens have never lacked ex-



Joseph Stalin

citement. They and their country go lurching forward in gigantic enterprises of such great moments that the rest of the world is left gasping. And why should they falter? Was not the great, incomparable Lenin at the helm?

In those early, fateful days of far-off 1917, Bolshevism wrought confusion and bewilderment by shaking the muzik and the boyar out of their slavish stupor and abject surrender to the cruel will of the despots of Czardom Russia was now being regenerated,

but in the process many unfortunates were swept aside. The great wind of Socialism had risen to cleanse the land of all its filth. But in the intoxicating period of transition, the bourgeois-revolutionaries, enjoying unbridled authority, lost sight of their limitations. They prated about World Revolution, the Communist Conflagration of the Cosmos, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and suck-like slogans which became terrible weapons in wrong hands. Leon Trotsky dreamed these futile, dangerous dreams—phantasms which, if realized, would have drugged the conscience and let loose a regime of terror, similar to Robespierre's domination of the France of 1793.

The Trotskyites, in their menacing bid for power, were outclassed and finally crushed, by the Party which grew up round the son of a Georgian shoe-maker—Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin—today the most enigmatic personality in World Politics, the Question Mark of the Century. He looked upon Trotsky's Utopian fancies with stolid, profound scepticism. He realized with his peasant clarity of vision that a violent revolution would jeopardise the existence of the newly-born Nation, moreover, it held out no chance of a complete success in the autocracies of Europe

nor among the Asiatic peoples. His unequivocal aim (from whose path he has never swerved) was to make Russia powerful and resilient enough to withstand aggression from without. He therefore concentrated on the expansion and modernization of Russian industry, the mechanization of Russian agriculture, the spread of Russian technical education. But his most important task was the organizing, training and equipping of an efficient and mighty Red Army, Navy and Airforce.

With this end in view Stalin began his work of reform and reconstruction. "We must build a great, industrial Empire in the East capable of maintaining millions of soldiers in the field! We must transform the barren, ancient, nomad, steppe desert into an irrigated rail served centre of twentieth century industry!"—With incredible, remarkable foresight, Stalin set these goals before him in the year 1928, as the frame-work of his First Five Year Plan. These much-ridiculed but truly colossal Plans gave the U S S R a tremendous inward bulwark against the devastating shock of the Hun Invasion 800 miles East of today's battle-lines, Stalin patiently but inexorably created his formidable Ural stronghold—the secret of Soviet Russia's

epic resistance and striking force. The astounding growth of new metallurgical and tool industries in the vast interior of the icy, bleak deserts of Siberia, far from hostile frontiers and potential fronts, have made foreign journalists and so-called military experts shame-facedly revise their opinions as to how long Russia can wage war today against an armed and brutal foe.

Stalin succeeded because of his very ruthless, uncompromising treatment of political agitators, traitors and saboteurs of his regime. He purged the Communist Party and the Socialist State of undesirable elements. He was one of those clear-sighted individuals (Winston Churchill was another) who drew the reluctant attention of the Western democracies to the world-wide menace of Fascism and German Imperialist aspirations.

Yet we find this gifted and renowned "vozhd" (Leader) of Soviet Russia signing on August 23, 1939, a Non-aggression Pact with his arch-enemy Nazi-Germany. London, Paris, Washington and the Chancellories of Europe witnessed traditional foes, the Teuton and the Slav, fraternizing and patting each other on the back (with a loaded revolver in their pockets). Joseph Stalin was shaking hands with the Fuehrer of the Third Reich,

the house-painter who, in his ranting speeches, designated the great Russian leader as "The scum of the Earth." It was Adolf Hitler who raised the "Bolshevik bogey" calling it the barbarous encroachment of a godless creed upon the cultural frontiers of Europe. And now Stalin was greeting as an Ally the man who had castigated him and his country in the foulest language. World opinion staggered before the impact of this classic contradiction in a Man's and a Nation's character. However quiet thinking and a careful valuation of Soviet diplomatic policy will show that there is no double-dealing on Russia's side, no perfidious collaboration with a historic foe, like that of the renegade-traitor Pierre Laval, nor a misguided policy of appeasement like that of the late Neville Chamberlain.

Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin had his country's welfare and greatness at heart. He was not "selling" the land over which he ruled, as certain non-significant ignoramuses, who are popularly and contemptuously called "armchair critics," used to assert during and after the period of the Soviet-German Pact. Stalin was bargaining for that elusive commodity over which mortal man has no control—TIME. "In war, ask of me anything but Time"—so remarked the

would-be conqueror of another century, Napoleon Bonaparte TIME, time enough to prepare his grim, sturdy people for the titanic death-grapple with the German juggernaut of war. Readers may be tempted to ask what confirmation I could offer for this very convenient hypothesis. Let Kenneth S. Davis, formerly information officer of United States Department of Agriculture, speak in this connection:

"By the summer of 1941, Russia is completely on a war-footing. It appears to the Soviet leaders that the policy of stalling off Hitler has reached a point of diminishing returns so far as Russia is concerned. Continued longer, the policy will reduce rather than increase Russia's relative strength. By forcing the issue now, Stalin can force Hitler to fight—and for the first time in a serious way—on two fronts. Accordingly Stalin makes his decision—now is the time for the inevitable war between the Soviet Union and Nazi-Germany. It is Stalin's decision, not Hitler's. It is Stalin who masses troop and war materials, as though preparing for attack, probably it is Stalin who spreads rumours and creates psychological tension between Nazi-dominated Europe and the Soviet Union. Almost certainly it is Stalin who lets the world know that by August he will be ready to attack. Very probably this is the bait for Hitler. As the last and crowning achievement of his foreign policy, Stalin sees

to it that it is Hitler (striving to claim the tactical advantage of 'surprise') who breaks the Nazi-Soviet Pact—not Russia, thus he keeps intact Russia's reputation for never breaking her treaties"

Events have certainly borne out the wisdom of the "strange" step Stalin took. In 1939 Russia faced probable defeat. By postponing war for a few valuable months, Stalin has assured us of Soviet victory not a cheap nor a dazzling victory, but the well-earned fruits of a stubborn and magnificent struggle, beyond compare in the history of warfare. On this point, it is well to recall Mr. Davis' significant comments:

"IT IS ENTIRELY POSSIBLE THAT WHEN THE FINAL HISTORY OF THIS GREAT WORLD CRISIS IS WRITTEN, STALIN WILL STAND OUT AT THE MAN WHO SAVED THE CIVILIZED WORLD IN SPITE OF ITSELF THROUGH ONE OF THE MOST PROFOUNDLY BRILLIANT PIECES OF STRATEGY THAT HAS EVER BEEN EMPLOYED BY A NATIONAL LEADER DURING AN INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT."

The Battle of Russia is a Homeric clash—awe-inspiring, breath-taking—comparable to the thunder-and-lightning contests of Greek gods of legendary fame, or to the savage trampling and clawing of pre-historic monsters. But the Soviet War is not merely a grotesque Wellmanian phantasy,—it is more than that. The peoples of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics are

strongly indivisible, each man, woman and child of them is consumed with one fiery thought in this great patriotic war of liberation for their Motherland—the extermination of the evil of fascist aggression and Prussian militarism—an evil which destroys and burns, tortures and rapes, pollutes and desecrates

The Russians have reason to hate and abhor the German Invader. On April 30, 1942, M. Molotov testified that “documents captured from the headquarters of routed German army units prove that the bloody crimes and atrocities are carried out in accordance with plans carefully elaborated and worked out in detail and in accordance with the orders of the German Command. Among the papers seized was a secret document of 28 pages issued by Reich Marschall Goering in June 1941. The orders are simple and ruthless —

“The first task is to ensure within the shortest possible time the complete supply of the German troops with food at the expense of the occupied regions. All raw materials, semi-finished and finished goods which we need must be with drawn from the market by means of orders, requisitions and confiscation.”

The Order of Field-Marshal von Reichenau, of October 10, 1941, was circulated with

Hitler's special commendation. It contained this revealing statement:

‘ TO SUPPLY THE LOCAL POPULATION AND PRISONERS OF WAR WITH FOOD IS USELESS HUMANITARIANISM ’

The German Order of the Day No 166-41 to the 60th Motorized Division says

“The Russian soldiers and junior commanders are very brave in action and even a separate small unit always attempts to attack. Consequently a humane attitude towards war prisoners must not be permitted.”

No greater proof of a nation's strength is required than the enemy's recognition of it. Captain Fischer, one of the favourites of Goering, proved recently that behind the Russian Fleet stands an industry the capacity of which is indisputable.

General Scheffel, a high official of the Berlin Air Ministry, wrote that Russia was the only State which was capable of securing its industry completely from air attack.

“The Manchester Guardian” recently pointed to the statement of the “Militarwocheblatt,” published under the aegis of the German War Ministry according to which, “Without the slightest doubt Russia possesses today the numerically greatest fighting force.”

"Der Volkischer Beobachter," Press-organ of the National-Socialist Party, expresses its opinion that the offensive power of the Russian Army is continually increasing, and it is without doubt the greatest and probably the best-equipped army in the world. Any question of swiftly crushing Russia is from the military-geographical point of view almost an impossibility."

"Kolnische Zeitung writes: 'There is no doubt that the Russian Soldier is brave, enduring and tough, and under good leadership can fight exceedingly well. It would be a fundamental mistake if we did not take into due consideration the effect of the continual development of the Army and its consequent increased striking power'."

General Dietmar, in a broadcast to the Reich, said: "There is no chance of weakening Russian morale and existence—a process which in other armies spreads like wild-fire through the ranks. To paralyze the enemy's morale and resistance by hard blows is out of the question in Russia. The Soviet Soldier is far more strongly attached than any other Soldier to the system in which he finds himself."

Soviet Russia is at present writing, in letters of fire and blood, the most glorious chapter

of her colourful history. Over 27 months of grievous struggle against the Invader have revealed to the astounded world the courage and fortitude of the Red Army, the daring and patient exploits of the Red Navy and Air Force, the faith and steadfastness of Soviet citizens caught in the whirlpool of war, the toil of factory-workers and farmers, the skill of scientists and surgeons, the resource and audacity of guerillas and commandos.

The Battle of Moscow, the Siege of Leningrad, the Defence of Sevastopol, the valour displayed at Voronezh, the unprecedented Miracle of Stalingrad—it may be that in the centuries to come, bored schoolboys might be reading dry facts of these events from musty text-books. But of this I am assured. We fortunate ones who are witnessing this great drama of human conflict will remember unto death, with reverence and humility, all the heroism and self-sacrifice and terrible suffering which has gone in the making of the events which are reshaping the destiny of mankind.

And now, all these epoch-making episodes of the Russo-German War are being followed up by yet greater triumphs. The warring world has its main attention focussed on Soviet Russia's spectacular offensive launched in the summer of

1943, *Annus Mirabilis* The much-vaunted but badly-mauled Panzer Divisions of the Third Reich are being put to rout by Red Army men in their powerful forward thrusts in various sectors of the Western Front Their progress has been irresistible like an avalanche they are sweeping everything before them Despite German opposition, they have overrun the rich Donetz Basin and industrial Ukraine, and are now pouring like a surging tide into White Russia, with a dagger-thrust aimed at its capital Minsk Marshal Stalin's troops have smashed German winter defences on the R. Desna and the Dnieper Strategic regional and strategic regional centres have been recaptured from the enemy Orel and Byelgorod, Zenkov and Poltava, Briansk Kharkov, Smolensk Kremenchug and Kiev—these have been the lurid scenes of decisive Soviet triumphs Soviet guns are pounding the last natural defence zone before the Polish Frontier There seems to be no slackening in the Soviet drive, it is natural to expect further achievements of Russian arms

It is difficult to find a more fitting close to this theme than to quote from the letter which Heinrich Mann addressed to A. Fadeyev, President of the Union of Soviet Writers, Moscow

"I am full of an unbounded admiration for the grit of the Soviet people, for its fighting spirit and staunchness, its devotion to that one great end to achieve which it is worth while to live a hero or to die one Your people embodies all the qualities of a master people For a master is not one who belongs to any arrogant race, but one who has risen to lofty spiritual heights—one whose endeavour tends to a goal far beyond all personal aims A man with the 'Heil Hitler' shout on his lips displays, on the contrary, only his utter vacuity, proves that he is not worthy even of his filched attainments"

"Russia does not belong to the conquered lands This is by no means a personal opinion,—such is the inevitable course of events One can hardly comprehend how a mediocrity that has not yet been found out, a common adventurer aspiring for power and victory could take on a struggle with a nation living a life so contrary to the shallow-minded nonentity that he is himself For in your country, my friends, the battles for your ideas were launched long before any Hitler came into existence"

"NAPOLEON GAVE US THE ANSWER TO THE COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF THE SWORD AND THOUGHT HE SAID THE IDEA IS INVARIABLY THE CONQUEROR YOU ARE CARRYING INTO PRACTICE AN IDEA THAT WILL RULE THE WORLD BEFORE THIS CENTURY IS OUT THIS IS WHAT MAKES YOU SUCH ASTOUNDING WARRIORS YOUR IDEA IS A CALL AND IT CANNOT BUT CONQUER"

The Democracy Of China

CREIGHTON LACY

"DURING the period of Political Tutelage of the Republic of China, the National Congress of Representatives of the Kuomintang of China on behalf of the People's Convention guides the people in the exercise of political authority" This is one of the General Principles passed October 3, 1928, by which the National People's Party assumes the leadership of the government until universal suffrage and constitutional democracy can be inaugurated

The Kuomintang was re-organized immediately after the Revolution of 1911 out of several patriotic societies and secret political organizations During the years immediately following the first World War, the Kuomintang organized an autonomous "constitutional government" under the presidency of Dr Sun Yat-sen in Canton From this centre Chiang Kai-shek marched to consolidate his national leadership in 1926-1928

The membership of the Kuomintang is difficult to estimate The party statistics of 1942 claim more than 2,000,000 members. Clearly it is neither



Marshal Chiang Kai shek

the supreme, exclusive nucleus of Communism in Russia, nor the popular, inclusive movement of Nazism in Germany Members of other parties, notably the Chinese Communists, have been granted government positions, and many prominent officials remain outside any political organization In structure the Kuomintang is not wholly unlike American political parties The National Party Congress is elected by district and provincial councils, much as American

Republican and Democratic national conventions are chosen. This body met approximately every two years until 1938, when an emergency session voted to suspend the Congress and adopt general plans for war-time reorganization of government.

THE ALL-POWERFUL CHAIRMAN

In his thorough study of western checks and balances within the structure of government, Sun Yat-sen formulated an effective blend of many systems which he thought adaptable to the Chinese scene. With an untried electorate it is not surprising that he followed the French procedure of having the representative parliament rather than the mass of voters name the national president. Although possessing certain nominal appointive powers, Mr. Lin Sen, the aged President of China, actually is a figurehead with even less authority than the pre-war president of France.

The real chief executive, also elected by the Central Executive Committee at present, is the chairman of the Executive Yuan, who in turn selects his own Cabinet of ministers and commissioners. As chairman, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek wields greater power than the British Prime Minister, and without the restraint of a parliament. Theoretically, the executive department is not supe-

rior but only equal in power to four other branches of the government: the Legislative, Judicial, Examination and Control Yuans.

The legislature in China is by no means comparable in importance to the United States Congress or the British Parliament. As the National Party Congress is, in principle, the policy-determining agency of government, the Legislative Yuan is restricted primarily to the detailed drafting of laws the purposes of which have already been defined. Inevitably, and desirably, its members will exert considerable influence over the spirit and content of those measures. There is much to be said for legislation by experts and representatives of large interests, such as education and finance. It is wholly in accord with Sun Yat-sen's distinction between popular sovereignty and expert government.

Under the judicial Yuan are the Ministry of Justice, the Supreme Court, the Court of Administrative Justice and numerous related departments. To a people distrustful of a hierarchy of courts, the establishment and extension of the Judicial Yuan has been one of the most difficult tasks confronting the Republic. Traditionally the preservation of peace and the punishment of

crime have been the acknowledged responsibility of the family or the village elders, and in this field there has been even less central government interference than in executive or administrative realms. Drafting comprehensive and effective legal codes, therefore, has meant to attempt deliberately and rigidly what the West has achieved through centuries of trial and error. The result in China is a large and admirable set of codified laws, credit for which belongs primarily to Dr Wang Chungui, for many years China's conspicuously able jurist at the Hague Court.

The remaining two branches, the Examination and Control Yuans are China's unique offering to democratic government. In his analysis of foreign political frameworks, Dr Sun recognized two problems which he felt were inadequately met: control of civil service and supervision of administrative acts. Both have been of major concern through many centuries of Chinese history; today they are given positions equal in importance to the western triumvirate: executive, legislative and judiciary.

IN CHINA TOO, POOR BOYS MAKE GOOD

To the subjects of ancient China, the imperial examinations were concrete evidence of

the equality and democracy undergirding their social and political life. The "poor boy who made good" is not a saga confined to the United States, for the young farmer or even the beggar lad winning high honours in imperial examinations has been immortalized in many an ancient Chinese drama or legend. To the citizens of the Chinese Republic, the civil service examinations are no less an indication that government positions are open to all who show talent and initiative, irrespective of vocation or economic status.

Since the establishment of the Examination Yuan in 1930, it conducted up to the outbreak of war twenty-two ordinary, six higher, and three special examinations for civil service employees. An indication of their strictness can be found in the fact that seldom are more than ten per cent of the candidates successful in securing appointments. To make these tests both efficient and representative, the Yuan has solicited the advice of national and local officials and of professors and educational experts.

A still more distinctively Chinese institution is The Censorate. As early as the third century B. C. a formal censorate was established, and later expanded into two branches, the "platform to correct official

practices" and the "petition to offer advice to the Emperor" Later this opportunity for criticism was extended to the provinces, but the Emperor was only morally bound to accept ministerial or censorial advice Even with that limitation, a sharp contrast appears between the East and the West To the Chinese the censorate was a right employed by the people to restrain the monarch In Europe and America censorship has always been a government weapon imposed upon citizens Here again China reveals herself more democratic in practice than the Occident

The Control Yuan in China assumes supervisory powers over personnel and finances To the West an impeachment is a ruinous condemnation of some almost treasonable act In China it is merely a censure of some breach of law or neglect of duty, with the specific punishment left to the superior officers in the department concerned In addition to hearing formal charges against administrative officers, the Yuan sends out supervisors to investigate the work of district officials and receive minor complaints The majority of Control members are older men, comparable in maturity, experience and prestige to the United States Supreme Court Very often their function is encouragement and aid

to officials rather than discipline, and they help to establish a stronger bond of mutual confidence between the central government and its districts

WAR-TIME ADMINISTRATION

The Executive, Legislative, Judicial, Examination and Control Yuans are permanent branches of the republican government of China But there are two bodies playing prominent roles in the war-time administration of China which will not be continued at the close of hostilities These are the Supreme National Defence Council and the People's Political Council

In February, 1939, final authority over all phases of government was placed in the hands of a Supreme National Defence Council More recently, as the importance of an inner War Cabinet has grown, the Council has become shrouded in mystery As Chairman, the Generalissimo has been voted extraordinary emergency powers

While western democracies admit that war-time emergencies require the surrender of certain democratic privileges, China has consistently claimed that her war-time government is moving closer to representative democracy This sounds preposterous with a Supreme (and secret) National Defence Council in ultimate control of

every agency of government. But the basis for the assertion is found in the People's Political Council. At the extraordinary emergency session of the National Party Congress in the spring of 1938, it was voted to organize a representative advisory body "in order to unify the national strength, to utilize the best minds of the nation and to facilitate the formulation and execution of national policies."

The first People's Political Council met in July, 1938, with 200 members, appointed by the Supreme National Defence Council from nominations submitted by government, provincial, cultural and economic agencies. The composition of this body included 46 from political parties, 30 of them Kuomintang members and the rest from all 5 minor parties, 56 former government officials, 66 cultural experts, including 19 college presidents and 10 writers or editors, 21 business and financial leaders, 5 military leaders, and 6 religious leaders. In the second People's Council formed early in 1941, the membership was raised to 240. Ninety of these were elected by provincial and municipal people's political councils, and 138 elected by leading cultural and economic institutions. The other 12 were divided between the Commission for Overseas Affairs and

the Commission for Mongolian and Tibetan Affairs so that citizens residing outside China proper might have representation. The expanding democracy is still more in evidence in the third People's Political Council which convened in October 1942. Of these 240 delegates, more than two-thirds were elected directly by the provincial and municipal councils.

Undeniably the powers of the People's Political Council are still relatively slight. The Supreme National Defence Council would be unlikely to alter its fundamental war policies out of difference to these 240 men and women. Yet the People's Political Council is a significant milestone in China's struggle for constitutional and structural democracy. It is one of the first elective bodies in the nation's history, even though election is indirect, by provincial councils.

Structurally there can be no doubt that China is totalitarian today. The National People's Party is unquestionably "in the saddle." But in November, 1941, the People's Political Council passed a "Government-by-the-People Bill," which called for the election and convocation of a National Congress immediately after the war. Such a measure is clear indication that liberal leaders, as well as large

sections of public opinion, are determined to postpone constitutional government no longer than is absolutely necessary

BLUEPRINT FOR DEMOCRACY

While it is unwise to place too great reliance on paper plans for post-war policies, the major outlines of the Draft Permanent Constitution will certainly be incorporated into China's post-war government. It is therefore quite legitimate—and necessary—to deduce from that document the basic similarities and differences between oriental and occidental democratic structure

In the first place, the Chinese people are adept at reaching a satisfactory compromise between two alternatives. This rejection of extremes is not a sign of apathy or surrender of principles. Rather, it is the knowledge, born of ageless experience, that life is more simple, peaceful and harmonious if a Middle Way of mutual agreement can be found. Sun Yat-sen, in drawing up the blueprints for republican China, well knew that too much power in the hands of government leads to tyranny and oppression. But he also knew that unlimited power in the hands of the people leads to anarchy or stagnation. His whole formula of government, therefore, was an attempt to balance governing power and political power.

In a sense, the Chinese are more literally honest about a given situation than are Westerners. That is, they acknowledge the distinction between pure democracy and representative democracy. Americans all too frequently ignore the difference. For instance, "we, the people of the United States . . . do ordain and establish" the Constitution. Yet the Convention of 1787 did not even represent a large proportion of citizens, and the actual election of those delegates was far from universal and direct. The Draft Constitution of China, on the other hand, opens with this frank preamble: "The People's Congress of the Republic of China hereby ordains and enacts by virtue of the mandate received from the whole body of citizens and in accordance with the bequeathed teachings of Dr. Sun." This simple recognition of the difference between popular sovereignty and administrative power may be a fine distinction taken for granted in the United States. Too often, however, people look superficially at the words and assume that the contrasted phrases represent direct democracy in the United States and indirect democracy in China. In this inference they do their Chinese friends and allies a great injustice.

Perhaps there is as much subtle truth as typographical error in the semi-official reprint of the Constitution, which reads "Delegates to the People's Congress shall be elected by universal, equal, and direct suffrage, and by secret ballot." For this remains a distant goal among such a vast population. Yet the acceleration of education and local government even in war-time is evidence of the sincerity of this aim. With a unicameral congress there will be no provincial delegates, only one representative from each of some two thousand counties or independent municipalities. The unwieldy size of this body will impress Occidentals as hopelessly inefficient. However, there are several advantages under the Chinese system in having this large number. This assembly—unlike the American Congress, which has electoral power only in contested cases—must name the president and vice-president of the republic and the members of the Legislative and Control Yuans. In such crucial choices, with no second house as a check, the great number of representatives will be much more immune to external pressure than a small group. Furthermore, the People's Congress will not be an administrative, but rather a policy-determining, body, designed to formulate a sort of national platform, to initiate or

repeal general laws and to amend the Constitution. It is therefore undesirable to have its members wrangling over legislative or executive details. A smaller group, if it jealously assumed administrative prerogatives, would nullify the values of the five branched balance of power in the government itself.

The first two general provisions of the draft document proclaim "The Republic of China is a San Min Chu I Republic. The sovereignty of the Republic is vested in the whole body of citizens." The first is simply a formal pledge to the principles of nationalism, democracy and people's livelihood. The second asserts Dr Sun's conviction that democratic ideals are not incompatible with very indirect responsibility.

The Chinese conspicuously recognize that there is more to government than structural forms. Only three chapters, or sections, are devoted to the composition and functions of the Congress and the five Yuans. Not only are public rights and duties included in the main body of the document, but also national economic life and education. The importance of Sun Yat-sen's third principle, economic democracy, led to the inclusion of fifteen articles dealing with that problem. ~~Here again the Chinese~~

seek a middle road between extreme individualism and extreme socialism.

The Draft Constitution incorporates the single land tax now being applied in Free China. It claims all subterranean natural resources for the state, regardless of surface ownership. As soon as conditions permit, "all public utilities and enterprises of a monopolistic nature shall be operated by the state, except in cases of necessity when the state may specially permit private operation. The state may, in accordance with law, regulate private wealth and enterprises when such wealth and enterprises are considered detrimental to the balanced development of national economic life."

THE WEST CAN LEARN FROM CHINA

To some this is the insidious voice of totalitarianism. If that is true, the world is doomed, for this is the type of government toward which the United States and England are also turning inevitably. Regulation of wealth and enterprise is the prerogative of any government conscious that in this complex modern civilization it cannot ignore economic inequalities and still call itself democratic.

Clearly, then, the survival of democracy depends, not on the specific powers of political

administration, but on the motivation of popular sovereignty. Perhaps China, with her heritage of local government and community rights, is safer in this respect than the West, for her people will never be persuaded that the state is an end in itself. In fact, the Chinese may even point the way for England and the United States.

The Draft Permanent Constitution of China recognizes too the importance of education as a national responsibility. Pledging at least fifteen per cent. of the national peace-time budget and thirty per cent of the provincial and district budgets, the Constitution promises free elementary education to all children between six and twelve and all older illiterates.

The Draft Constitution specifically declares that the *hsien*, or county, is a unit of local self-government. Here, for the first time, councils are chosen directly by the people. Here, for the first time, the electorate may exercise initiative and referendum. The only restrictions imposed constitutionally from above are that local laws shall not be in conflict with national legislation and that candidates for the district magistrate's office must qualify in Examination Yuan tests. This requirement, if effectively enforced, will go a long way toward raising the general

calibre of local officials, a provision which the United States might do well to adopt.

The Chinese people have a formidable task ahead of them. When victory is achieved, the rehabilitation of occupied areas, the reconstruction of cities and communications and industries, the re-establishment of central government control—all will require years if not decades of effort. It may be some time before the Draft Constitution can be formally adopted, and longer before it can become fully effective. Yet war-time progress and official statements encourage faith in the sincerity of intent.

There will be various modifications necessary in any document drawn up before the war. Changed conditions around the world will have sharp reflections in China. It is noteworthy, however, that all the alterations thus far proposed for the Chinese Consti-

tution are toward even greater democracy and popular representation.

It has been wisely said that "a Chinese can seldom get so absorbed in today that he forgets tomorrow." That is a lesson the West might do well to learn. One cannot judge the future of China by analyzing the picture of Chungking today, any more than one would wish to depict American constitutional democracy from the current Washington scene. But those who look to the past for China's faith and experience and sincerity will also find the future bright. It is bright with confidence in leaders pledged to popular government, bright with a documentary draft worthy of sacrifice for fulfilment, bright with four hundred and fifty million people learning to take their place in the world as citizens of a constitutional democracy.

Asia and the Americas

A colonel was inspecting some Anzac troops out East, and he was astonished to find that some of the men, when resting, wore their breeches inside out. He inquired the reason.

"Well, sir," said one man, "it's like this. Them pernishing chaps get in your trousers and work right through to your leg. As soon as we feel 'em biting, we put the trousers on inside out and they have to work all through the seam again."

"Well, does it stop them biting?"

"Not at first, sir, but after we've done it four or five times, it breaks their hearts."

Whither Muslim India?

R A ZAKARIA

IN the last week of this month, the All-India Muslim League will be holding its annual session in Karachi. Speculation is rife as to the course of action that it may adopt towards the Indian political tangle in the light of what has happened since it met last at Delhi, nothing, however, can be said with any amount of certainty. But one thing is clear. A negative programme is not going to satisfy the millions in India, who anxiously look to the League for their national salvation. The Quaid-e-Azam can no longer afford to ignore the intensity of feelings among his followers. If he fails them, the stability of his organisation may be threatened to an irreparable extent. He happens to be the accredited leader of a militant race, to whom inaction hardly appeals. They have raised him *suddenly* to the peak of power, they are capable of *suddenly* pulling him down. There is a fanatic temperament—vigorously emotional and emotionally vigorous.

Though the League was founded as early as 1906, it did not become a force till the advent of Provincial Autonomy as a result of the Government



Mr. M. A. Jinnah

of India Act, 1935. In political parleys it did play an important role—the famous Lucknow Pact was its crowning glory—but as an organisation, with effective mass-control, it came into being only recently. In the early part of 1936 when Mr. M. A. Jinnah, alarmed at the degradation to which the Indian Mussalmans had fallen,

thought of reviving the sinking body of the League he himself was sceptical of the success of his experiment. The results of the elections to the various Assemblies and Councils, in which there occurred almost a rout of his candidates, made him still more nervous. But he did not give up hopes, for he was confident that ultimately the Mussalmans would realise that it was in their interest to rally round the League.

The Lucknow Session, which met in the summer of 1937, was a unique triumph of Mr. Jinnah. By then his voice had acquired such a force that two redoubtable premiers bowed before him. The Jinnah-Sikander-Haq Pact is a landmark in the annals of the League. Within two years after that, Mr. Jinnah consolidated the numerous warring sections in the Muslim body politic to such an extent that his position became unchallengeable. He proved to the hilt that no Muslim—'he may be the tallest poppy,' as he himself said,—could defy the authority of the League. By 1940, in spite of Mr. Gandhi's protestations to the contrary, the All-India Muslim League had become the most representative political organisation of the Indian Mussalmans.

Why did Mr. Jinnah meet with such mighty success? According to Pundit Nehru it

was due to his "reactionary attitude" and "programme of hatred and violence." What a reading of the situation! The Pundit is too great an idealist to be a realist. To an unprejudiced mind, however, who looks at the problem rationally the causes are obvious.

(1) The need felt by the Mussalmans for a body, which could properly organise and consolidate them,

(2) The failure of the Congress leadership to appreciate the Muslim point of view and its increasing Hindu character.

Mr. Jinnah, the astute politician that he has always been, directed all his energies to the exploitation of these two factors. He undertook an extensive all-India tour and wherever he went he appealed to the Mussalmans to sink their differences and join the League. The Congress was, at that time, intoxicated with power. Where it could have well afforded to be generous, it refused even to be fair. Mr. Jinnah exposed its anti-Muslim tactics. He criticised them ruthlessly, sometimes even unjustly, but his co-religionists liked the attacks and they backed him up.

In 1940 on the historic Land of the Five Rivers the climax of the Muslim attitude to Indian politics was reached. From

there Mr Jinnah announced, to an almost bewildered world, that *Pakistan is the goal of Indian Mussalmans*. "A National Home to you," said the Quaid-e-Azam to his followers and the whole of Muslim India was electrified. But the cry shook Hindudom, and it became nervous. *Bharat Mata* to be vivisected! It was impossible even for the irreligious Hindu youth to imagine. Hence the scheme was mercilessly attacked, both in the press and on the platform. But the greater the opposition from the Hindus the more popular it became with the Mussalmans. So far the animosity between the two communities was latent and silent, now it became marked and vociferous. The ridiculous treatment meted out to "C.R.'s" proposal at the A-I C C Session in Allahabad shattered what little hope some Muslims had from the Congress. Till then the Indian Mussalmans were not *with* the Congress, now they ranged themselves openly *against* the Congress. Their feelings, due to the mischievous propaganda in the nationalist press, were so much embittered that they even became blind to the evils of British Imperialism, and thought that their prime concern was freeing themselves from the yoke of Hindu domination. It was a bad symptom but it was not re-

moved,—through whose fault, it is not easy to detect—and hence it continues to exist. More than anything else, it is this factor which has paralysed the Indian situation and made the solution of the Hindu-Muslim problem almost an impossibility.

On August 8, 1942, the momentous A-I C C Session at Bombay passed the much discussed "Quit India" resolution. Government took it as a challenge to law and order, and put the Congress behind the bars. People thought the zero hour for national salvation had struck, and a campaign of sabotage, in every conceivable manner, was started. Muslims were also excited but they could not plunge into the movement unless the League gave the call. India waited anxiously for the Quaid-e-Azam to speak, and lo! when he spoke the "rebels" became aghast. He characterised the Congress move as a war not only against the British but also against Muslim India. And his logic was simple. The Congress wanted the British to yield without coming to an agreement with—or rather at the head of—the League, hence if it were to succeed, Muslim claim would have been doomed. In the meanwhile what was begun by the sympathisers of the imprisoned leaders with much gusto, ended abruptly in a fiasco.

due, in no small measure, to the League's indifference to it

Six months later the Mahatma went on a fast. His condition became critical, but Government did not budge an inch. And then there came a turn in the mass opinion of the Mussalmans. They felt that Mr Gandhi was helpless to solve the deadlock and that their Quaid-e-Azam should move in the matter. As a result of this reaction, Mr Jinnah made that historic statement—"Let Mr Gandhi write to me directly"—at Delhi. Mr Gandhi wrote but nothing happened. Mr Jinnah said he wanted "an acceptance of Pakistan from the Hindu leader" and not, as a colleague of his remarked, "a love letter."

Many among his followers, however, felt that the Quaid-e-Azam did not rise to the occasion. They wanted him to challenge the authority, which, "dared stop the letter." But Mr Jinnah thought that it would embroil the League in a clash with the Government and he did not like that possibility, especially when the League Ministries were beginning to function in the Muslim-majority provinces. The attack on his life, last July, was supposed to be actuated due to the frustration that had come over certain section of the Mussalmans—the Khaksars, as

due, a result of his refusing to see Mr Gandhi.

And now comes the ghastly famine in Bengal, which has put the League in an awkward situation. Its ministry is accused of playing to the tune of Bureaucracy. Mussalmans expected their Quaid-e-Azam to tour the famine-stricken areas, but he failed in his duty. Muslim relief is not half as well organised as that of the Hindus. All this has brought in tremendous uneasiness among the leaguers. And though there is very little open manifestation of it, many are silently but seriously asking themselves: Will this lead to Pakistan?

At the Council of the All-India Muslim League, held recently at Delhi, Mr Jinnah is reported to have said

"This manoeuvring on the part of the Government to create the impression that there should be a united Central Government of India shows that the die-hard Tories, who rule Great Britain, do not wish to release there hold on our country. And I want not only the Muslims but every one in this sub-continent to realise that."

But will mere realisation be enough?

As yet the League has fought—and fought with an astounding success—on one front only, namely against the Congress. There were many legitimate grievances of the Muslims which it was able to redress, there were many wrongs to which it has forced public attention. But what next? Supposing the Hindus concede Pakistan, can the Muslims get it? If the Hindus are not agreeable to the scheme under any circumstances, what

is to be done? Will mere resolutions, or even some provincial ministries, bring the Mussalmans any nearer the goal? Are the Muslims to wait for others to free India and then have Pakistan? Or are they also expected to contribute their might to the fight? Whither Muslim India? It is to these questions that the Karachi Session has to reply for they are issues of supreme significance, which cannot be delayed any more

A Browbeaten clerk had been plucking up courage for months in order to request a rise. At last he found himself before the manager. His carefully prepared arguments seemed to be brushed aside but his spirit rose, and at last he spoke his mind.

‘You can say what you like, sir,’ he said, ‘but for the last two years I’ve been doing three men’s work for one man’s money, and I deserve a rise.’

Said MacTavish: ‘I canna gie ye that, but if ye’ll gie me the names o’ the ither two men I’ll sack ’em.’

MAN on the ground—‘My friend Trikundass, I am bursting with good news.’

Man in the Car—‘Cer’tunly, you look pregnant.’

HE was a courteous, cultivated Japanese, and was over in London to see something of English manners and customs, principally the latter. At a dinner party in his honour, he was seated next to an English lady who was greatly interested in philology. The talk turned on national proverbs and sayings, and the lady exclaimed—

“Now in England we have a proverb ‘Penny wise and pound foolish,’” Have you anything like that in Japan?”

The Japanese thought for a moment. “Yes, I think so,” he answered in his careful English. “In Englishland you say ‘Penny wise and pound foolish.’ Is it not so? In my country we have a rather similar proverb. We say ‘Go to bed early to save candles and you have twins.’ Very much the same idea, I think—yes?”

How Hitler Lost The War

VINCENT SHEEAN

ADOLF HITLER has lost this war, he has been losing it ever since his moment of triumph in 1940

Stalingrad and Tunisia are his tombstones. For Hitler made two major miscalculations: he underestimated the Red Army by far, and he thought the war would be finished before America could do anything about it.

These were strategic gambles—and they failed. In addition, the self-styled military genius of Nazidom has piled up numerous smaller, but still vital, tactical blunders.

First in point of time was, of course, his failure to press home and attack against Britain immediately after the fall of France.

Then, he failed to convince any large number of Frenchmen that collaboration with Germany would benefit France. He picked the most detested of French politicians, Pierre Laval, as head "collaborator"—and so gave up the only possible basis of a "New Order" in Europe. Lacking a genuine understanding with the French, "New order," is just



*He thought Russia would be easy,
America too late. Stalingrad and
Tunisia proved him wrong.*

a fancy name for the rule by
the Nazi bayonet.

HE DIDN'T STOP TO THINK

Next, Hitler made the serious error of forcing the German satellites, Italy, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, even Spain—to send troops into the bloody disasters of Russia. Most of these troops come home—if they do come home—bringing an abiding hatred of the Nazis.

With Italy, Hitler has made a whole series of mistakes putting Nazis in position of "advice" which amount to command, using Italian troops as an expendable "screen" for

the *Wehrmacht* in Africa, treating his No 1 European ally with a typical German blend of arrogance and contempt

The Tunisian campaign provided additional examples of Hitler's obstinacy in error. By pouring in men and material during the winter, he assured the final magnitude of the Axis loss. By ordering Rommel and von Arnim to join forces, he kept either from escaping with a sizable body of troops while the Italian merchant marine still existed

Thus Hitler sacrificed Italian shipping, the E-boats, the German ferries and great quantities of men and material in the hope of gaining time—and gained no time. It would have taken the Allies until June or July, in any case, to move men and supplies across ocean and continent for any further offensive step against Europe

STALINGRAD HAUNTED THE NAZIS

Worst of all, from the Axis view-point, Tunisia gave Hitler's enemies a chance to prove how quickly the Germans can and do quit when they see no hope of holding out

It is often said that "Hitler lost the war at Stalingrad." History will probably confirm this verdict. But the wrong-headedness of which Stalingrad

was a glaring example was shown even more strikingly in Tunisia

More, the Nazi troops had the terrible example of Stalingrad ever before them, and did not want to hold out when there was no longer a chance of victory, or even survival

Italian prisoners in Tunisia told me that the Germans fought badly or not at all during the last few days of the campaign, that they were everywhere the first to surrender

Apparently Hitler, in his mock-heroism, ordered them to fight to the last man. This order is valid under certain conditions when the issue of battle is in doubt, when the national honour is deeply involved, when men's spirits have been raised to highest pitch. But none of these conditions prevailed among the Nazis in Tunisia

Rommel's exhausted army had long since ended its alleged mission, and had for weeks been promised evacuation to Europe. Von Arnim's fresher force has been assured a mild campaign in Tunisia as a "rest from other labours." Most of the German aviators also thought they were in for a "rest." Throughout, the Nazi radio dinned into German ears that Tunisia was a "side issue."

Thus the Nazis lacked the clarity and intensity of purpose under which troops will "fight to the last man." The Allies were so strong that extermination or surrender was the only alternative. The Germans caved in, at a time when they still had plenty to fight with, because they saw no reason to go on—and because the horror of Stalingrad was still fresh in their minds.

There was a German officer in the Armistice Commission in Morocco before we arrived there. He had been at Stalingrad until September, and had been taken out after some slight wounds and sent to Africa for a more "restful" task. French officers who dealt with him daily said later that he was completely obsessed by Stalingrad. If you remarked that it was a nice day, he replied, "Yes but not at Stalingrad." If you said the street was crowded, he said, "At Stalingrad the streets are crowded with the dead."

That officer was like many we faced, and overcame, in Tunisia. The fact that they were there at all is one more tribute to Hitler's pigheadedness in the face of an impossible situation.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TUNISIA

All these things hand together. It was not alone at the English Channel, Stalingrad

or the Sicilian Straits that Hitler lost the war. It was also in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, where two kinds of fierce opposition—sabotage and guerrilla warfare—have never ceased.

It was in all these places and many others, including the hearts of every man, woman and child in Europe who refused to "collaborate" with Nazi Germany's "New Order."

Most of all, no doubt it was on the vast Russian front, where the infantry masses face each other. But, having been through six months in North Africa, I believe America's effort in that theatre was decisive in turning the tide. My reasons are not merely statements of events past, each one contains the future in embryo.

1. The safe arrival of our first colossal convoy, laden with troops, weapons and equipment, served notice on all Germans and Italians that the U boat is not the invincible weapon Germany has always proclaimed.

This fact had a profoundly depressing effect on every Italian and even on most Germans I talked to. They had been told for years that no large-scale American participation in the war was possible because the "deadly wolf packs of the North Atlantic" would prevent it.

2 The adherence of all French faction to our cause—at first gradual, then very swift—proved that “collaboration,” the only permanent hope of the “New Order,” was a farce

This means danger to the Nazis in France itself. Some sources say the Germans have a plan for quick evacuation of France in the face of invasion, deeming it too hard to hold amid the violent civil disorder which is certain to start the moment liberation seems at hand

3 The deterioration of German bombardment aviation since its supreme days in the summer of 1940 was glaringly shown

This condition can hardly be remedied, inasmuch as the D 217—promised improvement for which all captured Nazi fliers yearn—has so far not shown its face

4 The Northwest African Air Force, formed February 17 out of the 12th Air Force, and some units of the RAF, seized and held mastery of the air over the German and Italian forces

Since Tunisia the NAAF has proved a mighty weapon for attack from the south upon the “soft underbelly” of Europe

5 American bombardment came into its own, playing a

decisive role in almost every step of the Allied advance

Coupled with the showing of the USAAF based in the British Isles, this is a milestone on Hitler's road to defeat

6 Our Army and Air Forces learned lessons which could have been gained only in the heat and sweat of all-out battle

This means many thousands of hardened US veterans for mighty job of invading Europe

7 The Axis lost some 250,000 men and a great quantity of material

This hits Hitler hardest in that the loss is virtually irreplaceable

8 Doubters and waverers in Europe can no longer question the determination of Britain and America to fight the war—and win it

WE CANNOT FAIL NOW

No estimate of the War's progress is worth making unless it reiterates, at every turn, the primary importance of the Russian front. This became true in June, 1941, it remains true in the summer of 1943

Yet the whole temperature and complexion of the war elsewhere have changed. We can tell it by the behaviour of friends, enemies and neutrals—by tone of the German press and

radio—by the much altered behaviour of Spain—by the new regard shown for Allied opinion in Sweden—by indications that come from Budapest, Lisbon, the Vatican, Ankara, Berne, Helsinki

Everyone knows that we mean business, that we have formidable weapons, that we are moving as fast as conditions permit—and that Russia is not alone. Tunisia, following close on Stalingrad, showed the world that the combination of Russia, Britain and the United States cannot fail if all three are determined

Whatever we do this summer must draw some of Hitler's remaining strength from Russia, whatever Russia does must weaken the forces Hitler can put against us. We have at last reached the point which in

1940, seemed to inconceivably remote—the point at which the anti-Nazi powers can work together with the knowledge that whatever we decide to do, if it is intelligently planned and firmly executed, must win

In this our situation differs altogether from that which hypnotized a large part of the world when Hitler was at his high point in 1940. Europe was at his feet—but any move he might try thereafter was almost bound to get him into difficulties. Today, it is hard to imagine any attack or combination of attacks the Allies might make which would not lead to further weakening of the Axis and victory for us

That is why Hitler has lost

Look

TOMMY, you should wash your face more carefully. I can see traces of the egg you had for breakfast.

'You're wrong there, miss. That was yesterday morning.'

Sonia, to friend who has been jilted. 'Never mind dear, time is a great healer.'

Rona. 'That's as may be, but he's no Beauty doctor.'

A Padre stopped a man who had once been known to him. He did not give his name, but it was clear that the man recognized his face. He scratched his head, and said 'Now where the hell have I seen you before?'

The padre said 'That depends. What part of hell do you come from?'



MAIDEN VOYAGE *By Denton Welch* (Routledge 10s 6d)

THE pattern of Intellectuality to which Intellectuals of this generation conform has become threadbare and unimpressive, possibly worn thin by the experiences of an age which has witnessed two major conflicts and is likely to be precipitated into a third. Writers especially seem to have developed a kind of constipated fretfulness, a measure of spiritual anæmia and neurotic despair, and the pessimism which has replaced in their consciousness that robust faith in Providence which upheld their ancestors. In an atmosphere of general apprehension the literary mind (of all types the most sensitive to environment) has succumbed to a spiritual gloom the personal and social re-actions of which have been disastrous.

Mr Denton Welch has all the makings of an Intellectual—a dour, sullen and dissatisfied air and the correct re-actions to Beethoven and Chinese jars of the Ming period. His observation and analytical powers are acute, he enjoys his own emotions, decks them out in fancy costume and parades them with a kind of insolent gallantry which is touching and very youthful, and also that heightened sensitiveness to and awareness of life which seem to make for a good style.

The opening chapter of this autobiography gives an account of the writer's last term at school from which he has previously run away and to which he decides to return after a few harrowing days spent in squalid and harsh surroundings. Recognising his distaste for

school (where Denton is a misfit and has the misfit's deadly capacity for seeing the defects and shortcomings of the people around him) his guardians send him to join his father in China where he travels with an art collector and has several adventures in a minor key.

The main adventure for the reader, however, is in the revelation of the writer's whimsical and highly individualistic personality. The writing is uncannily vivid so that in a few deft strokes an image is brought to life with the skill of a lightning caricaturist—"Vesta took me with her to the Russian dressmaker's, where I watched her try on a half finished crimson dress. I rubbed a little snippet of the cloth between my fingers

"It is Peau d'Ange, angel's skin, monsieur," said the dressmaker. She had a black dot on her upper lip and smelt of armpits and musk. As Vesta turned in front of the glass she crouched down and darted at her gashing the dress with her blue chalk and pinning expertly

I was repelled and fascinated. The room almost smelt of skill and despair and overwork. When at last we left the air in the street had never seemed fresher."

The book is sprinkled with sprightly metaphor and displays a notable sense of words. It is highly probable as Miss Sitwell asserts in the course of a foreword to this book that Mr. Welch will prove to be "not only a born writer but a considerable one."

DRIVIN' WOMAN By Elizabeth Pelet Chevalier (Collins 10s. 6d.)

THE happy fact that American life is not the starchy, meagre and ironed-out affair that it is in most Asiatic and some European countries gives to American fiction a vitality and robust animation which are satisfying in the extreme. Existence is free, full and happy securely grasped not as Orientals grasp it "like frightened amateurs tentative in their arts" but with the

happy facility which comes of confidence and courage and an optimism justified by Destiny.

That spirit is typified in America Moncure the heroine of "Drivin' Woman" a fascinating, glamorous and dashing young woman (whom the publishers, I think unkindly compare to Scarlett O'Hara for America is a finer, more evolved and infinitely more

interesting type). The story opens a few years after the American Civil War in Kentucky, where a small force of the Northern army is seen burning down the old ancestral home of the Moncures while America and the family look on in helpless despair. An officer tries to abduct one of the girls and is killed by America while attempting a rescue. Fant Annable, charming, magnetic but utterly feckless helps her to dispose of the body and she falls in love with and marries him only to discover he is a river boat gambler with a price on his head. After various adventures and hardships an unexpected legacy enables her to settle down on a farm. Fant who is in hiding manages to see her stealthily about once a year and the children who are born to America are supposed by a strongly disapproving neighbourhood to be born in sin. It is not until Fant's death years after-

wards that the truth becomes known.

Side by side with this story is given an account of the rise of the mammoth tobacco industry of America which culminated in "the epic struggle between the growers of the South and the industrialists of the East". The average reader may find this part of the book a little tedious, as the descriptions of the various phases of the struggle is long drawn out.

"Drivin' Woman" is a readable and exciting book. The interest is well sustained, the characters with one or two exceptions not overdrawn or exaggerated. There is every indication that this novel will prove to be a "best-seller" though it must be admitted to the authoress's credit that it escapes many of the defects of that doubtful literary product.

A SONG FOR THE ANGELS By *F. L. Green* (Michael Joseph 8sh 6d)

PAUL Hartrigg, President of the Borough Council and John Wimbush, the Principal of the Borough College are two of the leading citizens in a small town on the Continent at the outbreak of the present war. Their opinions on most issues differ widely and although both are patriots the occupation

of their country by the Germans still sees them disagreeing as to the best method of driving out the enemy. Hartrigg believes in Soul Force, spiritual resistance to the enemy when his superior forces and guns have overpowered them. Wimbush sets his faith in what are known as more "rational"

forms of opposition. It is not until both men are lined up before a German firing squad to meet their death that Wimbush recognises the rightness of the other's belief and the disagreement of years is wiped out in a few moments of understanding.

The events which lead up to this incident—the German army in occupation, the brutality of the Nazis, the imprisonment of innocent citizens, the ruthless plunder and pillaging from shops and houses, the horrors of a Gestapo-ridden existence for men and women who have led free and unhampered lives are faithfully described. Much of this book is devoted to discussions about the ideology of war and abounds in passages like the following —

"I hold responsible the leaders of men, the Deputies, the Senators all those who represent the people in the parliaments of men, the wise, the ministers of God, the ministers of States, and those who tell the tale of man—the artists, the writers. Think! If I quarrel with my neighbour and we fight and I kill him that is a crime for which I am judged and punished by the law. But when the governments of the world quarrel and there is no solution, war is still the final solution. And all men know what war means. They know that it is the greatest evil

of all. They have known it for centuries, all those obscure millions upon millions who have fought and died and suffered from wars. Yet man still suffers tyrants to arise and direct nations against peaceful nations and the final solution is still warfare! And there is something more which man knows, he knows that for twenty centuries during which he has overthrown the old gods and reached a belief in the true God he has been told to love his enemies, love his fellow men, do good to them that hate him. Those are the great directions given to man upon his journey through life by the Saviour in whom he believes. We believe too, that we have a divine destiny. We endeavour to obey the directions, to love one another, to live without enmity. Men fear to die because our bodies are designed for life, for the enjoyment of existence. We know that eventually we must die but meanwhile we crave happiness, peace. But what is the force which betrays us to the miserable shame of war? Can we not expunge from civilization that degrading shadow? Can we not insist that after this present conflict with the tyrants who have drenched us with war we shall never more resort to weapons? Can we not insist that the rulers of man give us something new?"

In Paul Hartigg Mr Green has created a character who in his life and actions attempts to restate the Sermon on the Mount, but who in a world that will not realise that "Idealism is intelligent self-interest" is doomed to destruction. The book is well worth

reading though the writing is sometimes a little forced and the descriptions have a mournfully mechanical accuracy. Mr Green's angels sing through the microphone but one hopes that in the larger interests of mankind the song will not fall on deaf ears.

THE two school friends accidentally met in the great whirl of the city, and of course, began a rapid fire of questions.

"What am I doing?" said Gladys, in reply to a query. "Oh, I am a shorthand typist. What's the boss like? Well, he's quite young, and is awfully kind to me. See, he gave me this bangle and this brooch, and nearly every week he takes me to dinner and the theatre. And the salary is quite good—£5 a week. And you, Ethel—what are you doing dear?"

"Same as you," snapped Ethel, "only there's no ruddy shorthand typing mixed up with it!"

LADIES can be divided roughly into two classes, we read: the 'touch me if you dare' variety, and the sweet confiding little sort.

We prefer the latter, who generally work on the maxim, "If you dare—you touch!"

"**D**O you like the 'movies'?" asked Gertie de Cadent of her aged grandmother. It is regrettable that Gertie is so addicted to American slang expressions, for she thus misled the good old lady. "I don't know as I care much for them, my dear," responded Grannie, placidly to her descendant's query. "I generally find as the good old fashioned Epsom salts is as good as any of these new-fangled things."

"**Y**OU seem to have something on your chest," remarked Tessie Tobasco in the dressing-room to another girl whose woe-begone appearance attracted her commiserating attention. "Come on, unbosom yourself!"

"What do you mean you insultin' beast?" howled the girl, red with anger. "I want you to understand that my bust is all my own, which is more than some people can say."

And once more a long suffering stage manager had to ask the ladies in No. 10 not to make so much noise.

Indian Film Sections

EDITED BY D C SHAH

APPROACH TO CRITICISM

FILM criticism is strictly specialised sphere which calls for as much responsibility, understanding and independence of judgment as well as expression as ethics of journalism ordinarily demand and there possibly cannot be two opinions regarding its vital importance to the up-keep, betterment and progress of the film industry at large. Western, especially American, achievements in this direction provide an object lesson to us in India though such an attempt should not be mistaken for the familiar flair for 'imitation' that has often led to undesirable consequences in the past. For, if the spirit is to import only the good, it can never result in degeneration.

Here in India the term 'criticism' implies an altogether different sense as far as the films are concerned. Perhaps that is because the formula adopted by most of our—let me say—so-called critics is a good deal at variance with the original one—whether

they know it or not is another matter'. Indeed as C. A. Lejeune puts it, there may not be any holy estate of criticism as such but surely our approach to it should at least be such as would enable us to claim that we have, after a mature experience of so many years, certainly grasped the necessary fundamentals of this particular job, although for one reason or another it might not have been possible for us to adequately justify that knowledge through actual display.

Unfortunately the trouble seems to arise out of a lot of mis-conceptions and misapprehensions on the part of most



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people who it is true, have not yet learnt to digest, in its proper perspective and with its initial implications, the correct significance of the word "harm" which has great kinship with criticism. Yes, criticism *can* do harm, if it is so directed. But that is neither its true objective nor its prescribed purpose. Criticism, which apparently smacks of an "attack" but legitimately exposes all the shortcomings of its target, is by no stretch of imagination harmful, as it not only aims at truthfully guiding the public but can also be of immense help as an eye-opener to the victim! But if, owing to its mischievous character, it does cause harm, it should owe that discredit to the wrong-doer in his individual capacity instead of being allowed to be reckoned as typical of the entire profession. On the other hand, if it is meant to be "absolutely harmless" (as the term so favourite with our producers and advt managers, would run) it is equally discreditable on the part of its author and ought to deserve condemnation by the public as well as responsible journals.

A Mission, not a Profession

The most significant part of the whole thing, however, is that owing to there being a majority of those "round pegs in square holes," who, by

their indiscriminate boosting of every picture, disgrace the basic greatness of true criticism and sabotaging its inherent potentialities, it has become customary to come across people—even amongst the intelligentsia—with entirely false ideas about film criticism and, what's more, incredible convictions as regards our actual ability to advance towards perfection in this field. Only recently a reviewer made some excellent revelations in which he attributed the peteous absence of frank and fearless criticism to the practice of praising having been establish-



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A J I T Release

ed as the "line of least resistance!" Whatever its ingenuity, such a sweeping allegation ought not to go unchallenged. But the very fact that it *has*, proves how and where the shoe exactly pinches!

All of which literally boils down to the one main question of paramount importance—the question about our approach to criticism. It must change—not towards further deterioration, but towards a higher standard. That obviously cannot be achieved unless the film criticisms make a concerted, deliberate effort to free themselves from all ulterior,

particularly financial (which is the crux of the whole affairs) considerations before they take the all-mighty pen in their hands. Only then could their approach be practical, genuine, sincere and worthy of regard. That is by far the one major remedy which alone can make Indian film criticism a mission rather than a profession. From the point of view of its accomplished standards and unenviable status, film criticism in India rightly continues to serve as a warning instead of an object of pride and the sooner we rectify this state of affairs, the better. For, as Socrates

**BREATHING THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH—
LIGHTING THE WAY TO A NEW INDIA—**

BOMBAY TALKIES'

HAMARI BAAT

Produced by—**AMIYA CHAKRABARTY**

Directed by—**M. I. DHARAMSEY**

Starring

DEVIKA RANI — JAIRAJ

with

**SHAH NAWAZ, MUMTAZ ALI, DAVID, SURAIYA
PRABHA, RAJKUMARI, SHUKLA, UDAY KUMAR**

7th Week IMPERIAL

says, whatever disgrace you have merited it is almost always in your power to re-establish reputation

FILMAN

"HAMARI BAAT"

IT has been more than a month or so since B T's "Hamari Baat" was released at the local Imperial and the enthusiasm with which it has been received by the press as well as the public, bears testimony to its success and popularity

A typically B T—like story developed with all the brilliance and efficiency the producers have always been known for, and maintaining the usually high standard of technique and showmanship that the Malad studio has specialized in "Hamari Baat" is as enjoyable as a motion picture as remarkable at box-office

The performance of Devika Rani stands out again from those of the others and is a unique attraction of the film. In fact it easily becomes the film's greatest asset. Other notable features include the grand all-round "make-up" of Shah Navaz in a more or less character role, the exquisite dances of Mumtaz Ali and Suraiya and a couple of well-composed and equally well-tuned songs that appeal most to the public

"WAPAS"

NEW Theatres' latest offering, "Wapas," directed by Hemchunder and starring Bharati and Ashit Baran, is scheduled to be released at the local Krishna from 4th December

The story of "Wapas" is written by Benoy Chatterji whose praiseworthy triumph in "Lagan" and "Saugand" is still fresh in our minds. It is after rather long intervals that pictures from India's foremost studio have been coming these days and consequently the redoubled eagerness and enthusiasm on the part of its countless patrons will at last receive their due with the release of "Wapas" which, it goes without



David in Bombay Talkies "Hamari Baat"

saying, will fulfil everything a N T film ought to fulfil. This is by no means an exaggeration when you remember that besides Bharati and Ashit Baran, the cast includes Nawab, Shiraj, Deo Bala and a new find, Latika, while the musical part has been handled by R. C. Boral.

"SHEHENSHAH AKBAR"

BEFORE a distinguished gathering including His Excellency the Governor of Bombay and Lady Colville, the premiere of Kamalroy Pictures "Shehenshah Akbar" was held on October 25 at the Novelty Talkies under the auspices of

the Akbar Day Celebration Committee

The presence of their Excellencies and other distinguished guests at the function was a recognition of the noble mission of the film. The message of Hindu-Muslim unity, which it conveys through many dramatic episodes in the life of Emperor Akbar, places the picture in the class of progressive films of a patriotic and nationalist ideology.

With a great story and a great cast including Kumar, Vanmala, K. N. Singh, Husn Banu and others



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 **BHARATI DEVI—ASHIT
BARAN—NAWAB**
with
 **DEOBALA BHIRAJ
and New Find
LATIKA**

'WAPAS'

Direction *Music*
HEMCHANDER R. C. BORAL

★
Advance Booking from
Monday onwards—
Between 10 to 12
Noon & 3 to 6 p.m.
(A Calcutta F. E. Release)

●
*All-India Premiere on Friday,
3rd Dec, at*

KRISHNA

"MAHATMA VIDUR"

CIRCO'S "Mahatma Vidur," released at the Majestic through Royal Film Circuit, tells an epic tale of the victory of humility over any number of odds! The film has a lot of human appeal in it and although there may be little to rave about its psychological development, technique and presentation, it is almost undeniable that you leave the picture house a wiser man

As a mythological of the times of the battle-royal between the Pandavas and the Kauravas, "Vidur" has its own merits. To orthodox audiences

its religious significance may be greater than its touching and episodic human appeal. The art of Baburao Painter and the remarkable performances of the late Mr. Pagnis, Durga Khote, Nayampalli and Yashodhara Katju are distinctly the highlights of this film and lift it considerably towards a fine dramatic pitch. Even to the younger generation, "Vidur" has a moral which defines character as that made up of trivial duties faithfully performed—self-denials, self-sacrifices, kindly acts of love and duty, charity and humanity in a Universal sense.

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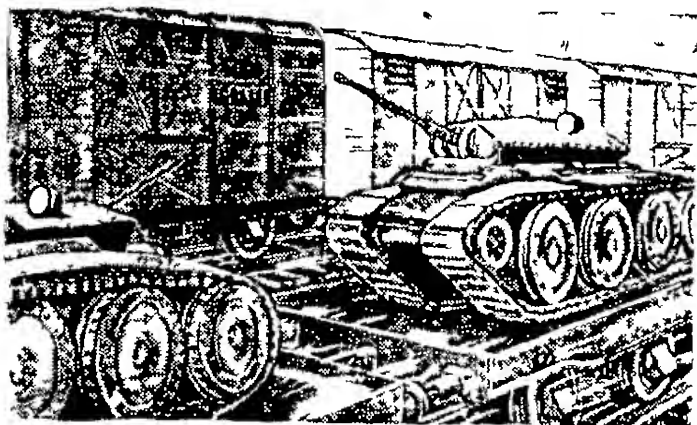
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A War of Transport...

'I sometimes think this war will be known not as the Second World War but as the Great Transport War for, indeed, it is a war of transport

Admiral Sir William James K C B M P
Chief of Naval Information

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